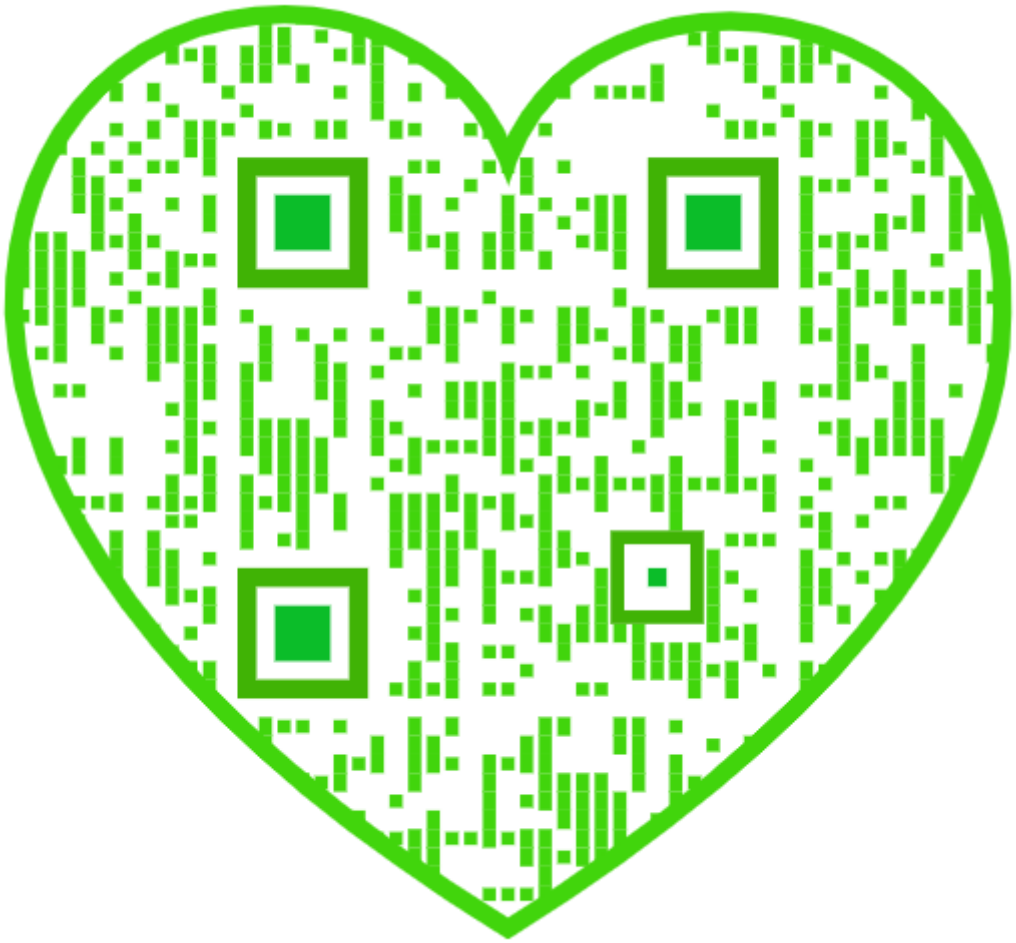


# *The Lee Papers*

## A SAGA OF MIDWESTERN JOURNALISM

# *The Lee Papers*

A SAGA OF MIDWESTERN JOURNALISM

*By Colleagues and Associates*

*Kewanee, Illinois*

STAR-COURIER PRESS

*1947*

COPYRIGHT 1947 BY THE LEE PAPERS
*Privately Printed*

# Contents


Introduction . . . . . ix

Chapter 1. *The Story*
PART I. A Trilogy . . . . . 13
PART II. Planting Time and a Bumper Crop . . . . 18

Chapter 2. *The Ancestor* (John Mahin) . . . . . 29

Chapter 3. *The Founder*—(A. W. Lee.)
PART I. A Young Man Goes to Ottumwa . . . . 41
PART II. From the Bench An All-American . . . 50
PART III. The Year of Decision . . . . . 60
PART IV. What Manner of Man Was This? . . . . 72

Chapter 4. *Disciple and Builder* (E. P. Adler)
PART I. Fate and Fire . . . . . 81
PART II. Printer's Ink . . . . . 88
PART III. A Resourceful Reporter . . . . . 92
PART IV. The Davenport Era Begins . . . . . 97
PART V. Dark Clouds—Silver Linings . . . . . 115
PART VI. E. P. Becomes News . . . . . 123
PART VII. Evening Crowns the Day . . . . . 128

Chapter 5. *The Ottumwa Courier*—The Parent Newspaper . . 135

Chapter 6. *The Davenport Times*—Where the West Began . . 161

Chapter 7. *The Muscatine Journal*—Port City of the Corn Belt . 187

Chapter 8. *The Hannibal Courier-Post*—
Mark Twain's Boyhood Home . . . . . 211

Chapter 9. *The La Crosse Tribune*—Heart of the Coulee Region . 237



KANSAS CITY (MO.) PUBLIC LIBRARY
7.50
6605184

Chapter 10. *The Wisconsin State Journal*—
Madison: A City That's Different . . . 259

Chapter 11. *The Davenport Democrat*—A Good Paper for 90 Years 293

Chapter 12. *The Mason City Globe-Gazette*—
The Capital of North Iowa . . . . . 313

Chapter 13. *The Kewanee Star-Courier*—The Boiler City . . 335

Chapter 14. *The Lincoln Star*—The Cornhusker State Capital . 357

Chapter 15. *Kinfolk*—Radio Becomes an Adjunct . . . 389

Chapter 16. *The End—and the Beginning*—
As the Second Century Opens . . . . . 407

Acknowledgments . . . . . 411

Index . . . . . 413

# Introduction

THIS IS A BOOK ABOUT NINE MIDWESTERN AMERICAN CITIES. IT IS THE STORY of the newspapers of those cities, and of the men who founded and published them. Particularly, it is the story of three men whose simple formula created and gave vitality and purpose to the successful enterprise generally known as The Lee Syndicate.

The beginnings were small. The newspapers were small newspapers, at the start often the poorest in their field, because that was part of the formula. The cities were small, but they all contained the seeds of progress and growth. The men themselves were great only in their ambitions, their imaginations, their energies, and their character. For a long time the title was the biggest thing about The Lee Syndicate. It was the kind of a title respected by the titans of the business frontier, who laid the foundations for the commercial and industrial greatness of today's America. As such, it was eagerly adopted by the men who brought these newspapers together. To them, it represented bigness and competence, worthy goals to able men who dream big dreams.

Actually The Lee Syndicate then and now is just a group of independent newspapers. Each stands on its own two legs. Each pursues a course of thought and action dictated by its own executives and the needs of its own community. Thus, one Lee newspaper is Democratic in its politics, and another is Republican; this one is liberal in its point of view, and that one is conservative; all are independent in the best tradition of the democratic ideal of a free press.

Each Lee publisher is expected to operate his newspaper on sound business lines, because the only truly free press is one which is financially independent. No Lee editor is asked to take orders from someone higher up, advertiser, stockholder, or even the president of his company. The result is a complete lack of uniformity in the news and editorial philosophy of the syndicate's ten newspapers. The very word "syndicate" is an anomaly to the usual concept of such a title.

The Lee Syndicate has no corporate existence, not even a bank account. The separate newspapers have a variety of stock ownership, and hence a

held together more by ties of tradition and friendship than by any other means, but the bond is a close one.

President of all its newspapers is E. P. Adler. Today is his 75th birthday. Especially for this festive occasion his associates have written and published this book. To him it is affectionately dedicated. He is chief, not only in title, but also in the esteem of the men and women with whom he has worked over the years.

*September 30, 1947.*

TO MR. ADLER:

*ALTHOUGH MANY OF THE EVENTS TOLD in this story happened before I was born or when I was too young to be impressed by them, I do have memories of all three of the men about whom the story is written.*

*The first, John Mahin, I remember only as a quiet, kind, and gentle Uncle in whose home I visited when a small child.*

*The second, Fred Lee, lives in my memory as the most loving and beloved of fathers, whose presence made our home the happiest one any child ever had. Though it was many years ago, I can remember even yet the lonely feeling which I always experienced when he went away on frequent business trips and the rush of happiness which came over me when he returned and also I remember the terribly "empty" feeling which I had when I was told that he had "gone away" and would not return.*

*I can add nothing to the wonderful tributes which have been paid to my father in these pages, but I do want to mention my mother briefly, for I do not believe anyone but myself realizes how very much she helped him to build up the business which still bears his name. As soon as they were married she began to take a great interest in my father's work and often helped him with the work he brought home to do at night. And though she did not tell me this, I know from others that he respected her judgment and often asked her advice about business matters and she did tell me how thankful she was after his death that my father had talked to her so much about the business and that she was not, as some widows are, left entirely ignorant of their husband's affairs.*

*Elsewhere in this story is told how courageously my mother made the decision—and it did take courage—to make Mr. Adler and Mr. Powell the heads of the business after my father's death, as he had advised her to do. I can testify to the fact that she never, for one moment, regretted his decision.*

*One thing that has greatly impressed me upon reading over the many kind words and obituaries written about my father after his death is that the prophecy, that his ideas, his influence, and his ideals would live on in the business, was repeated over and over again. As the years have gone on this has proved true, though it seems remarkable that so many would have realized it then.*

*And now this brings me to E. P. Adler, the third man with whom this*

*story started and to some of my early memories of him and Jim Powell, for in my childhood mind they were always associated together. In the first years after my father's death I knew Mr. Powell slightly better than I did Mr. Adler, as he lived in Ottumwa, Iowa, where we lived and being so near, my mother turned to him often for advice and help; we could not have had a more kind friend or adviser. He was never too busy to come whenever she called him to talk over business affairs or to explain some aspects of the business which were at first often puzzling to her.*

*Then after we left Ottumwa, both Mr. Adler and Mr. Powell came often to see us and always together. As a child I frequently sat in at these business talk sessions when the three would meet to talk over the various papers and the syndicate business generally. At first, I was so small that I was required only to keep quiet so I would not disturb them, but as I grew older I was told that I should listen in at these conferences and take an interest in the business and try to learn all I could. And I really did try very hard to do this by sitting very still and assuming what I hoped was a grown-up and intelligent expression. But my mother had a good business head which unfortunately I did not inherit, so to this day I have never learned to understand the business fully. However, listening to so much shop talk has made me acutely aware of how intensely interesting, exciting, and absorbing the newspaper business can be.*

*Never were two women more fortunate than my mother and I have been in having capable and forthright men at the head of their business and we have always been profoundly grateful for their loyalty. Of Mr. Adler, I know that he has not only exceptional business judgment and ability and that he has been a wonderful friend to me all my life, but that his loyalty to my father's memory all these years is a wonderful thing. He has not only kept my father's ideas and ideals fresh in his own memory, but he has been able to imbue even the youngest men under him with the wisdom of these same methods which are, I believe, the invisible links which have drawn the Lee Syndicate family so closely together and which have helped to make it such a successful organization.*

*Truly, E. P. Adler is the guiding spirit, the essence of the Lee Syndicate.*

LAURA ANNA LEE

# 1. The Story

A. W. LEE

*Founded the group which bears his name with purchase of The Ottumwa Courier in 1890. His newspaper philosophy is a working code for all Lee papers today*

# CHAPTER I

# *The Story*

## *PART I: A TRILOGY*

CALM BROODED OVER THE LITTLE PRINTING OFFICE THAT day one hundred years ago when the door opened to admit the farmer and a sturdy lad of 13.

Not until Friday night, the night before press day, would a flurry of activity seize upon the pioneer newspaper office. The proprietors, N. P. Stout and his printer partner, William Isreal, if the latter were sober, as he sometimes was, might work all night to have the weekly Bloomington Herald ready for distribution on Saturday.

The elder visitor, Jacob Mahin, in face and bearing reflected the defeats that life had brought him. At Noblesville, Indiana, he had failed in business and so began a westward wandering, looking for better fortune. It is pleasant to record that to some extent at least he found it. At any rate, six years later he was able to pay $500 in cash either as full or final payment for The Herald, which had by then become The Muscatine Journal, as is attested by a receipt written on ordinary note-paper still in possession of his granddaughter.

At that moment, however, the elder Mahin was plainly worried, not perhaps so much by financial concerns as by the strange ambition that possessed his son. Young John Mahin did not want to be a merchant, a profession at which his father had failed. He did not want to be a farmer, an occupation to which his father seems to have turned with indifferent results, since his essays at farming had been brief.

Of all things, John wanted to be a printer.

It was not to pay his subscription to The Bloomington Herald that the elder man was visiting the print shop proprietors. He had come to appren-

ice the son to Stout and Isreal that John might learn this seemingly outlandish trade.

The lad had given his father no peace and at length John had had his way. He was a good boy, but determined. Later, as we have seen, he was to lead his father into the business. The details were quickly settled—board and lodging for the lad the first year, board and lodging and $50 at the end of the second year, and $100 at the end of the third year. Of course, Stout and Isreal did not last out the three years. Whether the new proprietors took over in full the responsibilities toward young Mahin, we do not know, but the lad stayed on with The Bloomington Herald and its successor, The Muscatine Journal, until his retirement 53 years later, and for years *was* The Muscatine Journal.

Even as a lad, John Mahin was a man.

This is the story of *men.*

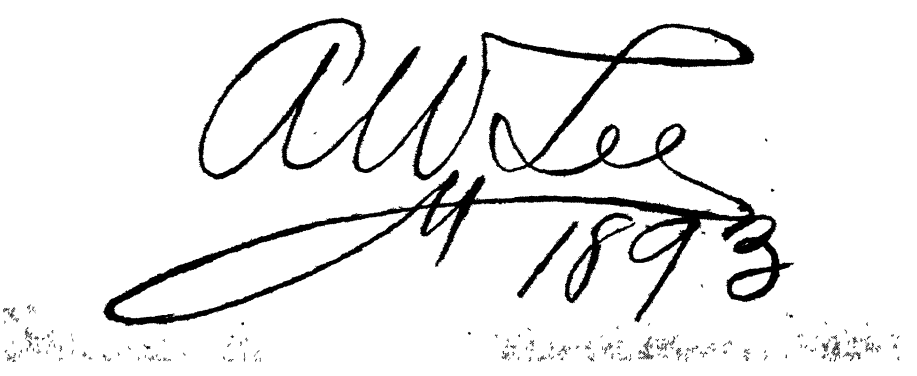
This is the story of the Lee group of newspapers, known to its founder and to the trade as The Lee Syndicate.

This is the story in particular of three men; it is also the story of five men. and it is the story of a thousand men and women.

Women have a part in it, particularly one woman.

This is the story of the founder, the architect, the planner, the late Alfred Wilson Lee.

This is the story of the builder, the organizer, the expander, Emanuel P. Adler of Davenport, Iowa, the president today of each of the ten individual companies which operate the Lee newspapers, who this year completes three-fourths of a century of successful, forceful, and graceful living.




*The firm, precise signature of A. W. Lee was characteristic of the character of the man himself. He believed daily newspapers should be soundly managed, financially independent, editorially courageous, and of service to their communities*

It is inevitably, too, the story of the life of the pathfinder, the pioneer, the source of many of the ideals and policies which have made the Lee group successful, the story of the late John Mahin, for 50 years the publisher of The Muscatine, Iowa, Journal, and the first tutor in newspapering of the founder of The Lee Syndicate.

It is also the story of James F. Powell, who succeeded A. W. Lee as the publisher of The Ottumwa Courier, the first Lee paper, uniformly and continually successful from the first day of publication under the Lee banner. Powell shared succession of management with Adler, and contributed largely to the wealth of tradition which makes the Lee group what it is today.

It is also the story of Frank D. Throop, Powell's successor as Adler's confidant and right hand man, and successively publisher of three Lee papers, The Muscatine Journal, The Davenport Democrat, and The Lincoln Star.

It is also the story of one woman, Mrs. A. W. Lee, upon whose courage and understanding Lee, from his marriage to his death, could unfailingly depend and who later played a tremendous part in the development of this unique and family-like organization by her confidence in and support of the young executives forced by fate to step into the breach when death called her husband.

Inescapably, it is the story of a thousand or more men and women, executives and workers of the various properties who, imbued with the traditions and ideals of the organization, have given of their hearts and minds to make the various papers of the group worthy of the ideals and planning of the founder and have carried to successful fruition the progressive policies of the builder.

This, too, is a story of three boys, naturally enough since boys grow into men; but this story begins with boys, not with men. It opens with the story of John Mahin, who, at the age of 13 with only the scantiest formal education, was apprenticed to Isreal and Stout.

It is, too, the story of Alfred Lee, who at the age of 13 entered the State University of Iowa, the youngest student ever admitted to a regular class at the university, to begin his training for the newspaper career which was to see the founding of the Lee newspaper group.

And last but not least, it is the story of a third boy of 13, Emanuel P. Adler, who at that age was apprenticed to the printing trade in the office of John Wagner, proprietor of a German language weekly at Ottumwa, Iowa, at a wage of $1.00 per week, an amount contributed by Adler's father.

This striking coincidence of ages was not the only similarity shared by these three lads, as will be evidenced again and again in the pages that follow. Each was intensely earnest and eager. Each gave unstintedly of himself

to every task to which he addressed his energies. But there were equally sharp contrasts in their characters.

To John Mahin his editorial column, his writing, and the moral causes he espoused, were paramount, the business details of his paper secondary, if not indeed merely a necessary nuisance.

To Alfred Lee a good newspaper was a well-rounded enterprise; he could tolerate imperfection as little in one department as in another.

E. P. Adler brought to the organization an idealism as deep as that of John Mahin and far wider in its scope. He adopted, almost in its entirety, the business philosophy of A. W. Lee and added a daring in and a facility for conducting large affairs that Lee did not live long enough to prove he possessed.

And finally this is the story of three significant anniversaries: The 75th anniversary of the birth of Adler, whose genius and leadership have brought to full bloom the seedlings planted by his predecessors; the 40th anniversary of his succession to Lee as head of The Lee Syndicate and the 100th anniversary in the newspaper business of the family which brought the Lee group of newspapers into being and whose name it still bears.

In 1847, 100 years ago, the young John Mahin was apprenticed. From 1847 until 1878 there were many changes in ownership of The Bloomington Herald and its successor, The Muscatine Journal. But through them all, John Mahin remained the dominant factor until his retirement in 1900. In 1878, following numerous partnerships, The Journal Printing Company was organized and a new name, that of Lee, appeared in The Journal ownership roster. The first officers of the company were John Mahin, A. W. Lee, and John B. Lee, the latter Mahin's father-in-law and A. W. Lee's father.

For clarity's sake the reader might be reminded of some of the details of the history of the little pioneer settlement where the first tendrils, of what later became the sturdy oak known as The Lee Syndicate, sought a friendly soil.

On June 17, 1673, 53 years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, Marquette and Joliet discovered Iowa. In 1762 the rights of France to the lands west of the Mississippi were recognized. Seven years later France transferred her trans-Mississippi interest to Spain.

In 1796, Julien Dubuque received from the King of Spain a grant of land on the west bank of the Mississippi, near the present site of the city which bears his name. However, Dubuque, with the assistance of Indian squaws, had mined lead since 1788 near Catfish Creek in what is now Dubuque County.

In 1800 Spain returned her rights to France. Three years later came the

Louisiana Purchase and two years after that Michigan Territory was formed to take over control of the western frontier lands.

In 1808 Fort Madison was built, marking the second definite white settlement on Iowa land. The fort was destroyed by Indians in 1813; this and other forays by the hostile tribesmen culminated, in 1832, in the Black Hawk War, and later the Black Hawk purchase, which was to open a large section of the eastern border of the state to settlement.

In that same year, 1832, Benjamin Nye picked out a home site on Pine Creek in what is now Muscatine County and in the following year built his cabin and a mill. This land is now a part of the Wild Cat Den State Park located east of Muscatine. Shortly after June 1, 1833, when the Black Hawk Purchase was opened to settlement, Dr. Ely Reynolds and J. W. Casey located on claims not far from the Nye cabin.

The early history of the county is closely connected with the fur trade, for it was in the fall of 1833 that Col. George Davenport of the American Fur Company, then located on Rock Island, sent an agent named Farnham to set up a post not far from the Nye cabin on Pine Creek.

From then on settlers rushed into the new lands. In 1834 Dubuque and Des Moines Counties were created, dividing Iowa between them, and in another two years Wisconsin Territory was formed to include Iowa. Burlington became the capital of the new territory, and continued as territorial capital when Iowa Territory was established in 1838 and remained as such until 1841.

How Muscatine, then known as Bloomington, shared in the pulsing growth that lay behind the above historical synopsis is indicated by other significant dates. In 1837, after the county was organized, a post office was established at Bloomington, and a hotel, stores, schools, and church were built. The town became one of the ports of entry into Iowa and the Northwest. Settlers were ferried across the river from Illinois and landed from steamers coming up the river from St. Louis or down the Ohio to Cairo and up the Mississippi, while traders, hunters, and Indians dealt with the early merchants. Something of the burgeoning traffic through the little port in these early days is indicated by the record that during the year of 1839, 399 steamers landed at Bloomington.

On October 27, 1840, there was planted the seed from which The Muscatine Journal, training ground for two of the three men whose life stories constitute this trilogy, has sprung. On that date from a primitive hand press came the first issue of The Bloomington Herald, printed, edited, and distributed to the 507 citizens of the community by the proprietors, Thomas Hughes and John B. Russell.

In the beginning was John Mahin. Later in this narrative will be told in some detail the story of this doughty crusader who throughout his lifetime, though surrounded by the swashbuckling characters and frequent lawlessness of a typical Mississippi River town, never failed to battle for his ideals of temperate and ordered living. Not even a dynamite bomb which wrecked his home and endangered the lives of his loved ones could awe him or stifle his blazing championship of temperance, or his hatred of the liquor traffic and the saloon. From his sturdy convictions and bold championship of a minority cause there stemmed in some part at least that independent thinking which has marked the course of all Lee papers through the years.

But there was a closer and more immediate connection between the Mahin regime at The Muscatine Journal and the Lee group of newspapers. In September, 1864, John Mahin married Anna Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Lee of West Branch, Iowa. About 1880 Mr. and Mrs. Lee moved to Muscatine and John Lee became bookkeeper for The Muscatine Journal. With them came their youngest son, Alfred, to take a position in the Muscatine post office under his brother-in-law. Later young Lee joined the staff of The Muscatine Journal and here were laid the first stones of the foundation of his newspaper career.

It was here that the youngster learned, first as an assistant and later as the successor to his father as head bookkeeper of The Journal, an art all too much neglected by the responsible executives of the small town newspapers in that early day.

The heads of the newspapers of the '80s were the editors. They espoused causes, promoted civic affairs, played politics, served as postmasters, and fulminated against the local evils of the day. The purely business functions of their offices were delegated to lesser folk. Lee became imbued with one cardinal principle: That no newspaper could be an independent newspaper, no newspaper could be a good newspaper, unless it was a self-sustaining and self-supporting newspaper. He promised himself even in that early day if ever he became a newspaper publisher, his newspaper should never go in debt for more than it could promptly repay from current operations. This was in The Lee Syndicate bible the first commandment, which has been broken only once in the history of Lee newspapers when, in the midst of a financial crisis for a few short months, the then members of the group were compelled to borrow money. Even then the indebtedness was not contracted with any bank or any local financier, but from a supplier with whom the group had had long and happy business connections which exist until this day.

Just how revolutionary was this conception of newspaper independence

# BLOOMINGTON HERALD.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY THOMAS MUGHES, AT THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.—JOHN S. RUSSELL AND THOMAS HUGHES, EDITORS.

VOL. I BLOOMINGTON, I. T., TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1840 NO. 1

THE BLOOMINGTON HERALD
IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THOMAS HUGHES
TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
Three Dollars per annum in advance;
Three Dollars and Fifty Cents to all
Four Dollars at the end of the year.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
For one square of fifteen lines or less, three
Dollars and for each subsequent insertion fifty
Cents.
☞ Liberal discount allowed to those who advertise by the year.
☞ Letters addressed to the Editors, to obtain insertion, must be post paid.

### Written for Bloomington.

The grand end of subscription on one's own is not a desire. This, in place, because folk are prone like a laugher and then stop all for no more explanation. A considerable inducement to submit very unpleasant to the judgment of life, be it what it may. A well fed, well clothed, and fostered in comfort than fortune is said, and for you evidently be upset to do the proper work of a man. But there is not one from the group of wives, from the common possession of family and connection, who would not be inclined to a considerable support, to pass from gambling, effeminate and idle. Fathers seem to

at that time is highlighted by the late William Allen White, who as a young man of 27 purchased The Emporia, Kansas, Gazette in 1895. In his *Autobiography* White says:

> "In the mid-eighties of the nineteenth century practically all American cities were country towns. In those distant days American towns were driven by factions, political factions based more or less upon commercial rivalries in the town. The banks quarreled bitterly and trivially, but ruthlessly. They generally financed and virtually owned the newspapers. The newspapers were beggarly at the best, and mendacious at the worst. A newspaper was an organ sometimes political but, at bottom and secretly, an organ of some financial group in the community which aimed at control of public utilities or public patronage of one kind or another.
>
> "The editor," White continues, "was too often for all his pomp and bluster the creature of his banker. The editor borrowed with a prodigal hand . . . having passes, he rode up and down the earth, a dashing figure and mingled with the rich and great in politics. But too often the editor was a pasteboard hero."
>
> The newspaper business in the middle 80's, White points out, was in transit, "going swiftly from an ancient craft, where the craftsman was indeed a journeyman who owned his tools, to another stage in his social and industrial progress, the businessman. Tools were becoming expensive. The cylinder press and the new types cost money. The average printer could not pay for them. Capital was needed, not much capital, but those few thousand dollars, where it once required a few hundred dollars to set a journeyman up in business, were beyond the saving capacity of the ambitious young printer."

It was this recognition that newspapers not only must print the news but must be maintained in position where, if necessary, they could look any man or corporation or institution in the face and tell that man or corporation or institution to go to hell, that early became a distinguishing mark of Lee small-town newspaper operation. Newspapers which are sufficiently successful to be financially independent are sufficiently prosperous to improve and increase their services to the community. This is a point that will be touched upon many times in the pages that follow; it is sufficient here to point out that the very paper upon which Alfred Lee received his earliest training, The Muscatine Journal, was at one time a number of years ago, one of the smallest, if not the smallest American newspaper with a full leased wire telegraphic news report, and for some months at least, within the last year or so, the smallest paper of general circulation in the United States with an Associated Press Wirephoto service.

It was probably in Muscatine, too, that another revolutionary policy or ideal began to form in young Lee's mind. As has been noted, he began his

work there as an employee of the post office under the postmastership of his brother-in-law, John Mahin. From the post office he went to The Journal, where his business association with Mahin became even more intimate. Like most other small-town editors of his day, Mahin served as the postmaster for many of the 50 years during which he was the editor and publisher of The Journal. It was customary in that day that the head of the local paper which espoused the cause of the party in power should become the most likely candidate for the office of postmaster. Later when Lee went to Ottumwa and became publisher in his own right, he followed this custom and on February 21, 1898, was made postmaster of that city.

On December 4, 1903, he astounded the political circles and publishing fraternity of the nation and gained country-wide publicity when in mid-term, he resigned his postmastership, stating briefly that in his opinion no man could serve successfully two masters, the public, as active head of the local newspaper, and the government, or perhaps more realistically the party in power, as postmaster.

It was stated at the time, that this was the first instance of an American postmaster resigning his position as head of a sizable post office in mid-term, without compelling reason arising either from the state of his health or the conditions existing in the post office.

Here again was born a tradition or policy of the Lee group of papers. From the date of Lee's resignation as postmaster at Ottumwa, there has been an unwritten law that no responsible executive of a Lee paper could hold remunerative public office and remain in his position with the group. This, of course, did not mean that Lee editors and Lee publishers had to shun politics. Many of them have been and now are active and forceful leaders in political affairs. Some have taken an active part in organized politics. E. P. Adler himself, from 1910 to 1912, served as a member and secretary of the Iowa Republican State Central Committee, but not one of them has held public office and no reader has had valid reason to suspect that any policy or utterance of a Lee paper has stemmed from a desire for political preferment. As further evidence that the unofficial participation in politics of Lee executives has not influenced the opinion of the papers as a group, it might not be out of place to quote here from an editorial by A. M. Brayton, then publisher of The Wisconsin State Journal, Madison, Wisconsin, now retired. In 1940 Brayton wrote:

> "During my 37 years as one of Mr. Adler's publishers, he has never directed me what to do regarding such things as supporting candidates and parties, nor has he ever criticized or complained if we didn't think alike. Only once during that time did I win his disapprobation. That was when The La Crosse Tribune supported William Jennings Bryan for the

presidency at a moment when Mr. Adler was a member of the Iowa Republican State Central Committee.

"However, he didn't mention the matter until after the election was over, and then it wasn't a reprimand, it was 'the horse laugh.' With the election figures before me, I didn't enjoy that as much as Mr. Adler did."

It is more than likely that among the experiences and observations of young Alfred Lee during his connection with the post office and the paper in Muscatine there might be found the first seeds of his doubt of the propriety of a combination of publishing and politics which flowered into his sensational resignation from the Ottumwa postmastership and the formulation of the policy above outlined which, at the time of its origin, was a seven-day wonder in the American scene.

Perhaps Lee's decision as a newspaper publisher to shun politics was not entirely original with him. We shall see that before purchasing The Ottumwa Courier he considered a Hutchinson, Kansas, paper. His interest in the Kansas field and personal examination of it may have resulted in contacts with young William Allen White of The Emporia, Kansas, Gazette, who but a few years before had made a special trip to Washington to beg William McKinley, the new president, not to sign his commission as postmaster of Emporia. White, in his autobiography, tells of the advice he had received from a veteran Kansas banker and politician, an old friend of his father's. This luminary told White in the earliest stages of his ownership of the Emporia paper, "If for the next five years you will run your paper so straight and square and necessarily mean that you'll make every faction in this town hate you, and every man in this town fear and despise you, then you'll know that you never have any hope to run for office . . . . Editors who take offices lose their influence and wreck their business. You've got to take the veil of absolute chastity, so far as political office goes."

Another quality which William Allen White and A. W. Lee had in common was their devotion to the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In his autobiography White refers again and again to his passion for Emerson and those who knew Lee in both youth and maturity testify to a similar devotion.

Harold J. Mahin, a nephew, says, "One thing I recall about Uncle Alfred was that he was a great devotee of Emerson and had a full set of his essays printed in small pocket books and almost always carried one of these with him wherever he went." Mrs. Florence Alford, Mahin's sister, recalls that "after Uncle Alfred's death, my brother, Lee Mahin, asked Aunt Minnie (Mrs. Lee) for Uncle Alfred's volumes of Emerson. She wrote in reply that she treasured them too much because Uncle Alfred had marked them

but she bought new copies, had the same pages marked in the new books and then sent them to Lee."

A. W. Lee was a good editor. He wrote well but he had no passion for self-expression through the written word. It was the art of bookkeeping that made him not a great small-town editor, but a great small-town publisher. It was later in his life that he developed that other characteristic which set him apart from his contemporaries—his intense and fervid interest in young men and his determination to share his success and that of his paper, and later, his papers, with the young men whom he chose as his associates and assistants.

In 1888, Lee moved to Chicago where he continued his self-education in the making and operating of newspapers by working in the advertising department of the old Chicago Times. Two years later, he decided to become a publisher for himself and characteristically he investigated or considered many towns for his location, finally deciding to locate either at Hutchinson, Kansas, or Ottumwa, Iowa.

After visiting the Kansas town and looking over the field thoroughly, he decided to return to Iowa to buy his newspaper and in the early '90s took charge of The Ottumwa Courier, associating himself with a number of prominent residents of that city in the undertaking.

His success with the Ottumwa paper was outstanding. When he bought the paper the field was crowded, with three and at one time four dailies being published there, but gradually The Courier outdistanced its competitors and soon had the field virtually to itself, a condition that has existed without interruption until the present time.

As yet A. W. Lee was only the publisher of a small-town Iowa newspaper. But so convinced was he, following his success at Ottumwa, that his ideas for the operation of small-town dailies almost guaranteed success, and so interested was he in the advancement of the other young men associated with him, that he conceived the idea of a group of newspapers following the same business policies, but each independent, each operated by a separate company, and each as local "as the city hall or the town pump."

About 1899 he acquired a controlling interest in The Davenport Times, then probably the weakest among the 10 newspapers printed in the tri-cities of Davenport, Iowa, and Rock Island and Moline, Illinois.

Thus, The Lee Syndicate, as Lee termed the group of Lee newspapers, was born.

The Times was not only the second paper in the Lee group; it was destined to become one of its most successful papers, but far more important than that, it was destined to become the personal paper of one of the

foremost small-city publishers in the United States, E. P. Adler, successor to Lee as head of The Lee Syndicate and the man under whose leadership the modern history of the group has been written.

The story of the Lee group for the last 40 years has been in essence the story of E. P. Adler. All the policies, all of the ideals that Lee had laid down for his papers and which hung in the balance by reason of his untimely death, were brought to their fruition through the ability and blazing genius of this young man whom Lee had picked up from the mechanical department eventually to become his successor.

It was no easy throne which young Adler ascended upon the sudden death of the founder in far off England on July 15, 1907. Having bought The Times in 1899 and some years later having purchased The Muscatine Journal from the family of his brother-in-law, John Mahin. Lee and some young associates in February of 1907, only a few months before his fateful trip to Europe and his death in England, acquired The Hannibal, Missouri. Courier-Post and The La Crosse, Wisconsin, Tribune.

Both were definitely "second" papers. Both were struggling and neither reached the ideal of Lee operation of being self-supporting and prosperous for a decade to come. Lee's personal affairs were involved because of this new double venture which had taken place so shortly before his death. Lee had been the financier of the group. Adler and his associate, James F. Powell, had been giving their attention to operation, but financing had been Lee's exclusive province.

Shortly after Lee's death came the "bankers' panic" of 1907. But these and other difficulties of the time, which will be related in greater detail later, were overcome by the energy and determination of Adler and Powell.

Since Lee's death, five new papers have been enrolled in the membership of the group and many additional interests and activities have been added.

Today The Lee Syndicate consists of ten newspapers. Members of the group own a minority interest in two other papers, operate one radio station, KHMO of Hannibal, Missouri, and own minority interests in two additional stations. Lee personnel has fostered the beginning of a new Lee group, the Lee Stations, separate, independent and wholly apart from the Lee group of newspapers, but still steeped in the traditions of service and independence which sprang from the heart and mind of A. W. Lee, and which E. P. Adler has fostered, nurtured, and brought to full fruition.

The ten member papers of the group today are: The Lincoln, Nebraska, Star; The Wisconsin State Journal of Madison, Wisconsin; The La Crosse, Wisconsin, Tribune; The Davenport Times, The Davenport Democrat, The Ottumwa Courier, The Mason City Globe-Gazette, and The Muscatine Journal, of Iowa; The Kewanee, Illinois, Star-Courier; and The Han-

nibal, Missouri, Courier-Post. The two other newspapers in which the group hold minority interests are The Lincoln, Nebraska, State Journal, and The Madison, Wisconsin, Capital Times. The two radio stations in which members of the group hold minority interests are KFAB of Lincoln, Nebraska, and WIBA of Madison, Wisconsin. Member stations of Lee Stations are KGLO of Mason City, Iowa, and WTAD of Quincy, Illinois.

As has been already outlined, credit for what the Lee group of newspapers has become must be shared among many, but predominant in its story are the two outstanding figures, A. W. Lee, the founder, and E. P. Adler, the builder. To apportion credit between these two is impossible, because the contribution of each would have been greatly lessened but for the complementing and implementing of that contribution by the other. Lee mapped out the course and built the first vessels; Adler added to the fleet and steered it into safe and happy ports.

What would be the status of the Lee group of today, had A. W. Lee's mantle fallen on other shoulders, can only be conjectured. None of those who have been intimately associated with the group believes it would have been the same or would approach in stature and importance that which the group enjoys today.

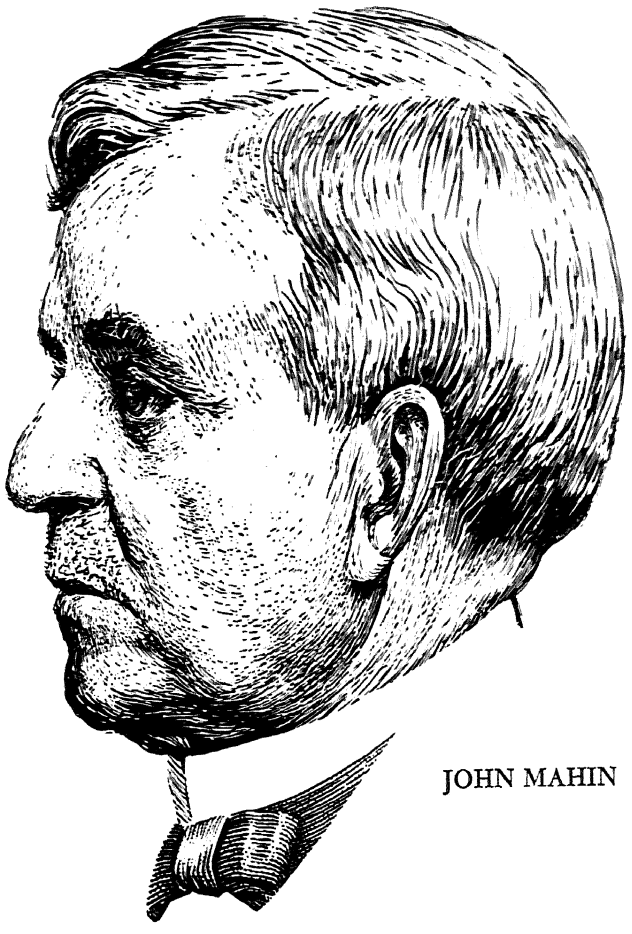
On the other hand, but for the qualities in Lee that made him willing to pick a young printer from a humble Jewish home and place him quickly in positions of trust, give him responsibilities and stand back of him, and push him forward, and then in the crisis of his life choose that young man above all others, including his own kin, to head the organization in the trying hours Lee knew were ahead, Adler would never have had the opportunity to serve the Lee group so signally.

Nor is there need to apportion the credit; almost from the moment that Adler left the composing room of the old Ottumwa Courier, he and Lee were a team. They were a team in Ottumwa and when Lee made his first venture into another field, they soon became a team in Davenport. They were a team in handling the affairs of the original three-member Lee Syndicate, and strange and almost fantastic as it may seem, they are still a team today. Lee executives can remember countless times in conferences within very recent years when knotty problems were discussed when, after pros and cons had been weighed and sifted, Adler would settle back in his chair and say, "Well, if 'the old man' were here—Lee in memory has always been 'the old man' to Adler—he would tell you . . . " and usually what Adler remembered as Lee's policy or leaning along the line discussed, would be adopted as the policy to be followed in the issue at hand.

Few of the executives and employees of the group now living have personal memories of A. W. Lee. That much of the present-day traditions

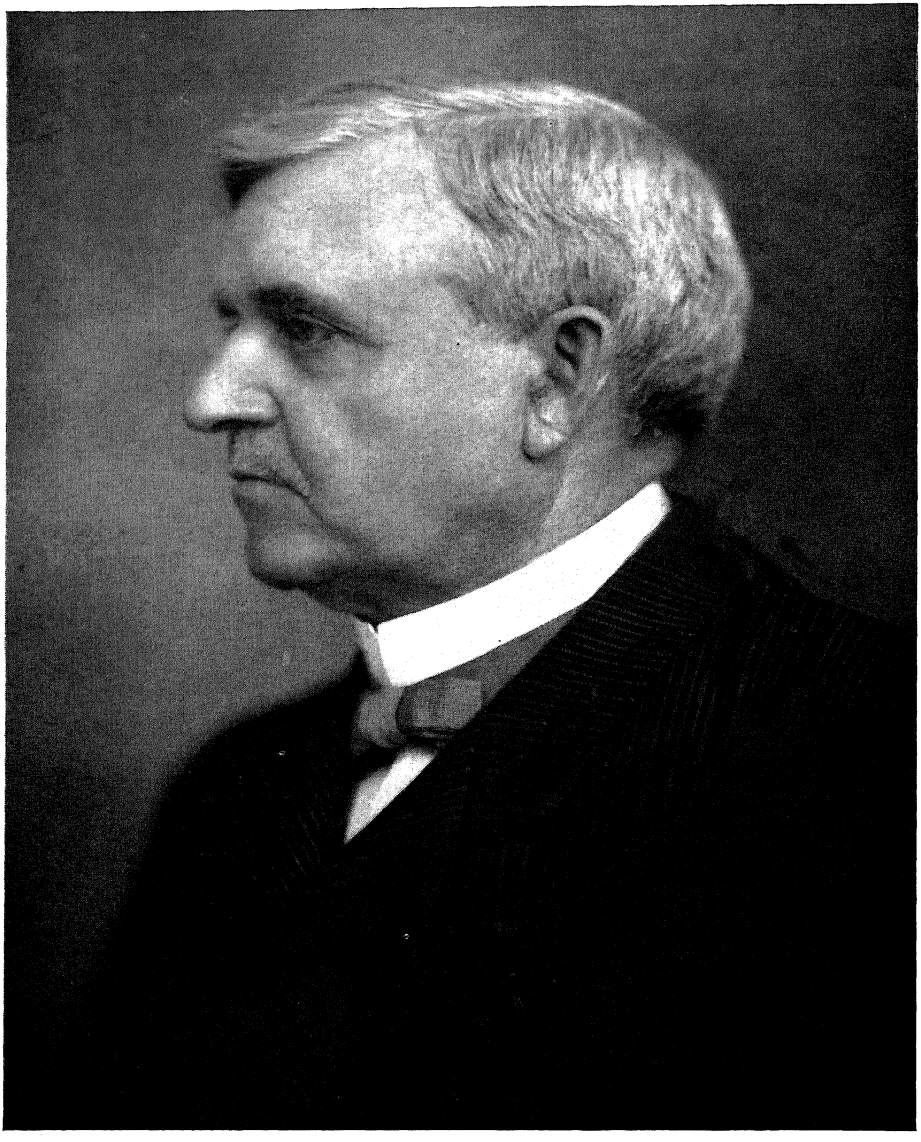
and policies of the group are ascribed to Lee is due directly to Adler, and his associates have little more than the latter's word for it; so whether those qualities that have made Adler a leader of men came in large part from his tuition by the founder, or flowered unaided in his own mind and heart, it has been sufficient for those who have served under him to know he has them in almost unparalleled quantity and quality.

At 75 E. P. Adler is everything that he was at 70—and more. Five years wiser, from years that were darkened by hate, prejudice, death, and disaster throughout the world, he has emerged with every keen and kindly quality of mind and heart, enlarged and sharpened.



JOHN MAHIN

# 2. The Ancestor



JOHN MAHIN

*The roots of the Lee group of papers go back 100 years. In 1847, John Mahin, a boy of 13, started his printer's apprenticeship on The Bloomington, Iowa, Herald*

# CHAPTER 2

# *The Ancestor*

## *BLOOMINGTON BEGINNINGS*

JOHN MAHIN WAS BORN AT NOBLESVILLE, INDIANA, DECEMBER 8, 1833. His father's ancestors came from the north of Ireland to Rhode Island before the Revolutionary War, drifting from there to Kentucky sometime in the eighteenth century, then crossing the Ohio and thence later emigrating to Hamilton County, Indiana. On account of business reverses his father, Jacob Mahin, left Noblesville, when young Mahin was four years of age, to try bettering the family fortunes in the West. For about two years the family had the experiences of pioneer life in Effingham County, Illinois, most of the time on a farm. Then in a covered wagon they turned their faces toward Iowa, crossing the Mississippi River in Captain Phillips' steam ferry at Bloomington in fall of 1843. The winter was spent in Bloomington and the following summer on the farm of Dr. Fish, 15 miles above the town along the Mississippi River.

In the fall of 1844, Jacob Mahin moved to Cedar County where he resided until 1847 when he returned to Muscatine. It was during his residence in Cedar County that John Mahin first saw a copy of the paper with which he was in after years to become so closely identified. Near his father's house was the home of a pioneer settler and a very important man in that early day, Colonel Hardman, who was a subscriber to The Bloomington Herald. The copies of the Herald he received were filed on a string file in front of the great fireplace of his home. To the Hardman house, young Mahin, when his tasks were done, used to go to read the copies of The Herald thus kept. This was a great privilege for the youngster who had even then determined to be a printer.

When the Mahin family returned to Bloomington, the father, noting the

bent of the son, apprenticed him to the proprietors of The Herald for a three-year period to learn the printer's trade. His duties at first bore but remote connection with the important role he was later to exercise in publishing the paper. As he recalled in subsequent years, when he became an apprentice, his duties consisted of sweeping out the office, carrying wood and water, keeping up the fires when necessary, and setting type during the remainder of his time at the office. On Saturdays, when the paper was issued, he was also the carrier boy.

At the time Mahin entered upon his apprenticeship, The Herald office was still a primitive place. As he remembered, it consisted of three double racks of type, a Washington hand press, and an imposing stone, about four by eight feet.

Typographical work was done in the one room which served also to accommodate the editorial staff. Some of the difficulties in getting out a weekly newspaper were later reviewed by John Mahin as follows:

"Although The Herald was only four pages of six columns each and was issued once a week, its two printers and one apprentice seemed hard pressed to do all the mechanical work on it. Issue day was Saturday, but almost invariably we had to work all Friday night to get the paper out on time."

From Stout the young man learned to fight for the principles he considered right, no matter what the cost. Stout was an abolitionist and, despite the unpopularity of such a course in those early times in Mississippi River towns, openly and boldly denounced slavery. From Isreal, it may be, he first learned the evils of intemperance, seeing them exemplified in the life of a man whom otherwise he admired and respected. Isreal died as a result of his intemperate life and there can be little doubt that this fact made a great impression upon the early life of the young apprentice.

The young man's career in the newspaper business seemed threatened almost before it began. The first year had been scarcely more than completed when Stout & Isreal, the publishers, were forced to quit business because of financial difficulties. However, during the winter of 1848, when the state of Iowa was less than two years old, not long after Stout and Isreal had encountered distress, F. A. C. Foreman, a New Boston, Illinois, man who had previously operated the newspaper in that down-river town, undertook the publication of The Herald. But a few months later, he, too, was forced to suspend publication. This marked the end of The Bloomington Herald as such.

Publication of a newspaper was resumed in 1849, upon the arrival of Noah H. McCormick from St. Louis who purchased The Herald plant. Between Foreman's suspension of publication and the arrival of McCormick, the name of the little Iowa river town had been changed from

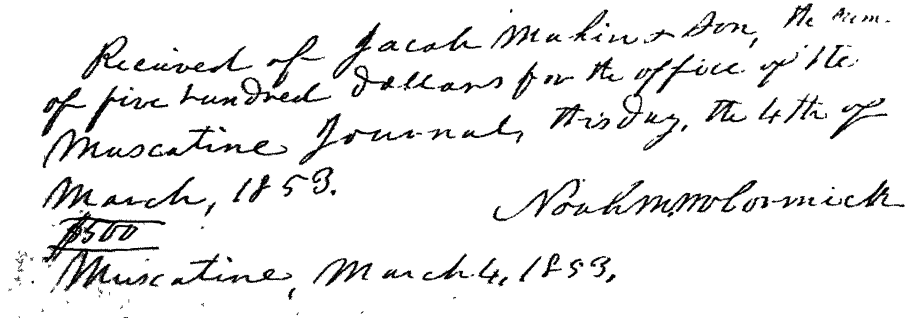
Bloomington to Muscatine at the June term of district court in 1849. Therefore, when McCormick took over the property of The Bloomington Herald and started issuing his paper, he changed the name to correspond with the new name of the community and thus, The Muscatine Journal appeared for the first time.

McCormick, it is related, was a poor and pointless writer but a fair businessman and was able therefore to do better financially with the newspaper than his predecessors. However, in July of 1852, he sold his interests to John Mahin and his father, Jacob Mahin.

The purchase of The Journal by the Mahins was effected slightly more than a year after Muscatine had become a city under special charter adopted February 21, 1851. Muscatine at that time had a population of a little more than 2,000 and the population of the county was slightly below 6,000. The first Journal under Mahin management was issued Saturday, July 17, 1852.

Something of the new owners' plans for the future was contained in the salutatory editorial which appeared in the first issue, excerpts of which follow:

"First, then, as a premise to the whole, the political complexion of The Journal will continue to be decidedly Whig. We are emphatically in favor of the great landmarks of the party, and for the benefits of their ultimate adoption and incorporation in the governmental affairs of our country, shall labor zealously and assiduously. We regard a remodeling of our present tariff system, whereby the best interests of our own manufacturers may be secured; a liberal discrimination by the general government in favor of the improvement of inland navigation; and a material reformation of our present currency system, especially in this state, as of vital importance to the commonwealth. All these, and much more, which we sincerely regard as very essential to the national welfare, we shall ever be ready to support and


Received of Jacob Mahin & Son, the Assn.
of five hundred dollars for the office of the
Muscatine Journal, this day, the 4th of
March, 1853. Noah M. McCormick
$500
Muscatine, March 4, 1853.

*This receipt for $500, dated March 4, 1853, tells of the transfer of ownership of The Muscatine Journal from Noah M. McCormick to Jacob Mahin and son. The boy had grown from apprentice to editor and part owner in six short years*

defend and while zealously battling in this cause, we shall endeavor at all times to preserve an honest and consistent course, without descending to the use of falsehood and ungenerous ridicule, and political detraction, too often disgracing partisan papers, whose editors are less wise than enthusiastic."

Thus, the youthful John Mahin looked at politics. In the realm of morality, where he was always more sure of himself, he took a firmer tone:

"Morally, our paper shall ever espouse the cause of orthodox religion and religious toleration, and the spread and inculcation of every Christian virtue and blessing. While we are pledged to no particular sect, we shall not hesitate to defend any and all denominations when unjustly assailed."

John Mahin's editorial reflects also another facet of his character—an extremely becoming modesty.

"Locally, our paper will be devoted particularly to the interests of Muscatine county and city," the editorial continued. "Indeed, as our interests are identical, in justice to ourselves, we cannot act otherwise. On this important subject, we will be guided much by the counsels of older and wiser heads.

"Aware of our incapacity, in consequence of youthfulness and inexperience, to digest and explain advantageously and satisfactorily the abstruser and more complicated questions at issue between the two great political parties, we have partially secured the services of an an able and experienced writer, an old citizen, whose views accord with our own, to take exclusive control of this department."

Thus, John Mahin, at 19, blueprints some of the qualities and characteristics which were to mark his fifty-year career.

The Mahin partnership continued unchanged for slightly more than a year when Orion Clemens, brother of Samuel L. Clemens who later became world famous under the name of Mark Twain, purchased an interest in the paper and the firm name was changed to Mahin and Clemens.

During Orion Clemens' connection with The Journal, his brother, Samuel came to Muscatine and lived there for about six months. But the young city did not please the young genius. In all his writings but one favorable reference to Muscatine can be found, the one picturing the sunsets seen from its towering bluffs. Muscatine was more generous. For years it still continued to point with vicarious pride to the building where Mark Twain lived during his brief and resentful residence. The former Clemens home, however, was razed some years ago.

Mahin and Clemens continued their partnership until January, 1855, when the Mahin interest was sold to Charles H. Wilson, a printer who had been employed by The Journal.

# MUSCATINE JOURNAL.

"I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN BE PRESIDENT."—Henry Clay.

VOLUME IV.] MUSCATINE, IOWA SATURDAY, JULY 17 1852 [NO. R 2

## Agricultural

Profits of Poultry

## Select Stories.

The Death Light

## Political.

Speech of Henry O'Connor

The Revolutionary Lovers.

*By 1852, Iowa was a state, John Mahin was editor, and his paper had become The Muscatine Journal. This issue of July 17, 1852 typifies the period's newspapers, whose columns were filled with fiction, politics, and clippings from exchanges*

The firm of Clemens and Wilson, however, was short-lived because, in the same year, Clemens disposed of his interest in the paper to James W. Logan. The next year Wilson sold his share in the business to D. S. Early but this partnership, too, was of short duration, because in 1857, John Mahin, who since 1855 while serving as editor had not been identified with ownership of the paper, in connection with F. B. McGill, bought out the Early and Logan partnership. In August, 1857, Mahin became sole owner and remained alone in his ownership of The Journal through the whole Civil War period. In 1866, however, he sold half interest to L. D. Ingersoll, who became editor and served as such for a two-year period, leaving in 1868 to continue his newspaper career in Chicago.

Following Ingersoll's departure, James Mahin, the brother of John Mahin, acquired an interest in the paper and the firm was continued as Mahin Bros. James had been previously employed by The Journal, first as a carrier boy and later as a typesetter and reporter. After entering the partnership, he was associate editor and remained in that capacity until his death in 1877.

In 1878, The Journal Printing Company was formed with its first officers being John Mahin, his father-in-law, John B. Lee, and his brother-in-law, Alfred W. Lee.

In 1889, ownership of all the stock in The Journal Printing Company was acquired by John Mahin and his eldest son, John Lee Mahin. The son had been employed at the newspaper since 1885, serving a part of the time as city editor. Subsequently, John Lee Mahin was made business manager, in which position he continued until 1891 when he went to Chicago to continue his newspaper and advertising career. His father then bore the brunt of the business management until 1900 when a second son, Harold J. Mahin, took over the duties of business manager. In 1902 Harold Mahin also left for a larger field in Chicago and in 1903 the Mahin stock in The Journal Printing Company was sold to A. W. Lee, W. L. Lane, and H. M. Sheppard and The Journal was added to the Lee Syndicate of newspapers.

From the time that Mahin came into full control of The Journal, until the later years of his life in Muscatine, he devoted most of his energies to The Journal and its affairs. However, during many years he efficiently served the people of Muscatine as postmaster. During the last half-decade of his residence there, he held the position of United States postoffice inspector, a position, which in spite of added years, he filled competently and well.

Throughout his editorial service, Mr. Mahin was a consistent and fearless foe of the liquor traffic. He carried his opposition to such lengths that he made some bitter enemies for himself. But neither the enmity of his foes nor the advice of well-meaning friends ever turned him from the pathway he

had chosen; he believed it was right. In the darkest hour of his life in Muscatine, his home, together with those of two other prominent residents, was blown up following the bitterest part of the struggle, during the days of the old prohibitory laws. On the night of May 11, 1893, his home was wrecked and he, his wife, and children, together with a maid, escaped with their lives, as if by a miracle.

Fortunately for the family, all were sleeping upstairs, Mr. and Mrs. Mahin in one bedroom, the two daughters, Mabel and Florence in another, the young son, Harold in a third and the maid, Anna Vennick, in a room over the kitchen. All of these rooms suffered from the force of the blast, all windows were broken out and the furniture wrecked and strewn across the floor.

Mrs. Mahin was tumbled out of bed and discovered the house full of smoke. The frantic parents rushed to the daughters' bedroom and found that Florence had been struck by some flying object and was partially stunned and caught fast in the broken bed. Running on to Harold's room, Mrs. Mahin was startled to find him missing, but he was soon located downstairs where he had made his way unnoticed in the excitement. Though the floors were strewn with fragments of glass, the remainder of the family though barefooted and clad in their night clothes were able to reach the first floor without further injury, only to find the front doors wedged so tightly they could not be opened. At length the Mahins were able to leave the house through a parlor window. Outside they realized how fortunate had been their escape without serious harm. The walls of the house were bulged out from the foundations by a foot or more. The foundation wall on the east side of the house was in ruins. Lumber and window blinds from the home had been carried as far as 60 feet.

In The Journal that day, John Mahin wrote:

> "I have not the time today to speak as I would desire of last night's terrible affair, nor is my mind in a suitable frame to speak what I should. Suffice it to say that I am almost dazed to think that there could be in a civilized community any person or persons so dastardly as to seek to take the lives of my innocent wife, daughters, and son because of any resentment towards me. . .
>
> "The fact that the homes of E. M. Kessenger and N. Rosenberger were wrecked in the same manner, at nearly the same time in the night, leaves no possible doubt of a conspiracy.
>
> "Fellow-citizens, there is something for you to do, for your own protection. I have confidence that your good judgment with the highest sense of honor and good citizenship will guide you in whatever you may do."

*The Muscatine home of John Mahin, crusading Journal editor, was dynamited in May, 1893 because of his fight against the saloons. The homes of two other leaders in this crusade also were blasted. Guilt was never legally fixed in the court*

*An interior view of the Mahin home, showing the damage caused by the blast. Within 24 hours, citizens raised rewards of $5,000 for apprehension of the guilty persons. Violence merely intensified the paper's fight against the liquor interests*

His fellow citizens were not slow to accept the challenge. On the day after the explosions the Muscatine County Board of Supervisors at a special meeting offered a reward of $2,000 for apprehension of the dynamiters. At a public mass meeting held that evening $5,000 additional rewards were authorized.

Later three men were arrested and charged with the wrecking of the three homes. In at least one case arrest was followed by conviction and sentence but in April, 1897, the cases against all three were dismissed in the district court.

As might have been expected, violence did not serve to cool the ardor of John Mahin for the cause in which he had enlisted, not for a single battle or campaign but until the fight was ended. Because there may be significance in the fact that Mahin's last illness began within a week after the enactment of national prohibition, an event he must have looked upon as the ultimate triumph of the cause for which he had fought so resolutely.

Mahin, in part perhaps, by reason of the intenseness of his convictions and the uncompromising character of his support of those convictions through the columns of his paper, won for himself a wide reputation as an editor and an able writer.

Strangely enough he never considered himself a good writer. Writing, he often admitted, was hard for him. What he wrote, he had, to quote his own words, "to pound out."

In September, 1864, he married Anna Lee of Johnson County, Iowa, the oldest of a family of five children, including young Alfred Lee, the second of the chief characters in this trilogy.

Anna Lee Mahin possessed many qualities of leadership and forceful traits of character in her own right and through the years was a worthy partner of her husband, not alone in the home, but often in the office as well.

John Lee Mahin, the oldest son, after leaving The Journal, went to Chicago where he became one of the successful pioneers in the advertising agency business—the name of the Mahin Advertising Agency ranking well up with such historic firms as Lord & Thomas, N. W. Ayer & Son, H. W. Kastor & Sons, and others which have come down under the same or recently changed names to the present day.

But two of John Mahin's children are living now, the youngest daughter, Florence, Mrs. J. Warren Alford of East Orange, New Jersey, and the youngest son, Harold Mahin of San Francisco, California.

After his retirement from all connections with The Muscatine Journal, John Mahin moved to Chicago to be near members of his family living there.

On July 24, 1919, he passed away. On the day following his death, The Muscatine Journal, his old paper, in tribute to his life and labors said:

"John Mahin is dead. On the public buildings no flags fly at half mast, yet he served his country both as a citizen and as a public servant as few men have done. In the marts of trade there will be no moments of anxiety, for the fruits of his labor were not represented in stocks and bonds. No pages of space in the metropolitan press will be required to chronicle the news of his departure, for neither fame nor fortune was his aim in life. He counted them the dross they are and sought instead possessions more stable and more worthy.

"But those who knew him, those who watched him battle steadfast, unshaken, against almost impossible odds for the causes he believed were righteous, those fortunate ones who experienced the benediction of his friendship and association, they know that those four words, 'John Mahin is dead,' record the passing of a great Iowan, a great American, a great man.

"For 63 years he labored at his chosen profession and knowingly wronged no man nor woman. For 50 years his was the guiding hand of a daily newspaper. Daily he 'talked with crowds', as Kipling puts it, and kept his virtue unmarred by a single act of spitefulness or empiricism. He may not have 'walked with kings,' and yet in his active days there were few men with a more devoted following than John Mahin and many were the mighty men who sought his favor, but never for half an hour did he lose 'the common touch.' It seems almost as if it must have been a John Mahin that Kipling had in mind when he penned those immortal lines for surely it was true of him as it has been of few, that 'all men counted' with him and yet 'none too much.' "

A. W. LEE

# 3. The Founder

MRS. A. W. LEE

*Widow of the group's founder, whose confidence in Adler and Powell in a crisis saved the unique local form of organization which characterizes the Lee papers*

# CHAPTER 3

# *The Founder*

## *PART I: A YOUNG MAN GOES TO OTTUMWA*

ALFRED W. LEE WAS BORN JULY 8, 1858, ON A FARM IN Johnson County, Iowa, upon which his father, John B. Lee, but a few years before had settled as a homestead. His mother, Mrs. Elvira Branson Lee, was a Hicksite Quaker; the older Lees left their Philadelphia home, journeyed to the Ohio River, then by steamboat down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to Muscatine. By stage and wagon they completed their journey to the West Branch neighborhood which was even then the site of a populous Quaker settlement, including a number of Mrs. Lee's Branson relatives. There the Lees entered government land in both Cedar and Johnson Counties.

When John B. Lee was born, there were no railroad or telegraph lines; the first steamboat had been constructed only a few years previous. The Battle of Waterloo was only five years in the past and the great Napoleon was still living on the island of St. Helena. Iowa was not on the map, being known only as a part of the Louisiana Purchase. When the first white settlement was made in Iowa, John B. Lee was already 13 years old and the state was admitted to the Union after his marriage in 1844.

Lee was 12 years old when the famous race between a horse and a locomotive was run out of Baltimore and it is interesting to recall that the horse won. The horse won because the engineer could not keep up a sufficient head of steam, but this embryo railroad was the beginning of the great Baltimore and Ohio system, and was one of the first pieces of railroad track constructed in America.

In 1837 Lee, then 17 years old, was attending school at the boarding academy in the country town of Belair, Maryland. One Saturday evening

he went to his home six miles distant and there met two young merchants from the Ohio River Territory, who had been to Philadelphia on a semi-annual trip to that market to buy goods. In those days, there were no traveling salesmen and the merchant found it necessary to go to the market once or twice each year to replenish his stock.

In talking with these visitors at his Maryland home, the youthful Lee caught the western fever and in less than a week started for the then frontier settlements of the Ohio River. It will be interesting to note how this trip was made.

Lee came by private conveyance from his home to Baltimore. From that point the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad had been built west for a distance of 60 miles to Fredericktown. Lee later recalled that he remembered hearing aged wiseacres say that some day the road would be built west as far as Cumberland, but it would "never go over the mountains."

Railroading in 1837 was conducted on a plane different from the present. Going to the railroad office in the evening, the young emigrant registered as a passenger for the train that would leave the city early in the morning and told the agent where he could be found. At an early hour the next morning, the railroad company sent out a stage to gather all the passengers who had registered. This procedure is interesting to modern readers since in large part it has been revived by air passenger lines.

The train consisted of a little locomotive and cars that were simply old-fashioned stages set on railroad trucks. Proceeding at what was considered a high speed, 10 to 15 miles an hour, the train ran out about 30 miles where the road went over a high hill. The locomotive, being unable to climb this grade, was disconnected and six horses were attached to each coach to haul it up the hill. At the top of the hill four of the horses were taken off and with two horses and a brake, the coach managed to reach the bottom of the hill in safety, where another locomotive was waiting to haul the train to Fredericktown. Fredericktown was the western terminus of the railroad and here the passengers were transferred to regular stage coaches. The entire distance from Baltimore to Wheeling was 263 miles. Lee left Baltimore Friday morning and by traveling day and night reached Wheeling at 2 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

Having reached the Ohio, Lee entered the store of one of his merchant friends and continued in the mercantile business until several years after his marriage June 26, 1844, to Elvira Branson, who lived in Jefferson County, a short distance from Mt. Pleasant, Ohio.

Elvira Branson was a Quaker. The young people had eloped when they were married. Because her family disapproved of her marrying out of the church, and because his aristocratic parents, of the Lee family of Baltimore,

resented the disapproval of the bride's family, the young people found it congenial neither in Ohio nor in Philadelphia where they moved in 1850, and so in 1853 they decided to go west to Iowa.

From Philadelphia the young emigrants went by railroad and stage to Wheeling. From Wheeling they took a steamboat to Louisville, Kentucky. There they changed to another boat which brought them to St. Louis. At St. Louis they changed to an upper Mississippi River stern wheeler and landed in Muscatine June 28, 1853. Their daughter, Anna Lee, was eight years of age, and John Mahin, whom she afterwards married, was at that time the editor and part owner of The Muscatine Journal.

From Muscatine they went by stage to Rochester, in Cedar County, and then drove in a wagon to the unbroken prairie homestead on the eastern edge of Johnson County, 10 miles from Iowa City, which had been entered for them the year previous by relatives. This land cost John Lee $1.25 per acre. Lee afterward entered considerable government land, including the last piece of government land left in Johnson County, consisting of 40 acres. Mrs. Isaac Lee of Iowa City, Iowa, a daughter-in-law, has in her possession today five warrants or grants of this land to Lee, four of them signed by President Franklin Pierce and one by President James Buchanan. Lee broke the virgin soil on this prairie home and endured all the hardships of a pioneer farmer. At that time there were no railroads in Iowa. Muscatine was the nearest market for Lee and his neighbors but they often hauled their produce to Dubuque, sleeping under the wagons at night to save lodging.

In 1857 and 1858, he raised corn, cribbed it in the fall, hauled it to Iowa City in the spring, paid ferriage across the Iowa River and sold it at Clark's mill at 12½c per bushel. Coming back to Iowa City on one trip he bought a shirt pattern, 50c worth of sugar, a little coffee, and a few other small items and drove home 10 miles, 50c in debt on the trip.

He raised and fattened hogs, butchered them, hauled them to Iowa City and sold the dressed pork at $1.50 per 100 lbs.

Lee was by birth a southerner and his father was a slave holder, owning 20 slaves at the time of his death in 1828, but it is worth noting that these were all given their freedom by will at the owner's death. Though he had numerous relatives in the Confederate Army, Lee himself was a strong union man and an abolitionist. At the outbreak of the war he went to Iowa City to the recruiting office to enlist but was rejected because of a physical disability. Being determined to serve his country during that trying period, he went to Cincinnati and entered the government transport service, serving on government steamboats on the Ohio, Wabash, Cumberland, and Tennessee Rivers. He passed through some dangerous and exciting experiences in this service and was absent from home about three years.

In 1865 Lee was elected County Recorder of Johnson County and the family moved from the West Branch farm to Iowa City where they continued to reside until 1875 when they again moved, this time to Muscatine. He returned to mercantile pursuits at the expiration of his term as recorder and continued therein during the family's residence in Iowa City.

It was quite probable that Alfred Lee found inspiration for many of the qualities which afterward made him great in the paternal home. His father was kind and possessed a pleasing personality, as well as a deep sense of humor. But of greater influence upon young Lee than the father, were both his mother and his older sister, Anna, who later married John Mahin. Both mother and sister were of the staunch, pioneer type of matriarchs and both ruled their families with iron hands incased in the soft, velvet gloves of loving care and staunch rectitude. To her dying day, his mother in the home used the "soft" speech of the Quaker sect. Alfred Lee to his mother was always "Thee"and"Thou," and at her knee he learned both the surface noncombativeness and the rugged inner loyalty to conviction which marked the best product of Quaker teaching.

At Iowa City Alfred Lee attended the public schools and at the age of 13 entered the sub-freshman class at the State University of Iowa. University records show that he was a member of the sub-freshman class in 1871-1872 and again in 1872-1873. He is listed as a freshman in the academic department in the school year of 1873-1874.

According to family tradition, he was the youngest student ever admitted to the State University and while the registrar cannot confirm this statement, he finds nothing in the early records of the university to refute it.

According to a history of Wapello County compiled by a Capt. S. B. Evans in 1901, Lee remained in the university until the end of his sophomore year when his family moved to Muscatine and he became associated with his brother-in-law, John Mahin, initially, in the Muscatine post office of which Mahin was postmaster and later with The Muscatine Journal.

In 1885 he is listed as a stockholder and officer of The Journal Printing Company and he continued with that publication until 1888 when he went to Chicago where he secured a position in the advertising department of the old Chicago Times.

After a brief Chicago experience, Lee decided to buy a newspaper for himself and finally narrowed his choice to either The Hutchinson, Kansas, News or The Ottumwa, Iowa, Courier. In April 1890, he came to Ottumwa and purchased The Courier which had been established by Richard H. Warden in 1848. In 1890 the circulation of The Courier was daily, 575, and weekly, 1,500. Ten years later The Courier had 3,709 circulation as a daily and 6,598 as a semiweekly.

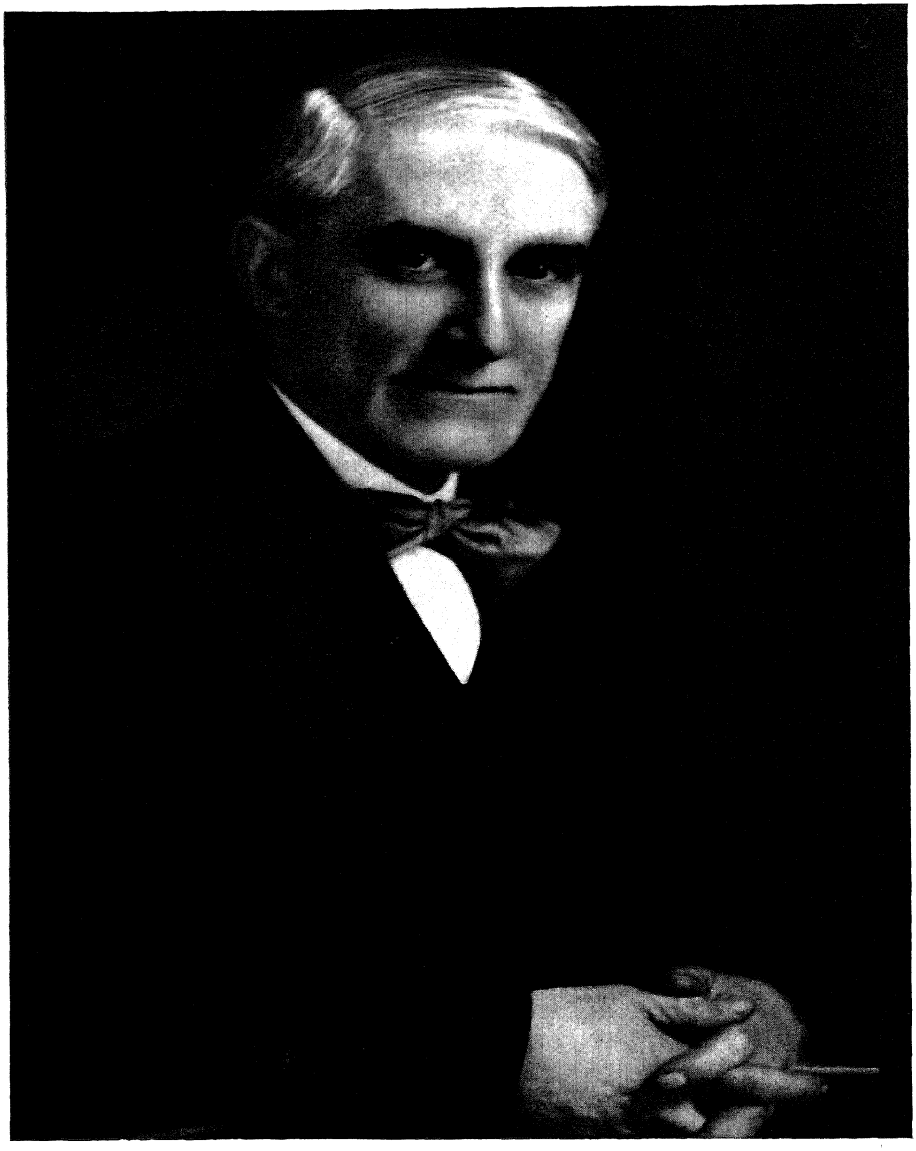
At the time he bought The Courier, numerous other papers were published in Ottumwa. Chief and foremost among these was The Daily Democrat & Times. As nearly as can be ascertained from the fragmentary records available, The Ottumwa Saturday Press was established as a weekly in 1887 and became a daily publication a few years later, either immediately before or after Lee came to Ottumwa. The Ottumwa Sun, established as a weekly in June, 1890, began publication a short time later as a morning daily but suspended as a daily in 1894, when it was consolidated with The Daily Democrat.

In addition there were two weekly papers, The South Ottumwa Saturday News established January 4, 1890, and The Ottumwa Journal, the German language weekly, on which E. P. Adler had his first job.

Thus it is seen that 1890 was a memorable year in the history of newspapering in Ottumwa. The long-established Courier became the property of a young man who was later to be one of the outstanding small-town publishers of his time in the Midwest; The Ottumwa Press became a daily, The Ottumwa Sun was established as a weekly and also the South Ottumwa Saturday News, all in the one year. During his first year or so as an Ottumwa publisher, Lee had to meet the competition of The Daily Democrat, The Daily Press, and The Daily Sun, besides the South Ottumwa weekly and the German weekly. Within a few short years, however, only the ghosts of this competition remained.

Alfred Lee was married June 4, 1885, to Mary Ingalls Walker, daughter of W. W. Walker, widely known engineer and railroad builder at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Their first home was in Muscatine, where Lee was then employed on The Journal. Three children were born to them, William Walker Lee, who was born in Cedar Rapids and died in Chicago in 1890, age two years eight months; Alfred William Lee, who was born in Ottumwa and died there at the age of nine years; and Laura Anna who now lives in Washington, D. C.

Mary Walker Lee was to prove herself a loyal companion, an able partner for the young Iowa newspaperman. From the day of their marriage she was his constant adviser, confidant, and inspiration. Lee at all times talked over his business affairs with her and respected her advice and judgment. She took a great interest in every phase of her husband's work and often helped him with tasks he brought home at night. Later will be told how courageously she made a decision which, had it been made otherwise, might have changed the whole course and history of the Lee group of papers and her daughter testifies that having made that decision, never for one moment did she regret it. Following her husband's death she maintained a keen, intelligent, and helpful interest in the progress of the individual papers and of the



JAMES F. POWELL

*He began his career as a printer on The Ottumwa Courier in 1888, eventually becoming a Lee vice president, and a strong right hand for President E. P. Adler*

group. Adler and Powell made frequent trips to consult with her on matters of overall policy.

Something of the home life and background of the Lee and Mahin families in Muscatine, with particular reference to the time when Alfred Lee brought his bride back to Muscatine to live, is pictured in some reminiscences of Mrs. Florence Mahin Alford, daughter of John Mahin. She writes:

"My brothers and sisters and I attended the public schools in Muscatine where our father edited and published The Journal—when we came home from school at noon, our father was apt to give us 'copy' to 'hold,' which he corrected. We heard news of world events—there were no radios then—so we returned to school with news others did not hear of until the 5 o'clock edition of the paper. We early learned that no facts must be stated until proven. Only the words 'alleged' or 'it is believed' could precede statements to be published. Otherwise the horror of a law suit would be staring us in the face. There was a man named Tindale Palmer, who did start such a suit against my father for a statement about him which was inserted in some 'ready plate' matter which was used in The Journal. My father lost the case in court as did other editors who used the same plate. In my home I heard my mother instructed to deal with all the tradespeople as they were 'advertisers' and to be considerate of the 'subscribers.' These words were among my early recollections, just as was the 'betterment of the community,' something which I knew my father constantly hoped to achieve.

"When I was about nine years old, I began to hear the family talking about my Uncle Alfred's approaching marriage. Other uncles had already married but they did not bring their brides to Muscatine to live. Uncle Alfred was bringing his wife to make their home in our home town and she was a college woman, which was to all of us a great distinction. She had attended Wellesley College and had a charming, well-trained voice. It was my joy to see the house prepared for the young couple and to see how happy they were, how congenial their interests. In their home, groups of people interested in music, art, and literature were being entertained. Travel was discussed and world wide events. Before long an adorable baby son, named William, was being welcomed and soon after that his parents were moving to Chicago to live, with very roseate plans before them and high ambitions to realize. But in 1890 before little William was three years old, he was taken from them by death, a cruel sorrow and one which changed many of their plans. Mr. Lee decided to leave Chicago and buy The Ottumwa, Iowa, Courier and it was in Ottumwa, that they made their home for many years.

"In Ottumwa, too, they extended charming hospitality. One of their

guests was the presidential candidate, William B. McKinley, who was given a dinner party in Uncle Alfred's home and among other guests was my father, who had gone from Muscatine to attend. When father left home to go to the party, my mother said, 'Mr. Mahin (she always called him that), remember to use the silver in the way it is placed.' Upon his return my father was asked if he did remember and he said, 'My dear, I had some confusion but Mr. McKinley had more trouble than I did.'

"I was often a visitor to their home and was made welcome not only there but by the groups of young people whose friendships they had made.

"It was soon after my marriage in 1900 that little Alfred, who had attended my wedding, was stricken with appendicitis and died. That beautiful little boy, so beloved, so full of promise!

"As the years passed, my uncle's faith in young men who might have been contemporaries of his own sons had they lived, became a passion with him. The width, and depth of his vision made pathways for many young men toward success and achievement."

The deaths, a decade apart, of Lee's two sons were indeed the greatest tragedy of his life. Both lads were bright, precocious youngsters. Because he lived seven years longer than his brother, Alfred's precocity was the more notable. A family tradition has it that his mind worked like that of an adult when he was seven or eight years of age. His passing was a cruel blow to his father. One relative remembers a family gathering, probably the 60th wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Lee, held in Muscatine and attended by practically all the clan. When the time for leaving came, John Lee Mahin's family with three children, two girls and one boy, the latter the youngest, were the first to leave the family circle for their Chicago home.

As the goodbys were being said, A. W. Lee reached down and picked up young John Lee Mahin, Jr., kissed him on the cheek and with tears in his eyes, said, "Young fellow, your father doesn't know it but he's a millionaire."

Those closest to Lee in his lifetime, as Mrs. Alford suggests, firmly believe that his great interest in young men and his passionate determination to advance their fortunes was closely connected with the denial to him of a son or sons whom he might have trained for the profession to which he was so devoted.

The acquisition of The Courier marked the actual beginning of the Lee group or syndicate. It has already been pointed out that the group had its potential beginning when John Mahin and his father purchased The Muscatine Journal on which paper Lee received his first training in the newspaper profession and began to formulate those policies and theories which

later took concrete form in the group. But before there could be a Lee group, there had to be a Lee paper—a testing paper for his policies and theories—and this The Courier became.

The paper cost the new Courier Printing Company, of which Lee was president and controlling stockholder, $16,000, but in this beginning, he established a policy which has been followed generally in all Lee properties since that time. He took in a number of local stockholders, whose heirs or estates are still for the most part, stockholders of The Courier today.

Right here it should be repeated that although A. W. Lee called his group The Lee Syndicate, and though it is known to the trade today by that name, it is not now and never was a syndicate. Each paper of the group was and is owned by an independent corporation and the only link among the papers now, as in the past, are certain officers and the fact that first Lee and later his family and his associates owned at least 51 per cent of the stock of the various corporations.

A. W. Lee personally owned control of the first five newspapers in the group. His daughter, Miss Laura Lee, still owns stock control of four of them, but these papers are managed by their publishers with the advice and counsel of officers and directors exactly as are the other properties where control is divided between Miss Lee and a considerable number of her associates. Since the day of Lee's death, neither Mrs. Lee nor later Miss Lee,

*A. W. Lee and a group of employees in old Market Street home of Ottumwa Courier first occupied in 1898. At the left, Lee and Adler; second beyond Adler is Walter Lane; at right rear in derby hat, Jim Powell; seated next to Powell, John Huston*

though at all times wholly apprized, informed, and interested in the progress of the papers, has concerned herself with any management problems.

Each paper has stockholders who own no stock in any of the other properties. In recent years employee stock ownership has grown greatly. All of the chief executives are stockholders in their own papers and for the most part in one or more of the others. Approximately 120 individuals, or estates, own stock in two or more of the companies and an additional 130 individuals, or estates, own stock in one paper only.

No greater tribute could be paid to the quality of Lee group management throughout the years than the number of minority stockholders who have continued their holdings in the various papers. Reference has been made to the continuing ownership of stock in The Courier by the estates and heirs of the Ottumwa persons who shared A. W. Lee's first venture. Richardson family interests still retain important stock holdings in The Davenport Democrat which was acquired by the group in 1915. The daughter of Will F. Muse and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph H. Norris, today own the largest individual stockholdings in The Mason City Globe-Gazette. Leo H. Lowe of Kewanee, from whom The Star-Courier was purchased in 1926, is still a large stockholder and member of the Board of Directors of that paper. There are countless other similar instances.

## *PART II: FROM THE BENCH AN ALL-AMERICAN*

Though it may not have been recognized at the time, the next big step in the building of The Lee Syndicate came in 1893 when E. P. Adler, a bright young Jewish boy with blazing black eyes, a union compositor in the mechanical department of The Courier, asked his friend, James F. Powell, then foreman of The Courier job shop, to persuade A. W. Lee to give him a place as a reporter. Apparently there was a vacancy in The Courier's city room. Lee, denied a complete college education himself, believed that reporters should be college men. He had engaged a college graduate for this vacancy but the young man failed to show up and between Jim Powell's persuasion and his own necessity, he took young Adler from the back room and started him on a career that was to prove little less than fabulous.

Adler later repaid Powell's interest by persuading Lee to take Jim Powell out of the job office and give him a place in the business office. This Jim reluctantly accepted and, after vainly trying on several occasions to return to his mechanical work, became ready to succeed Adler as business manager when the latter went to Davenport.

Already imbued with confidence in his rather revolutionary ideas on the development of successful small-city papers, through his success in Ottumwa, and surrounded by a plethora of young men who he believed would

make good executives, Lee soon began to look for his second paper. He had Charles D. Reimers as managing editor of The Courier, E. P. Adler as business manager, and James Powell ready to step into Adler's shoes.

On July 1, 1899, Lee and Charles Reimers completed arrangements to purchase The Davenport Times, the weakest of the five dailies then being published at Davenport. The other four Davenport papers were The Leader, The Davenport Democrat, The Davenport Republican, and Der Demokrat, a German language publication. Reimers was named the new publisher of The Times.

Eighteen months after the purchase of The Times by Lee and Reimers, Adler left his position as business manager of The Ottumwa Courier to take over a similar position on the newly acquired property. Reimers, who had been managing editor of The Courier until he and Lee purchased The Times, became the editor and remained in this position until December, 1901, when his half interest in The Times was purchased by Lee and Adler, at which time the latter became publisher.

"The purchase of The Times was the start of Mr. Lee's dream of a syndicate of newspapers," wrote Adler in a signed article "Looking Back Over a Half Century" which appeared in the 50th anniversary edition of the paper, a 172-page issue published on July 11, 1936.

Recalling that event and his part in the development of A. W. Lee's dream, Adler reminisced:

> "Then came the day in the latter part of 1900 when Mr. Lee asked me if I would like to go to Davenport. I had made plans to go to St. Louis where Harry Lesan had gone some years before and made a name for himself in the advertising business. But Mr. Lee had been so wonderful to me and had given me such an opportunity that I decided wherever he wanted me to go, I would go. So on January 19,1901, I came to Davenport as business manager of The Times.
>
> "It seems only yesterday. I had lived in Ottumwa practically all my life up to that time and I was already a very homesick young man as I arrived in Davenport on that cold Sunday evening to take up a new job in a strange town. I think if I could have turned back and taken up my old work on The Courier, without being the laughing stock of the town, I would have done so.
>
> "There were 10 daily newspapers in the Tri-Cities in those days," Adler recalled, "five in Davenport, two in Rock Island, and three in Moline.
>
> "I was business manager, circulation manager, advertising solicitor and about everything else but I was young and energetic and I knew that I had come to the crossroads of any career of which I might have dreamed.
>
> "When Mr. Lee sent me to Davenport he had invested for me $1,500

which was what was left of my father's life insurance, half of which belonged to my sister, Betty Adler, who also came to Davenport about this time and became society editor.

"Mr. Lee had asked me to go to Davenport and stay three months and said that if after three months I was willing to stay, he would sell me some stock in The Times, using this money and some additional which he would borrow for me. Before the three months were up, I told Mr. Lee I was willing to stay and I then became a small stockholder in The Times, Mr. Lee going on my note for the additional money."

Before chronicling the next step in the growth of the fledgling syndicate, it might be well to take a closer glimpse at the nature of this man, who was its founder, as he is pictured in the hearts and memories of The Lee Syndicate veterans who were privileged to serve their apprenticeships during his lifetime.

Perhaps because of his mother's Quaker training, perhaps because of his own or his wife's strict Presbyterianism, Lee's personal habits were exemplary. A nephew who was employed in The Ottumwa Courier office first as a subscription agent and later as a bookkeeper, testifies that he never heard Lee come nearer swearing than two lusty "damns," the first when the Des Moines River at Ottumwa rose and flooded The Courier's basement, making useless a large supply of print paper, and the other when he had installed the same nephew as a bookkeeper and kept him on the job, in spite of initially obvious shortcomings, until the lad mastered at least in part that art so dear to Lee's heart. On this occasion, Lee stopped one day beside the bookkeeper's desk in the old Courier office and after watching the lad work for a quarter of an hour or more said feelingly, "Boy, you'd be a damned good bookkeeper, if you could write."

But Lee was no namby-pamby. He smoked, but in Ottumwa, he would not enter a saloon. However, after he bought The Davenport Times, many of the plans for the new property were shaped over a friendly glass of beer with E. P. Adler in one of the better bars in liberal-minded Davenport.

Lee did not believe in Sunday work. His associates were not so finicky. Frequently he would call upon his underlings to leave their keys at the office on Saturday night in an effort to stop reporters and other office employees from working on the Seventh Day. Always, however, some window was left unlocked and The Courier staff was young enough that climbing in through an open window was no handicap.

Lee was meticulous in his business and financial relationships. He used to preach and practice a resolute policy about bank notes. He was always borrowing money, but he went to the bank before the note became due and either paid it or, after paying the interest, renewed it for less than the

original amount. He made a positive fetish of this and tried to make those associated with him adopt this policy in its entirety in their own personal affairs.

Though Lee set his face sternly against allowing his papers to go into debt, he did not apply this rule either to himself or to his associates. The companies must be kept solvent, but not necessarily the individuals. With practically no capital it was inescapable that Lee should resort to borrowing frequently and in material amounts. Lee group veterans smilingly admit their belief in the rumor that both Lee and Adler encouraged their associates, particularly those of executive rank, to borrow money to buy stock. It was their conviction, the veterans believe, that men in debt worked harder. Lee, however, as we have seen, was scrupulously careful about protecting his credit, and so were his associates so far as he could influence them.

A nephew, Harold J. Mahin, of San Francisco, recalls an incident when, after John Mahin's retirement from the active headship of The Muscatine Journal, A. W. Lee had taken over unofficially the responsiblity of looking after the interests of his sister's family in that paper. An interim publisher had allowed its financial affairs to get into what Harold Mahin terms an "alarming" condition. Money was badly needed. The then young Mahin was made business manager of the paper and with Lee he went to call on the late Henry Geissler who shortly before had come to Muscatine from Wilton to open the German-American Savings Bank. Mahin remembers Lee's opening remark to Geissler, "There are two men from whom I have no secrets—my doctor and my banker." He then proceeded to unfold the unsatisfactory condition of the paper's finances. His very frankness apparently impressed the banker and a satisfactory deal was soon made. Says Mahin, "I never forgot that remark; it seemed to me one to create confidence and it did."

Underneath seeming conservatism and compliance with the established order, Lee was a rebel. The Courier was a regular Republican newspaper. James F. Powell, who was business manager of The Courier at the time of Lee's death and who succeeded him as publisher and became vice president of the Lee group, was a sincere and believing stalwart or standpat Republican. Lee was not. Younger members of the group who were on The Courier staff at the time of the Cummins revolt in the Iowa Republican party, remember the glee with which they listened to the frequent and heated arguments between these two sturdy and devoted associates.

To those who remember him well, the outstanding characteristic of A. W. Lee was his judgment of men and his ability to inspire loyalty and affection. It was this characteristic that made The Courier office of that day

FRANK D. THROOP

*The only man to serve as publisher of three Lee group papers, The Muscatine Journal, Davenport Democrat, Lincoln Star. He succeeded Powell as Adler's lieutenant*

a training school for many who became well known in newspaper and advertising circles. Besides those who went on to a considerable measure of success with the Lee group like Mannie Adler, Jim Powell, Hall Powell, Walter Lane, John Huston, and Lee Loomis, there were men like Harry Lesan who rose to head his own advertising agency in New York, Paul Faust still active in the Mitchell-Faust agency of Chicago, Will Muse and Dave Conroy who left The Courier to buy The Mason City Globe-Gazette, which later came into the Lee group, as is related elsewhere in this volume, Kane and Emmett Dougherty, who became Washington correspondents, Jesse Beck, now publisher of The Centerville, Iowa, Iowegian, and many others.

How vivid and friendly is the memory of associations of one of these men who left the Lee organization many years ago, is evidenced in a letter printed in the Centennial edition of The Ottumwa Courier in September, 1946. Paul E. Faust, president of the Mitchell-Faust Advertising Company of Chicago, pictures his early days on The Courier and illustrates one of the facets of Lee's character as a forward-looking publisher in the following recollection:

"I was on its payroll in 1899, and saw some Courier history in the making. What its management thought about advertising at the turn of the century is interesting.

"Prior to '99 nearly all advertisements in The Daily Courier were likely to run for a week or more without change.

"The big department and clothing store ads would probably run one insertion because they might announce sales or special days. But the majority of advertisers used small space and ran their copy three times E.O.D. or six times without change.

"A. W. Lee, The Courier publisher, and David M. Conroy, his business manager, figured that an advertisement was pretty 'dead' when published so long without change. The fact that an advertisement published six times without change saved a lot of composition expense was, in their opinion, the wrong way to think about advertising.

"In fact Mr. Lee believed that a newspaper was mainly news—and that there was just as much news in what a store had to sell as in an item of actual happenings or doings of people.

"So he said to Mr. Conroy and to me: 'I'd like to see the time when our paper will contain display ads changed every day, and only that kind of displays. And I believe we could do it if we would increase the cost of space enough to pay our display ad setters for the added composition.'

"As I was Mr. Conroy's assistant and the local advertising manager, I was invited to visit The Marion, Ohio, Star with him to see how that paper sold its merchants on changing copy every day. It was a great suc-

cess with Mr. Warren Harding's paper—later The Star's publisher became President of the United States.

"They told Mr. Lee the change would make his paper more interesting, it would pay advertisers better and would help get and extend circulation. So that change was made, advertisers paid the rates, the paper looked better and it brought better results for retail stores. At first we had a job to get merchants to write advertisements often enough and we feared the change might reduce our advertising income. But in the end the visible results verified Mr. Lee's thinking and became a permanent policy. I always valued the experience in advertising I got on The Courier."

Lee exerted his influence upon his younger associates largely through encouragement, praise, and "pats on the back." He seldom resorted to criticism or reproof. Harold Mahin says, "I never heard him call a man down, though I am sure he quietly got rid of men who did not please him."

An incident illustrating with what care and how closely he observed the young men in his employ is recalled by John Huston, present day publisher of The Ottumwa Courier. "One day he watched me making out circulation bills," John remembers. "After a while he said, 'John, you write a good hand, but you could make yourself a better penman by writing smaller characters.' " John says he accepted the advice with good results as all familiar with his handwriting can verify.

Another illuminating incident involving Huston and illustrative of Lee's qualities, occurred around 1900. The young Huston, employed in The Courier office, conceived the idea that he would like to be a city letter carrier. Inasmuch as A. W. Lee was both publisher of The Courier and postmaster, he felt no hesitancy in going directly to the boss to talk about the matter. He felt he could make more money as a carrier than he was making as an employee of The Courier.

Lee listened quietly and then replied, "John, it's true that you can make more salary as a carrier than you now make. However, I want you to know you will make a good newspaper man one of these days and that you will make more money with The Courier than you will ever make under Civil Service." John says gratefully, "I accepted his advice and learned before too long that Mr. Lee's judgment in this matter, as usual, was very good."

Lee enjoyed among his fellow townsmen at Ottumwa, the reputation of always "making good." One Lee Syndicate veteran remembers a meeting of the Iowa State Federation of Labor which he covered in his capacity as a reporter. The toastmaster was a well-known Ottumwa lawyer, who frequently served as counsel in labor matters. Lee was the featured speaker of the evening. The lawyer's introduction of the publisher was eloquent and approached fulsomeness in emphasizing that the newspaperman, no matter

what task he was called upon to perform, always made good. When Lee arose in response to the introduction, he said, "I have often envied the eloquence of your toastmaster and wondered why it was that I could never approach the standard that he sets as a speaker. I have decided that it is because he is a lawyer and can say what he pleases, while I am a newspaperman and must stick to the truth." "Made good again," roared the toastmaster from his seat, as the delegates applauded.

Even Lee's handicaps were turned to the advantage of the organization and the men who comprised it. He suffered greatly from hay fever. When the pollen season arrived, having learned by experience that it was useless to do otherwise, he sought northern climates, no matter what the situation at the office or offices might be. Jim Powell and Mannie Adler were left alone on their jobs as business manager of The Courier in the early days of their respective service in that position, because of the approach of the hay fever season, and perforce developed experience and habits of decision that later stood them in good stead.

A. W. Lee was a great note writer. He seldom advised, corrected, or applauded his associates by word of mouth. Almost always it was through the medium of written notes. Lee Loomis, who was city editor of The Courier during the last year of Lee's active life and who was sent from Ottumwa to Muscatine just before his uncle Alfred sailed for Europe in 1907, recalls two incidents that illustrate the above characteristic and Lee's further uncanny awareness of even the little things that happened around The Courier office.

When Loomis was made city editor, he immediately ordered business cards bearing his new title. This apparently was a custom of the day, and would not have attracted attention if the fledgling city editor had not insisted on having his cards *engraved*. A year and a half later, when Loomis was sent to Muscatine to take over the managing editorship, Lee presented him with four and a half pages of "Dos and don'ts," sage counsel intended to guide the youngster in the important task he was assuming. At the very top of the "Don'ts" was this: "Don't have any cards printed until you have been on the job six months." However illy the young editor may have followed the rest of the counsel contained in Lee's list, he admits that he didn't have any business cards printed for another 20 years.

Again Loomis recalls an incident involving a girl reporter whom he had hired, the first girl handling general assignments, he believes, in Lee group history. A chamber maid at the Ballingall Hotel in Ottumwa had been accused by a guest of some theft or indiscretion. The girl reporter interviewed the chamber maid and wrote a page story of her life, loves, and tribulations. It was in the best Hearst style and Loomis was proud of her story. His pride

was severely jolted, however, when next morning he found on his desk a copy of the paper with one word written across the story in A. W. Lee's unmistakable handwriting. The one word was "tripe." But that was not the last chapter of the incident. When The Des Moines Register and Leader was delivered that same morning Loomis found, to his delight, that the Ottumwa correspondent of The Register had borrowed the whole story and without a single deletion, it was reprinted in that big state paper. Loomis, but without comment, laid The Register on Lee's desk. Neither of them ever mentioned the incident again.

But the most famous of Lee's notes which have lived in the memory of Lee Syndicate veterans is one dated December, 1893, which is reproduced in this volume, written by Lee to Adler as follows:

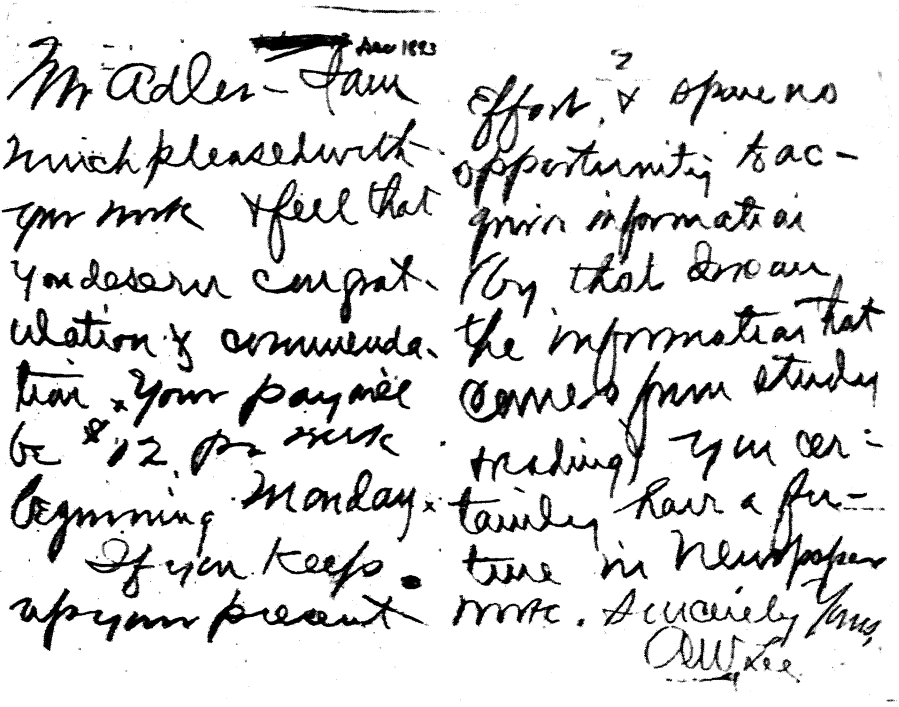
> Mr. Adler—I am much pleased with your work and feel that you deserve congratulation and commendation. Your pay will be $12.00 per week beginning Monday.
>
> If you keep up your present effort and spare no opportunity to acquire information (by that I mean the information that comes from study and reading), you certainly have a future in newspaper work.
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> A. W. Lee.

No truer prophecy was ever made.

With the acquisition of The Davenport Times, Lee now had two newspapers. Within four years he was ready for the next move. The Muscatine Journal owned by his brother-in-law and sister, the John Mahins, for some time had been, unofficially, under his guidance. Age had dimmed John Mahin's fires. He had accepted a full-time position as a United States Post Office inspector. His sons, first John Lee Mahin, and then Harold Mahin, had succeeded him as active heads of the paper, but each in turn had felt the irresistible call to more metropolitan fields. A. W. Lee had developed new men at Ottumwa who, he thought, could assume greater responsibilities.

And so in 1903, Lee with W. L. Lane and H. M. Sheppard, two of his bright young Courier men, purchased most of the Mahin stock in The Journal and the name "Lee Syndicate" was born.

In 1902, Walter Lane had been sent to Muscatine to become advertising manager of The Journal. Soon afterwards when Harold Mahin resigned as business manager of the paper to remove to Washington, D. C., Lane was advanced to that position. Under the new ownership Lane became publisher and Sheppard, who had been a brilliant managing editor at Ottumwa, was sent to fill the same place on The Journal.



Mr Adler – I am much pleased with your work & feel that you deserve congratulation & commendation. Your payment be $12 per week beginning Monday. If you keep up your present effort & spare no opportunity to acquire information by that I mean the information that comes from study & reading you certainly have a future in newspaper work. Sincerely Yours

A.W. Lee

*A prized souvenir of E. P. Adler is penciled note from A.W. Lee, dated December, 1893. In it, Mr. Lee tells him of a raise to $12 a week and an assurance that a continued effort, study, and reading would give him a future in newspaper work*

For four years, the wheel with three spokes turned sturdily but not without incident or discouragement. The Ottumwa Courier was highly profitable. The Muscatine Journal was comfortably so. But a battle royal waged in Davenport and the reports which Publisher Adler sent in each month—reaching Lee on the first of the succeeding month or else—all too often ended in crimson figures. Nor was all happy at The Journal office. Sheppard was a fine editor but his brand of journalism was a little too modern for staid, conservative Muscatine.

At length it was decided that all would be happier if Sheppard sought outlet for his genius in a new field. At about the same time, Frank Throop, who some years before had been city editor of The Journal, was at loose ends following a disastrous attempt in partnership with his father, George Throop, to establish a second paper at Kewanee, Illinois. Throop was offered the vacant managing editorship and accepted with alacrity. Thus there entered the Lee Syndicate family, a man who was to become successively the publisher of three syndicate newspapers—The Muscatine Journal, The Davenport Democrat, and The Lincoln Star. But this is ranging far ahead of the story.

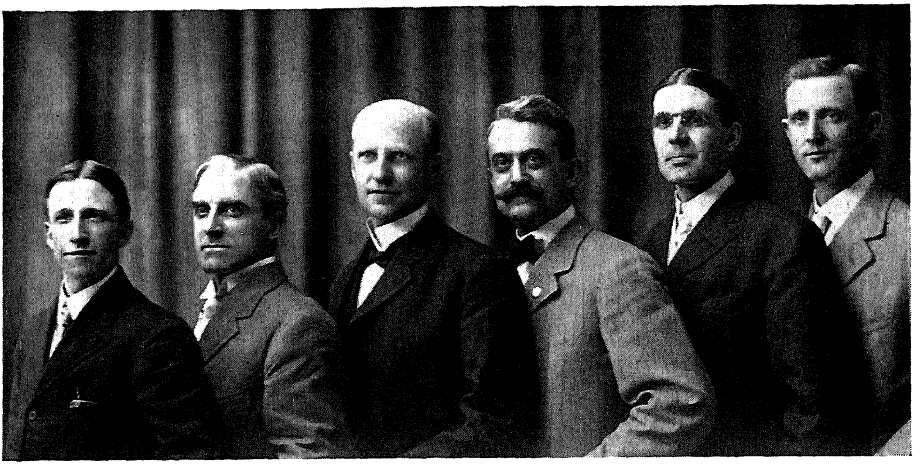
And then dawned a pregnant, tragic year in Lee group history, 1907; a year that was to see the acquisition of two new members, the death of the founder in far-off England, the succession to the headship of the organization of one of the greatest geniuses in the history of small city American newspapers, and a series of trials and tribulations that gravely threatened the prosperity if not the continuity itself of this great experiment in cooperative journalism.

## *PART III: THE YEAR OF DECISION*

However others of his day may have observed the New Year's Eve which ushered in the bright new year of 1907, it was certain that A. W. Lee had no headaches to brush away. If he made New Year's resolutions, it is likely that he resolved to continue as he had begun and open new vistas of opportunity for the young men who had enlisted under his banner.

Lee was ready once again to expand his rapidly growing group of newspapers. Until now the members of his group were all Iowa papers. It seems probable that as he gave attention again to expansion, he looked for opportunities outside the state, so that his syndicate might not become too localized or too provincial in its outlook and interests. At any rate, during the first days and weeks in the new year, he was looking around for new fields to conquer and soon his attention centered on two communities—Hannibal, Missouri, and La Crosse, Wisconsin.

We have seen how often Lee's experiences in Muscatine colored his thinking and his plans. One of the thriving little settlements along the Mis-



*In the spring of 1907, the publishers of the young five-paper Lee group met in Ottumwa with their chief. Left to right: Burgess, La Crosse; Powell, Ottumwa; A. W. Lee; Adler, Davenport; Throop, Muscatine; Hill, Hannibal. Soon after, Lee died*

sissippi which sprang up after the end of the Black Hawk War. Muscatine, then Bloomington, soon leaped ahead of its contemporaries because of the fact that the Mississippi runs almost due west from Davenport; Muscatine was nearer to the inland Iowa territory than any other port.

To the great river throughout its history, Muscatine has owed much. When, with the advent of the railroads, the advantage of its location was negatived, the river again made for Muscatine' prosperity. Down the river came literally thousands of rafts of logs and on its bank at Muscatine and other cities rose a great lumbering industry. With the passing of the forests of Minnesota and Wisconsin, the mills languished and Muscatine's prosperity again was dimmed.

But once more the great river came to the city's rescue. John Fred Boepple, a German emigrant, came to Iowa and obtained a job as a farm hand near a town some 30 miles from Muscatine. Boepple, in Germany, had been a cutter of bone buttons. When he had a holiday, he used to come to Muscatine where there were many people of German descent. Idling along the shores of the great river, his attention was attracted to the mussel shells on the bank. Gathering up a supply, he returned to his farm home and in the woodshed set up a crude lathe with which he punched "blanks" for pearl buttons. This was only the beginning, but it was the real beginning of the industry which made Muscatine the world's center for the production of fresh-water pearl buttons.

Today Muscatine has another contribution from the Mississippi. The development of a series of huge dams along the upper river for the twin purposes of flood control and assurance of an adequate channel for river traffic has seen the birth of a great barge system. In harvest time long lines of trucks stand in the streets of Muscatine along the river awaiting opportunity to transfer their loads to the gaping holds of huge barges. The masthead of The Muscatine Journal today carries this significant slogan, "Muscatine—The Port City of the Corn Belt."

Lee's own parents had been among those who, coming to Iowa by river, had landed at Muscatine. He had seen the rise and much of the fall of the great lumbering industry. He was conscious of the pulsing development of the pearl button industry there. It was undoubtedly far more than coincidence that all of the papers in which Lee himself invested, following his purchase of The Ottumwa Courier, were located along the banks of the Mississippi, and this book is evidence that his group of papers has absorbed at least one characteristic of the river to which its beginnings were so largely native—it "just keeps rollin' along."

His interest in Hannibal was aroused or induced by the Hon. George A. Mahan, probably at the time the leading citizen of that thriving com-

munity. Group tradition has it that Lee was impressed by the fact that the arrivals and departures of passenger trains on Hannibal railroads, averaged approximately 50 a day. The field at that time in Hannibal was divided between two papers—The Journal espousing the Democratic cause and therefore, in the Democratic community, the leading paper, and The Courier-Post, the Republican newspaper, which was definitely in second place.

One of Lee's theories was that he could acquire a weak newspaper and, by the application of his methods, quickly spur it to the fore in the field he entered. This was exactly the formula he had followed in Davenport, purchasing the last-place Times for an economical price and in the end driving it to pre-eminence in the field. Of course, he did not live to see that pre-eminence attained but it is obvious he was satisfied with the progress The Times had made and confident the result he foresaw would follow in due time.

Another reason why Lee was eager to acquire a new paper or papers was that Ottumwa was no longer alone in its role of incubator for budding journalistic geniuses. Young men were developing at Muscatine and at Davenport, whom he believed ready for service in places of great responsibility.

Thus, it transpired that on February 1, 1907, Lee acquired The Hannibal Courier-Post sending W. J. Hill, then advertising manager of The Muscatine Journal, to become the publisher at Hannibal and W. Hall Powell, better known to newspapermen of Iowa and the Northwest as Bill Powell, the managing editor of The Ottumwa Courier, to the managing editorship of The Courier-Post. J. B. Jeffries, who had been editor of The Courier-Post under the old regime, remained in charge of the editorial page.

But even while he was completing his arrangements to acquire The Courier-Post, Lee had been taking the preliminary steps to purchase The La Crosse, Wisconsin, Tribune. Here again he was consciously and deliberately buying a weaker paper in the confident belief that a weaker paper had the best opportunity to grow and that his methods would inject that vitality into its pages which would insure success.

The story of the purchase of The La Crosse Tribune begins in 1905. Aaron Brayton who had started The La Crosse Tribune in 1904 kept it going on a shoestring, occasional financial contributions, and liberal bank loans. During the autumn of 1905 he suffered a nervous breakdown and for rest and relaxation he had taken a trip down the Mississippi to Hannibal, on the old steamer, Saturn, guiding a log raft. Coming back he became tired of the boat and got off at Davenport. With the newspaperman's natural instinct, he visited the newspaper publishers of that river city. Fortunately he found Adler at a moment when he had time to spare and describing this

LEE P. LOOMIS

*Publisher of The Mason City Globe-Gazette, officer and director of eight of papers. He has had sound newspaper training, and a wide experience in radio management*

meeting, Aaron Brayton wrote, "I presume his appreciation of the fact that I was a green hand trying to do a big job, through the intricacies of which he had found his way, led him to show me completely through the plant,and go into detail about the various ways in which he had expense reported to him. He also discussed the circulation problem. I went home with a new sense of the things I had been ignoring, which might make or break a newspaper in its springtime."

In the latter months of 1906, Brayton discussed his situation with the executives of Payne & Young, national advertising representatives, who represented both the Lee papers and The La Crosse Tribune. Young later discussed the situation with A. W. Lee and Adler and out of this discussion came the interest of Lee in The La Crosse Tribune.

In La Crosse, the pre-eminence of the opposition paper, The Leader Press, was even more outstanding than in Hannibal. It was not just the weaker paper; later Brayton himself admitted freely that had not Lee acquired it, it might not have survived the year.

From Davenport, Frank H. Burgess of The Times circulation department, the admired and beloved friend and boon companion of all Lee Syndicate executives, was chosen for business manager under the new ownership, while Aaron Brayton remained as publisher and editor. This purchase was also completed in the month of February, 1907.

To acquire these new properties, Lee had pledged the none too robust resources which he possessed that had not already been pledged in connection with the acquisition of the earlier Muscatine Journal and Davenport Times. But confident in his judgment and confident in the unfailing success of his theories of management, he looked forward to the future without concern. In fact, so confident was he of the future well-being of his group now grown to five daily papers published in three states, that he soon began to make plans for a trip to England with his wife and young daughter, Laura.

He sailed for England in May, 1907. One of his last acts before he left was to send to Muscatine, his nephew, Lee P. Loomis, who had been city editor of The Ottumwa Courier, and who in May, 1907, was made managing editor of The Muscatine Journal. There is a story about this promotion which must be told here.

In January, 1907, Walter Lane, who had been publisher of The Muscatine Journal for only three years, passed away, and Frank Throop, The Journal's managing editor, had succeeded Lane as publisher. As has been related, W. J. Hill, The Journal's advertising manager, had gone to Hannibal as publisher of The Courier-Post. Thus, The Journal had a brand-new publisher, and a brand-new advertising manager, in the person of Edward

Dreier, later to become well-known as advertising manager of The Davenport Times. Afterward Dreier became associated with The Oklahoma City Oklahoman, and now lives in Kansas City, Missouri. The Journal also had a new managing editor who had risen from the city desk and who, if tradition is reliable, encountered difficulties that had no connection with his editorial post. At any rate, Throop decided that fairer fields beckoned the managing editor.

Throop therefore phoned A. W. Lee and after explaining the situation, said he needed a new managing editor and wished Lee would send him someone.

"Who shall I send you?" asked the syndicate head.

"I don't care whom you send me," replied Throop, "just so long as it isn't Lee Loomis."

Lee then assayed the young men in the organization who might be potential candidates for the vacancy and at length arrived at the conclusion, probably reluctantly, that at the moment none was available, save the undesired Lee Loomis. He then proposed to send Loomis to Muscatine on a temporary basis until a man more satisfactory to the young Journal publisher could be found.

So in May, 1907, Loomis joined The Muscatine Journal as temporary managing editor but so convinced was he that his service was to be short-lived that he maintained his room in Ottumwa and fully expected to return to The Courier when Throop had found a satisfactory managing editor. After nearly a month in the editorial chair at Muscatine, Loomis went to the boss one day and said, "Frank, when are you going to get a managing editor?"

"I've got one," said Throop.

"When's he coming?" was the next question.

And Throop replied, "He's here."

"Well, where the —— is he?" Loomis asked.

Throop laughed and said, "You darned fool, go look in the mirror and you'll see him."

And thus from an inauspicious beginning, began a Damon and Pythias friendship, unrivaled even in this group of friends joined in a common business.

From that day forward as the top executives of The Journal, Throop and Loomis were closer than brothers. When Throop went to Davenport as publisher of The Davenport Democrat, Loomis succeeded him and until the day of Throop's death, their friendship knew neither rift nor diminution.

Before Frank Throop finally decided he did want Lee Loomis as man-

aging editor, A. W. Lee had sailed with his wife, daughter, and Mrs. W. W. Walker, Mrs. Lee's mother, from Montreal, for an extended tour of Europe. They left on June 7, 1907, planning to be gone four months; all the principal countries of the continent were to be visited. They arrived at Liverpool and while there, Lee developed renewed symptoms of heart trouble, an old complaint that in latter years had given his family considerable cause for worry. They then hurried from Liverpool to Nottingham, England, where Frank W. Mahin, a brother of John Mahin, was United States Consul. Frank Mahin and Alfred Lee were of almost exactly the same age. In their youth in Muscatine, they had been like brothers. When taken ill in Liverpool, Lee asked to be taken to Frank Mahin's home. There the best available physicians were summoned and after two weeks of confinement to his bed, Lee began to improve. A letter in his own handwriting received from him in the early part of July stated that while his sickness had altered his plans, he was improving and would continue his journey within a few days. No further news came from England until Monday, July 15, when the grim cable announcing his death at 2:30 o'clock English time, Monday morning, was received. Afterwards both family and associates were consoled in part by the thought that being in the Frank Mahin home, Lee did not die among strangers but among those who knew and loved him.

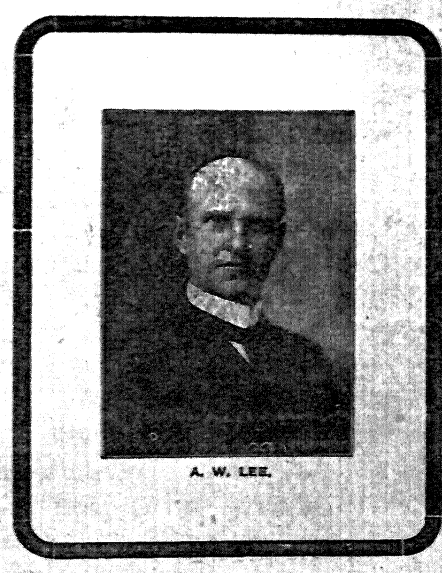
Like a grim clap of doom, the news came to the young men associated with Lee in the various properties of the group. Lee was the pilot, he was the financier; details of management he had already been leaving to his executives, but only he had access to the confidence of the bankers and others who had furnished the financial lifeblood for the acquisition of the new properties. His associates had virtually no means of their own, or what little they did have had been pledged to the hilt to secure their stock interests in the papers they headed. With two brand-new properties, neither of which gave promise of being placed on a profit-making basis for sometime to come, the outlook was not rosy. What the future held in store, neither E. P. Adler, James F. Powell, Frank Throop, Frank Burgess, Bill Hill nor any of their associated executives had the least idea. On the day that the fateful cable came, Adler and Powell were passengers on board a river steamer going from Davenport to La Crosse for a routine inspection trip to the new property there. When the boat landed at La Crosse that evening, Frank Burgess and Aaron Brayton met them with the tragic news.

Years later, Brayton described the meeting briefly, "Frank Burgess and I waited on the levee for an hour, two disconsolate youngsters bearing sad tidings. The boat arrived. We handed the cablegram to Adler, then vice president of the syndicate. There was little comment. All of us were shaken, Adler the most deeply. Frank and I accompanied Mannie and Jim to the

ily Courier. 4 O'CLOCK EDITION

JULY 15, 1907. VOL. 44.---NO. 79.---PRICE THREE CENTS

# A. W. Lee, President of the Lee Newspaper Syndicate Succumbs to Illness Abroad



A. W. LEE.

## Was Editor for Years of the Ottumwa Courier, President of the Commercial Club and Leading Citizen

## HEAD OF SYNDICATE OF FIVE PUBLICATIONS

## Late Mr. Lee Went Abroad Several Weeks Ago to Spend Summer—Stricken With Heart Failure

IN THE LONG YEARS OF ITS PUBLICATION THE COURIER HAS BEEN CALLED UPON TO RECORD THE DEATHS OF THOUSANDS OF CITIZENS, BUT NEVER HAS THE NEWS OF A DEATH BEEN FRAUGHT WITH SUCH SORROW TO EVERY EMPPLOYE OF THE PAPER AS WHEN A CABLEGRAM WAS RECEIVED THIS AFTERNOON GIVING THE SAD NEWS OF THE DEATH AT NOTTINGHAM, ENG., OF A. W. LEE, PRESIDENT OF THE LEE SYNDICATE OF PAPERS, AND FOR THE PAST SEVENTEEN YEARS

## ATTEMPT TO KILL FRENCH PRESIDENT

## REPORT TAKES A HARD SHOT AT HARRIMAN

*The death of A. W. Lee in England in 1907 signified the loss of their chief and guiding spirit to the men on the little group of five small daily newspapers. The issue of The Ottumwa Courier of July 15, 1907 tells the unhappy story*

Stoddard Hotel, where they retired to their rooms. Their beloved mentor, and the financial backbone of a new struggling syndicate, had passed the farthest horizon. They could lean on him no more. I have no doubt that these two bosom friends, moved by their sudden grief and what then must have seemed a hazardous emergency, like Washington at Valley Forge, wrestled in prayer with the God of battles."

There followed grim days of delay while arrangements were made to bring the body of the loved leader back to the states, days of uncertainty as to what form new leadership might take.

His widow, Mrs. Lee, and a nephew, John Lee Mahin, had been named as Lee's coexecutors. At that time John Lee Mahin was one of the best known advertising agents in the nation. We have seen that he left Muscatine, going to Chicago, where in 1898 he organized the Mahin Advertising Agency and continued as its president until 1916. In 1907 the Mahin agency was one of the most successful in Chicago and Mahin himself had a nationwide reputation as a speaker and writer on advertising as well as an agency executive. A. W. Lee had watched his spectacular rise with a great deal of pride and satisfaction. Lee had from time to time considered joining hands with Mahin in the advertising agency business but at last had decided to remain as a publisher. In Lee's will, he had named Mahin and Mrs. Lee as coexecutors and since Mrs. Lee had had no active business experience, it seemed probable that the young Chicagoan would become the new overseer of the group. However, in his last hours, A. W. Lee had told Mrs. Lee, "If the boys (Adler and Powell) will stay with you, they should run the papers."

Lee had grown to have implicit confidence in the ability, stability, and loyalty of E. P. Adler and James F. Powell. He had tested these qualities of the two young men many times and they had met every test with flying colors. Adler once in a reminiscent mood recounted a typical incident.

During 1903 or 1904, just a short time after he had become the publisher of The Davenport Times, Gardner Cowles, who had shortly before moved from Algona to Des Moines and bought The Des Moines Register, came to Adler and offered him a job as business manager of The Register at a salary of $5,000 a year. Adler recalls at that time he was making considerably less as publisher of The Davenport Times.

Replying to Cowles, Adler explained that The Times was still in the red and not making money and he didn't regard himself as a success and would not until the paper was on a paying basis; therefore, he would not leave to take another position.

A week or two later, Lee called Adler from Ottumwa and said, "Cowles offered you a job, didn't he?"

"Yes," replied Adler.

"Well, he offered you more than I'm paying you, didn't he?"

Again Adler answered "Yes."

Lee said, "Quite a little more—why didn't you take it?"

And Adler answered him the same way he had answered Cowles.

Lee did not forget that incident and Adler believes his attitude at that time was one of the compelling reasons that led Lee in his last hour to tell Mrs. Lee that Adler and Powell were the men to run the papers. He believes that Lee had talked the situation over with Mrs. Lee so thoroughly that when the time came that apparently insurmountable difficulties arose between Adler and John Lee Mahin, Mrs. Lee was prepared and fortified to make her difficult decision against her nephew and for the young and relatively obscure men whom her husband had trained.

But of all this Adler and Powell had little or no inkling when word came that with the help of Frank Mahin the formalities required for the removal of Lee's body to America at length had been accomplished. Adler, Powell, and John Lee Mahin were to meet the steamer bearing Mrs. Lee and her mother and daughter and Lee's body at Montreal. Arriving there Adler suggested that Mahin go on to Quebec and return on the vessel with the family so that he and his aunt might have an opportunity for consultation and consideration of plans for the funeral and of the future of the papers.

Once aboard the train from Montreal Powell and Adler, still in complete ignorance as to what might be the future of the papers and of themselves, sat in a Pullman section, facing Mrs. Lee and Mahin. Mrs. Lee began the conference, saying that during Mr. Lee's illness she and her husband had talked a great deal about their business affairs and that he had told her that "if Adler and Powell will stay with you, you should go ahead as if nothing had happened."

Adler asked slowly, "Is that what you want to do, Mrs. Lee?" "Yes," she replied. Adler continued, "Your decision will certainly lift a great load from the minds of Jim and myself and of the other boys. Naturally we have wondered what would happen to the papers and to us as a result of Mr. Lee's death. If you are certain that this is what you want to do, I can assure you now and solemnly promise you that both Jim and I will stay with you as long as you live, unless you fire us in the meantime."

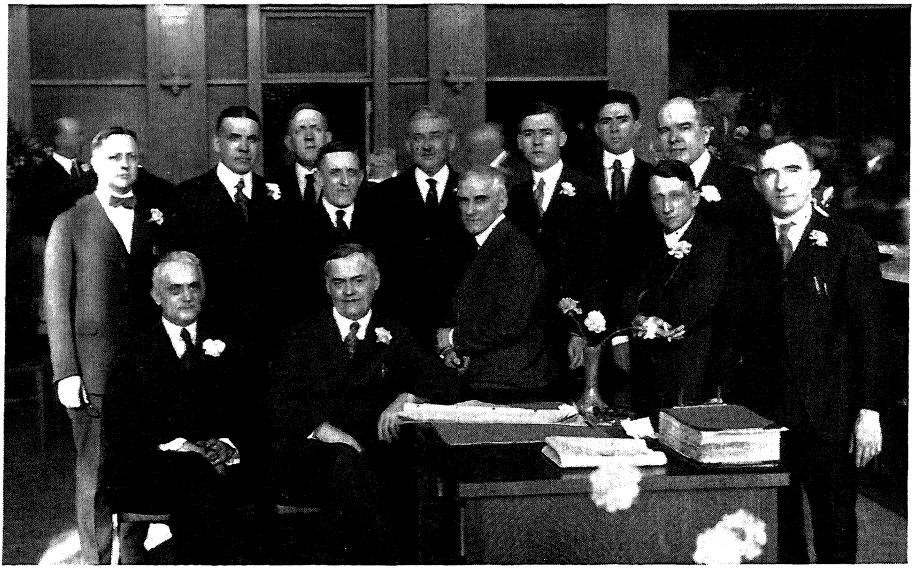
In discussing this incident with his associates Adler once said, "This pledge we made without any contract or written agreement of any kind. Jim died in the service of Mrs. Lee and her interests, and I am still with the Lee group as the president of the various newspapers and expect to remain as such until the end of my usefulness."

From Montreal the funeral party proceeded to Ottumwa where sorrow-

ing relatives, associates, and friends gathered for the final tribute. It was a difficult and emotional time. To sorrow and grief was added deep concern over the future of the structure that Lee had built. A. W. Lee's family, long accustomed to leadership by Mrs. John Mahin and John Lee Mahin, were inclined to question Mrs. Lee's decision to follow her husband's last word in connection with the management of the papers. Against the background of emotion and sorrow, things were said and done which brought a definite rift between Mrs. Lee and a large part of her husband's family.

It was finally arranged that Adler and Powell should run the papers and John Lee Mahin should continue as coexecutor of the estate. Under this arrangement the affairs of the group continued for some time but at length Mahin became deeply concerned by the financial weakness of the two new properties and the continuing lack of definite stability of the Davenport paper. Against the background of depression growing out of the "bankers' panic" of 1907, he felt that certain drastic measures should be taken to preserve the interests of all concerned.

He therefore summoned Adler and Powell to Chicago and told them he was dissatisfied with the way things were going and proposed to throw all of the companies into one corporation and issue bonds or debentures against the combined holdings to provide adequate capital to continue the operation of the weaker properties in the extremely trying times then current.



*Lee executives at opening of Ottumwa building, March, 1921. First row: E. P. Adler, A. M. Brayton, J. F. Powell, F. H. Burgess, J. Huston. Rear row: E. L. Sparks, F. D. Throop, L. P. Loomis, W. H. Powell, J. B. Jeffries, Mark Byers, R. J. Leysen, I. U. Sears*

Adler objected strenuously, saying that such a step would be contrary to all of A. W. Lee's theories and purposes. He explained that Lee intended and was determined that each paper should be owned by individual corporations with local stockholders, and its local color and interest completely maintained. After heated debate it became apparent there was no possibility of a meeting of minds. At length Mahin said coldly, "If you men and Aunt Minnie are not willing to follow my advice, then I must ask you to buy my mother's and my interests in the papers."

Adler, knowing only too well all the conditions at the time, looked Mahin in the eye and said, "We'll buy."

"How much do you want for your interests?"

"$27,000," said Mahin.

"I will take care of it," said Adler.

"Can you?" Mahin asked, apparently in some astonishment.

Adler replied that in thirty days time he would have the money.

That ended the interview and as Adler and Powell walked out of Mahin's office Jim looked at Mannie and said, "Where in Hell are you going to get $27,000?"

It was not an idle question. With the possible exception of Mrs. Lee, none of those associated with the operation of the papers had any surplus of unpledged resources. The nation was in the grip of grim panic. The bankers who would have to be approached for funds were issuing script to carry on the day-by-day business of their various communities. Jim Powell might therefore very well ask "Where are you going to get $27,000?"

Adler's answer was characteristic of the man, "I don't know," he said, "But all of us will pawn our shirts if necessary to dig it up," and dig it up they did.

Adler and Powell returned and called a council of war of their associates. Each publisher was ordered to see his local bankers to determine how much he and his managing editor could raise on their personal credit to buy the Mahin stocks. At length on the basis of the frankness and the irreproachable record with banks which, under Lee's direction, the Lee group had written, the necessary money was raised and the Mahin stocks were purchased.

The country recovered from its jeopardy and the Lee group had successfully passed its crisis.

Following the purchase of the Mahin interests, The Lee Syndicate was on its way under the guidance of a new pilot. The memory and precepts of the old remained to inspire, to hearten, and to fortify. Not for eight long, weary years would a new paper be added to the group for the crises through which it had come had entailed a cost that had to be paid out of

the savings of individual men and women, who now had to make the group successful or go down in ruin themselves.

For those long years neither The La Crosse Tribune nor The Hannibal Courier-Post showed any appreciable profit. Time and again Adler and Powell had gone together to Mrs. Lee for more money for these properties, particularly Hannibal. On occasion they were met by a flat fiat from Mrs. Lee, "I won't put another dollar in Hannibal." But at length upon explanation of the need and situation, she always relented and joined with them in the further venture. At long last, however, the weary road took a turn. But that is part of a later chapter, the story of the builder, the expander—E. P. Adler.

## *PART IV: WHAT MANNER OF MAN WAS THIS?*

A. W. Lee wrote his autobiography in newspapers—not on the printed pages but in the printing plants and the business and editorial organizations that produced those pages.

It would have had far less social significance had he actually written the story of his life, but it would have made the task of the amateur biographer at this late day much easier.

There is strangely little of recorded detail of the story of his full and busy life. In the preceding chapters the tradition of the organization to which he gave his name and the recollections of those few of his associates who remain active in the Lee group today have been called upon in an attempt to recreate both the chronology and the philosophy of the organization of the Lee group by the founder.

But what manner of man was this? What ambitions, what resolves, what impulses created the personality which contributed in so large a measure to the enrichment of the lives of hundreds of his associates and their successors?

His decision to form a group of successful small Midwestern dailies, to give them the advantage of linked cooperation, and at the same time retain for each its independence and complete loyalty to its own locality, has been reviewed from its inception to the date of his death.

His success in so deeply implanting in his associates and successors his ideals of independence, financial stability, public service, and alert and progressive journalism, that these ideals are the motivating factors in all Lee group operations 40 years after his death, might in itself be regarded as an adequate picture of the man.

But by what processes of self-development did he attain the dynamic energy and force that so impressed itself upon tens and hundreds of men

that to carry out his plans and achieve his ideals became their own dominating instinct?

Lee was not a rugged man physically. His forcefulness came not from the biceps but from the will. He would map a course and sail it despite shoals and tempests. But from what source did he acquire this determination that defied all obstacles?

It can scarcely be believed that he inherited this force. His father was a lovable man of high ideals but never quite reached even small success. He had two brothers, each with outstandingly admirable qualities of their own, but with no trace of the dogged devotion to purpose which Alfred Lee exemplified.

Perusal of what little of self-reflection he has left behind leads to the conviction that he created the qualities that made him great from the material he had at hand through the sheer will to do so.

Among the treasured possessions of his daughter, Laura Lee, is a little memorandum book with pages yellowed with age, filled with quotations from works of great minds, each of which stands as a signpost pointing toward goals Lee had in mind and tending to develop that determination that would attain them. As might be imagined from what has been said of him already, Emerson is his most frequently quoted source.

On the fly leaf is this significant nugget from Emerson:

*God Will Not Have His Work Made Manifest By Cowards*

On the title page of the little book, Lee wrote:

Born 1858 – 38 years old 8 July '96
Seven years allotted for preparation
A. W. Lee
1896

A Personal and Business Mentor

And a business and personal mentor it surely was. What Lee meant by that cryptic "Seven years allotted for preparation" no one now living knows. It has been suggested that perhaps even in 1896, he anticipated he would not be able to live out his normal lifetime. His daughter, however, is confident that he had no such premonition. Readers already know that he died not in 1903 but in 1907. He might have been referring to his plan of beginning a group of related newspapers. If so, he moved more rapidly than he anticipated, because he acquired The Times at Davenport only three years later.

At the bottom of the title page appeared these two quotations:

*Resolution*—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform *without* fail what you resolve—Benjamin Franklin. (Lee had personally underlined "without").

Strong in will to strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.—*Tennyson.*

On the following page, A. W. Lee outlines in his own words, his life purposes as follows:

*My Purpose*

To be a true and brave man.

To develop and exercise to the utmost my natural abilities.

To publish the best newspaper that can be successfully produced in a similar field.

To obtain as much knowledge as it is possible for me to acquire.

To be a success and do as much good in the world as I can.

*A. W. Lee, July 8, 1896.*

The remaining pages of the "mentor" contain many quotations from Emerson and other authors which apparently appealed to Lee as aids in supporting and implementing the purposes he had outlined for himself. From these pages the chronicler has culled the following:

If a man is able to convince me and show me that I do not think or act right, I will gladly change, for I seek the truth by which no man was ever injured, but he is injured who abides in his error and ignorance.

Great events ever depend upon a single hair. The adroit man profits by everything, neglects nothing which can increase his chances; the less adroit, by sometimes disregarding a single chance fails in everything.—*Napoleon.*

*Elements of Success*—One, health; two, high ideals; three, capacity for hard work; four, character.

*Estimate of Garfield's Character*—"I was at college with Garfield at Williams," said Mr. Ingalls. "Our relations were friendly and cordial. He was incapable of intrigue, treason or stratagem, but his temperament was emotional and ardent and his sensibility excessive. His mind was capacious, his nature generous and sincere. The fatal defect in his character was an infirmity of purpose that made him like clay in the hands of the potter and this disqualified him for administrative and executive functions." (Mr. Lee had underscored the last sentence with red ink and below had written, "Avoid").

*Do Not Fear*—Cowards die many times before their deaths. The valiant never taste of death but once. Of all the wonders that I have yet heard, it seems to me strange that men should fear, seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it will come.—*Shakespeare.*

*George Washington*—"had in a superior degree the two qualities which in active life render men capable of great things; he could believe firmly in his own ideas and act resolutely upon them without fearing to take the responsibility."—*M. Guizot.*

*Promises*—Never make a promise unless you mean to keep it.

*Henry M. Stanley.*

*Mistakes*—Success don't konsist in never makin' blunders but in never makin' the same one twict.—*Josh Billings.*

*Leland Stanford's Advice*—First, be industrious; second, plan; third, be everlastingly persistent in both. These applied to fair ability will win.

*From Emerson's Essay on Self-Reliance*—Insist on yourself; never imitate —discontent is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will—the man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent.

Let a man then know his worth and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal or skulk up and down with the air of a charity boy, a bastard, an interloper in the world which exists for him.

*Capabilities of a Strong Will*—What a strong and continuous will is capable of is not always properly appreciated. Nothing resists it, neither Nature, Gods, nor Man.—*Lebon.*

If you would not be known to do anything, never do it.

The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters in every action he attempts he is gauged and stamped.

Be and not seem—truth alone makes rich and great.

Though we should burst we can only be valued as we make ourselves valuable.—*Emerson.*

If you would serve your brother, because it is fit for you to serve him, do not take back your words when you find that prudent people do not commend you.

A simple manly character need never make an apology.

But who so is heroic will always find crisis to try his edge.

—*Emerson's Essay on Heroism.*

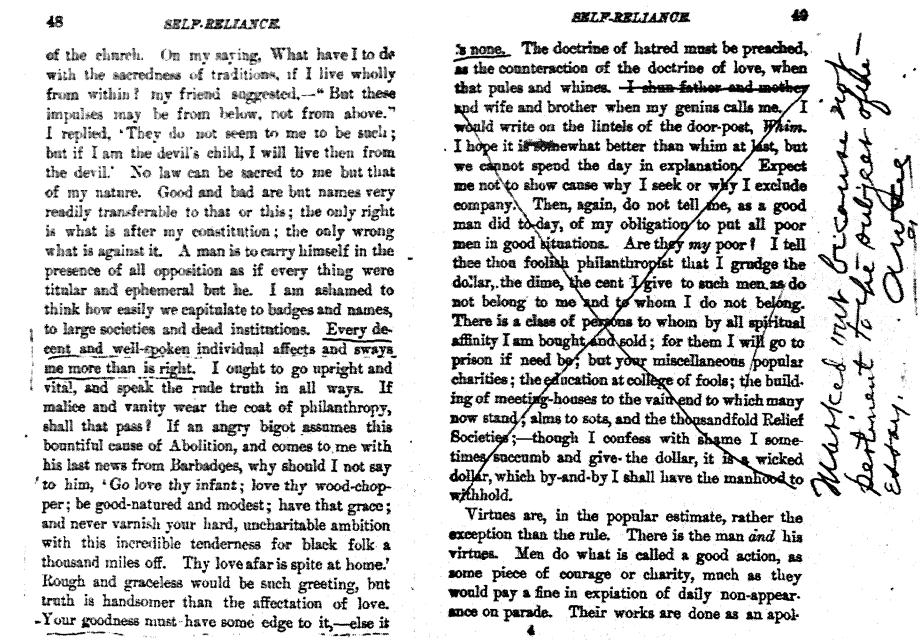
*Energy, Concentration, Determination*—What I have done means little to me, what I hope to do means everything. The past is dead, the future is full of mystery, hope, aspiration, victories to be won.—(*Frank Munsey on Getting on in Journalism, March 10, 1898.*)

Censure and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character and if true, they show a man his weak points and forewarn him against failure and trouble.—*Gladstone.*

A great deal depends upon a man's courage when he is slandered and traduced. Weak men are crushed by detraction but the brave hold on and succeed. —*H. J. Stevens.*

They conquer who believe they can.—*Emerson.*

*First Rule of Success*—To confide in one's self and become something of worth and value is the best and safest course. (*Cited by Emerson from Michelangelo as first rule of success.*)



48 SELF-RELIANCE.

of the church. On my saying, What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within? my friend suggested,—"But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, 'They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil.' No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if every thing were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, 'Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home.' Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it,—else it

SELF-RELIANCE. 49

is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim.* I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then, again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee thou foolish philanthropist that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousandfold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by-and-by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apol-

4

*A widely read man, A. W. Lee turned constantly to the great minds of literature for inspiration and guidance. Emerson was his favorite, and his copies of essays contain underlined phrases he especially favored, or with which he disagreed*

*Emerson on Courage*—He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

The best use of Fate is to teach us courage . . .then be brave because there is one good opinion which must always be of consequence to you, namely, your own.

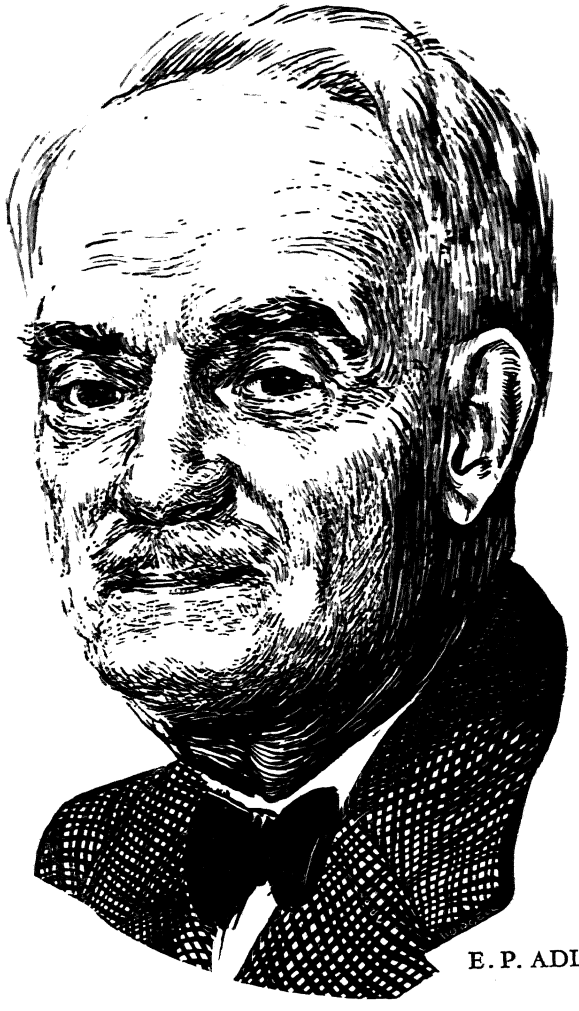
One who forms a judgment on any point but cannot express himself clearly to the people, might as well have never thought at all on the subject. —(*A remark the historian Thucydides has put into the mouth of Pericles*).

In this "mentor" and its quotations are pictured the goals which A. W. Lee sought. Here are the blueprints of that personal mechanism which drove him on to the attainment of those goals. He established his fellowship of small-town papers. He made them worthy of the ideal he envisioned when he said, they were "to be fearless, straightforward, and fair; to fight steadily for the best interests of the community; to print news without favoritism, coloring or bias; to prefer peace to conflict, but to fight for the rights of the people and good order."

But there was a red-blooded practicality about Lee's idealism. As had been previously observed, he realized that words or even a valiant heart do

not make for true independence in an intensely practical world. When he took over The Davenport Times, the first addition to The Ottumwa Courier, in his proposed group, he outlined the path The Times would follow by saying, "The Times will be subservient to no faction or clique, nor will it depend upon political favor or influence." How definitely these words were meant The Times would shortly have to prove—and did, as later will be related. But Lee added boldly, "We believe that a newspaper is a commercial enterprise and should be conducted on strictly business principles, seeking patronage solely on its merits. We pledge the best newspaper that can be published at a profit."

This was the heritage which, when all too soon his appointed hour came, he passed on to the successors whom he himself had chosen. This was the heritage that, under the leadership of the man whom A. W. Lee had personally selected from the rank and file of his employees and trained to take his place, they have cherished and striven to exemplify for the 40 years that have passed since Lee's death.



E. P. ADLER

# 4. Disciple and Builder

E. P. ADLER

*A camera study of the man who carried to realization A. W. Lee's dream of a group of midwestern newspapers united through common ideals and purposes*

# CHAPTER 4

# *Disciple and Builder*

## *PART I: FATE AND FIRE*

THE DE KOVEN STREET NEIGHBORHOOD WEST OF THE SLUGgish Chicago River was not unduly alarmed by the fire which burst from Patrick O'Leary's stable. It had been a mercilessly hot season and fires were frequent. The drought of 1871 had left timberlands and cities sere and dry. That October night a gale from across the prairie picked up the sparks, sending embers and blazing planks over the city. With a sullen roar, a hurricane of flame raced toward the warehouse district, hesitated at the old Polk Street bridge, then leaped the barrier. The few hose companies left could not save Chicago.

Years afterward historians conceded that the events of that night had changed the whole course of Chicago; but at the time it seemed only that fate had dealt a cruel blow to the victims of the catastrophe, among them a family which had a role to play in western journalism.

Chicago in the 1870s was a dusty, brawling city that sprawled along the shores of Lake Michigan. It was a forest of frame buildings. On October 8, 1871, flames roared with terrifying speed through rickety buildings, leaving a smoldering waste of everything from the lake to Halsted Street.

The new 225-room Palmer House, which had opened only nine days before as one of the wonders of the West, became ashes. Flames swirled through the Chicago Post Office, the courthouse, McVicker's Theater, and many another landmark. Joseph Medill fought with his printers to save the Tribune Building on Monroe Street, but in the end had to retreat as embers set the roof ablaze.

When the Water Tower was engulfed in a wall of fire, hose lines failed

and Chicago was at the mercy of the conflagration. Gen. Phil Sheridan and a group of Civil War veterans made a dash with dynamite to clear a path to the Chicago Historical Museum to save the original of the Emancipation Proclamation, but they, too, waged a losing battle.

Marshall Field fought desperately to save some of his merchandise at State and Washington Streets by throwing wet blankets over counters, but he salvaged nothing. Andrew M. MacLeish, founder of Carson Pirie Scott & Company, tried frantically to hire teamsters at $50 a load to carry some of his stock to a point of safety beyond the river, but he failed.

On the second day the fire burned itself out. Rain had helped to check its advance. A stricken city began to sense the scope of this disaster.

Gone were the homes of 100,000 who had to summon all the courage they possessed to start life anew in Chicago. Characteristically, some were prepared to rebuild, like Potter Palmer or Field, Leiter & Company. Others, not so well established, found the loss overwhelming. Among such victims was Philip Emanuel Adler, who had seen his small home on Fourth Avenue go in flames and had stood by helplessly as fire swept through his little tobacco factory near the East Madison Street bridge. With its loss went almost all he had achieved since coming to America.

In the reckoning after the conflagration, the firm of Philip and Elias Adler found little to salvage. The Chicago fire wiped out many insurance companies. Philip Emanuel Adler and his brother recovered only $2,000 from their fire policies, scarcely enough for one, so Elias Adler bade farewell to the family and turned toward Baltimore to start anew. Philip Emanuel Adler took stock of his remaining resources and started business again in Commission Row at 140 West Lake Street, between Desplaines and Union Streets.

The miracle of the fire was the courageous way Chicago faced its uncertain future. The resolute spirit of America did not contemplate defeat. Soon frame shelters of rough lumber rose in the ruins, looking curiously new in the Sargasso of desolation. Firms that once had been noteworthy names in the life of Chicago became proud squatters in strange locations. Reconstruction forced every Chicago business to forget its losses and make the best of adversity.

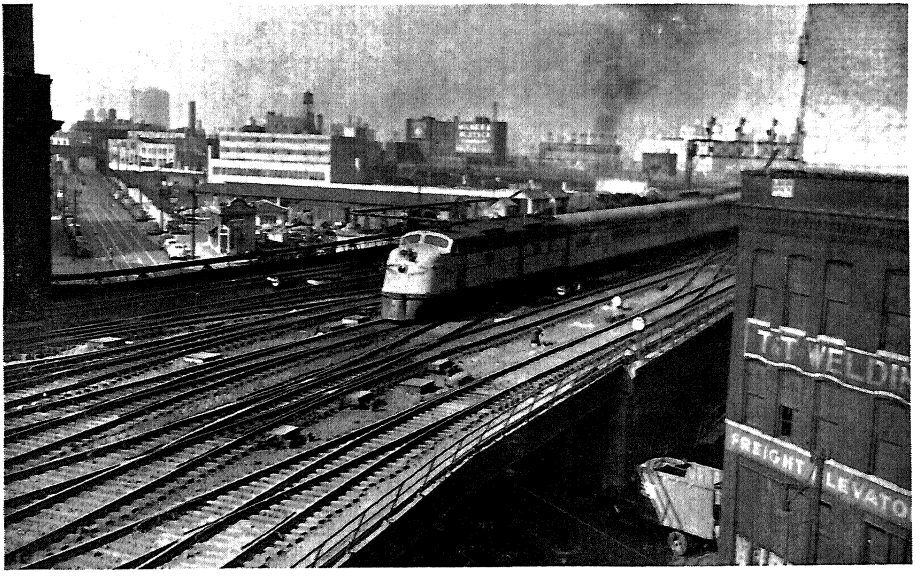
In this turbulent era, in the spring of 1873, Philip Emanuel Adler, with a brother, moved to a new location at 183 East Madison Street, later Wells Street, four doors east of Fifth Avenue. It was a corner which took the lead in Chicago's comeback. The three-story brick building housing the tobacco and liquor business of the Adler brothers was among the first substantial structures to rise out of the ruins, and it became a meeting place for Chicagoans of that day.

Among those who came regularly each evening was Charles Thorne, bookkeeper for a little mail-order house that was to become Montgomery Ward & Company. Years later Thorne became its president.

Around the corner on Fifth Avenue between Madison and Washington was The Chicago Republican. Here Melville E. Stone got his start as managing editor before establishing The Daily News with Victor F. Lawson. The Chicago Times of Wilbur E. Storey's regime was on a near-by corner. Opposite was The Illinois Staats-Zeitung, leading German language paper of the Northwest. Philip Henrici started his restaurant at 184 East Madison, directly across the street. This was the historic neighborhood in which Philip Emanuel Adler fought to regain his foothold, a foothold lost through the fire.

Chicago had grown from successive waves of European immigration until it had a solid German undertone. A good share of Chicago's social and business life in the '70s grew out of the German musical organizations, the skat clubs, and the Turner Society. Philip Emanuel Adler prized his membership in the Gesang Verein, then directed by Hans Balatka.

It was during this period when Chicago was finding itself that a son was born in the Adler household on September 30, 1872. In the tradition of the family he became Emanuel Philip Adler, a name later compressed to E. P. There was no special to-do over his arrival, for memories of the holocaust




*In this section of Chicago, now crisscrossed by North Western railroad tracks and warehouses, stood the home of Philip Emanuel Adler at 252 Milwaukee Avenue in 1871 before the Great Fire. It is the site of the Merchandise Mart today*

still clung to Chicago. Yet a favorable star must have shone upon the event, confirming the prediction:

> A child that's born on the Sabbath day
> Is fair and wise and good and gay.

Philip Emanuel Adler, the father, was a Wurttemberger, born in Laubheim in 1838. He had come to America in the days of sail, like many another German immigrant seeking freedom in the nineteenth century. In Chicago he met and married Bertha Blade from the picturesque little town of Worrstadt in the province of Hesse. Their marriage took place on Sunday, November 26, 1871, at 252 Milwaukee Avenue, Chicago. Mr. Adler's father and mother made their home with them.

Into the household at this juncture came a tall, gangling German lad from Rhein Hessen who was afterward to play a stabilizing role in the family drama for generations—Max Blade, a brother of Bertha Blade Adler. The train which carried him from the quayside of sailing ships in New York left him in a Chicago seared and still smoking from the fire of three days before. A stranger, sick from travel, he discovered at once that there was no one to meet him. Chicago's streets were choked with fire debris, refugees trying to salvage household goods, looters, militiamen, and the curious. Somehow in this turmoil the family found him, but he was too far gone with scarlet fever to be glad. Days later the fever subsided and he awoke on a mattress in a damp warehouse, sharing the common lot of fire refugees.

Early in 1875, there was again cause for rejoicing in the Adler household, for a daughter was born on March 2. She was named Betty. By this time the Adlers had moved from 252 Milwaukee Avenue, just two blocks east of Chicago Avenue, to a small place at Fulton and Lincoln Streets. It was here that Betty was born, and it was here that young Mannie and Betty opened their eyes on the wonder world of childhood.

Eventually, the struggle in Chicago proved too much for the firm of Adler, Oettinger & Company, as it was known, and the Adler family turned to the West. The firm dissolved in 1875; the Adlers moved to Ottumwa, then a lusty, coal-mining and packing-house town in the rolling hills of Southern Iowa. Oettinger returned to Germany.

Fate works in inscrutable ways. But for the fire of 1871, the family of Philip Emanuel Adler might never have left the comfortable security of Chicago and turned west. No one knows exactly why the family chose Ottumwa, any more than the reason which drew a discouraged Adolph Ochs from Chattanooga to New York in 1896; yet it was that choice which proved the turning point in Mannie Adler's life. He had no part in this decision because he was only an energetic, wide-eyed youngster of 4, but

*It was in the vicinity of the old Galena and Chicago Union Railroad station on the north side of the Chicago River between Wells and Franklin Streets that the Adler family made its home in Chicago. This too was destroyed by the fire*

he was the main beneficiary of the family's misfortune. For it was Ottumwa that brought the boy Adler and A. W. Lee together.

Ottumwa was then a place of 8,000 population, a "clay-and-gully Iowa town on the muddy Des Moines River." Here Philip Emanuel Adler resumed the business he had to abandon in Chicago.

The saloon of Rosenauer & Adler in the 200 block on South Market Street was a source of continual wonderment to the two small children in the family who used to conjure excuses to visit the neighborhood to hear the Swiss barrel organ which played inside. Now and then Mannie and Betty would be rewarded with an occasional sandwich. Mannie used to recall, "We were never allowed inside. Father would give the barrel organ a turn and play a tune so we could hear it outside. Then Betty and I were satisfied and we would go home contented."

When Iowa went dry in 1885 the elder Adler was cast adrift once more. He next entered the real estate and insurance field in Ottumwa. The firm of Adler and Lewis was not notably successful. The senior Adler was not the aggressive type to sell large lines and the business just drifted, because promises did not write policies.

Ottumwa proved only a continuation of the same struggle which racked the family in Chicago. The little two-story frame house that Philip Emanuel Adler built at 610 West Second Street in Ottumwa was never free of

mortgage. But for all life's difficulties, it was a pleasant Jewish home in a community which was not conspicuously tolerant. It was a home where little things meant much. The reward for doing the dishes and the other household chores was a ginger cookie from a jar which Bertha Blade Adler kept for Mannie and Betty.

The home took on long-remembered radiance with the Jewish holy days. To Mannie as a boy, Rosh Hashana meant more than the advent of a New Year; it meant something much more personal—a new suit of clothes.

Not far away lived the Ferbers, also refugees from the Chicago fire. Jacob Ferber's Bazaar dealt in china, toys, notions, and small household goods, knick-knacks that inspired the name "racket store." The eight-room Ferber home stood at the foot of North Wapello Street hill. Little did unfriendly Ottumwa suspect that some day this pudgy prodigy, Edna Ferber, would contribute to contemporary literature such stories as "So Big," "Show Boat," "Cimarron," and "Saratoga Trunk." Mannie and Betty grew up with Edna and Fanny Ferber. They went to Adams, Lincoln, and the old Douglas school.

A glimpse of the Adler family in these formative years comes from the pen of Edna Ferber in her autobiography *A Peculiar Treasure*. Here she wrote:

BERTHA BLADE ADLER
*Mannie's mother had the foresight to help her son attain his goal as reporter*

PHILIP EMANUEL ADLER
*From his father, Mannie inherited broad understanding and deep convictions*

MANNIE AS A BOY
*Taken from an Ottumwa tintype, showing E. P. as an eager young man of 12*

E. P., THE EDITOR
*This was Mannie about the time he became city editor of The Ottumwa Courier*

"There was no Jewish place of worship in Ottumwa. The five or six Jewish families certainly could not afford the upkeep of a temple. I knew practically nothing of the Jewish people, their history, religion. On the two important holy days of the year—Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year; and Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement—they hired a public hall for services. Sometimes they were able to bring to town a student rabbi who had, as yet, no regular congregation. Usually one of the substantial older men who knew something of the Hebrew language of the Bible, having been taught it in his youth, conducted the service. On Yom Kippur, a long day of fasting and prayer, it was an exhausting thing to stand from morning to sunset in the improvised pulpit. The amateur rabbi would be relieved for an hour by another member of the little improvised congregation. Mr. Emanuel Adler, a familiar figure to me as he sat in his comfortable home talking with my parents, a quaint long-stemmed pipe between his lips, a little black skullcap atop his baldish head as protection against drafts, now would don the rabbinical skullcap, a good deal like that of a Catholic priest. He would open on the high reading stand the Bible and the Book of Prayers containing the service for the Day of Yom Kippur; and suddenly he was transformed from a plump, middle-aged German-born Jew with sad kindly eyes and a snuffy grey-brown mustache to a holy man from whose lips came the words of wisdom and of comfort and hope."

The celebration of the Passover, with its Seder service, was always a special occasion in the Adler home, as it was in all Jewish households of the day. It was marked by the appearance of Matzos, the unleavened bread symbolic of the flight of the Jews across the Red Sea, and inevitably it brought butter and honey in copious portions.

As a boy, Mannie Adler had a consuming ambition to build things. His work-bench in the woodshed offered him a refuge where he could cut scrollwork shelves on a jig saw or fashion bits of furniture. The tool chest, like many other things he treasured, came from Uncle Max Blade who was the Santa Claus of the family. "We were poor as hell," as Mannie recalled. One holiday week Uncle Max arrived with a special gift. Upon opening the package Mannie and Betty discovered a pair of clamp skates which were the envy of every youngster in Ottumwa that winter. Until then Mannie and Betty had pot-metal skates, the kind that screwed on and were constantly coming off.

At this point, Mannie had other problems to face.

## *PART II: PRINTER'S INK*

Life was an uphill battle for Philip Emanuel Adler, a fact which contributed to the decision to send young Mannie to work at the end of the eighth grade. But Mannie was an eager, ambitious boy whose education didn't end with common school education. Books became his university. His few years in the Ottumwa grades gave him a solid foundation upon which to build. He learned spelling, grammar, and mathematics the way Lincoln learned law, and these lessons stood him in good stead ever after.

At 13, Mannie Adler first rubbed his fingers into printer's ink. One summer day in 1885, the father brought his curly-haired son into the upstairs print shop of John Wagner on South Court Street.

"My boy Mannie wants to be a printer," he said.

John Wagner was not particularly receptive to another apprentice. While Mannie's eyes took in the strange, dusty world of type cases, ink brayers, and imposing stones, Mannie's father added in a low voice:

"I will give you a dollar each week and you give it to Mannie." That bound the bargain. Shortly afterward Mannie was picking out German characters from the type cases for John Wagner's weekly Ottumwa Journal, working from 7 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening. Saturday, after the edition in German was off the press, quitting time was 5 o'clock. Then Mannie would hustle home with the family dollar. To round out the irony, Mannie's first take-home pay was a Mexican dollar, then worth 50 cents.

This was E. P. Adler's indoctrination in journalism. The lot of a printer's

*Ottumwa home of the Adler family at 610 West Second Street, where Mannie and Betty lived until 1899*

JOHN WAGNER
*In his Ottumwa shop, at $1 a week, Mannie began as printer's devil at age 13*

devil in those days covered a multitude of chores, tasks which began early each morning by carrying coal and cordwood upstairs to the shop stove and ended with the evening sweeping. Before long he achieved a proficiency with the printer's "stick" that prompted him to try his skill in other shops. He was what John Wagner recalls as "a good apprentice," setting type rapidly yet with clean proofs. So he drifted into the shop of Riley & Jones who published The Saturday Press. All the time he nourished an ambition to own a newspaper like the weekly Oskaloosa Herald.

It was a fortunate twist of fate which took young Mannie Adler in the late 1880s to the second-floor composing room of A. W. Lee's Ottumwa Courier, where James F. Powell presided over the job printing shop as foreman. Thus began the lifetime friendship of Mannie and Jim. Powell afterward became vice president of The Lee Syndicate and its conservative balance wheel.

With a journeyman's card in 1889, a restless Mannie Adler began dreaming of the world of opportunity outside Ottumwa. The call of adventure lured him, as a "rough printer," to Chicago. For a time he set type out of the case for the old Record-Herald and The Inter-Ocean.

The storm clouds of the panic of 1893 were gathering, but they did not dim the magic of the West. Leaving Chicago, young Mannie took a turn as printer on The Galesburg Mail, living in a boarding-house near the

railroad yards. Then wanderlust took him to Omaha. He found temporary work as a proofreader on The Omaha Bee whose publisher, Edward Rosewater, was writing his name in fire across the prairies of Nebraska.

One morning as he went to work, Mannie saw three banks close and he sensed that there would be nothing for him after that. With three other printers, he started west as a tramp, riding the rods, huddling in boxcars, and beating the road. In Lincoln, a former Ottumwa printer helped him with supper and gave him a night's lodging, little realizing that some day this vagrant printer would return to become a factor in the Lincoln publishing field. Bumming his way, Mannie pushed on to Hastings.

It was in Hastings, Nebraska, that a railroad detective hustled them out of boxcars and arrested the three. Mannie dug down into his last reserves, found enough money to pay his fine, and was ordered out of town. At a railroad restaurant they pooled their last resources for a 15-cent meal. As they stood in line to pay the cashier, an elderly wayfarer ahead of them untied his bandana handkerchief and dropped a dollar bill without knowing it. Behind him the three harried printers saw it, all at a glance. One covered it with his foot. Mannie dropped a handkerchief, and the dollar had a new owner. What had been someone's misfortune was their meal ticket.

"When we left, after paying our bill, none of us stopped running for three blocks," Mannie later recalled. "Then we looked at what we had recovered. It was a $1 bill, more money than any of us had at that time."

Next stop was Akron, Colorado, where they had heard a print shop needed some men. But the creeping paralysis of a bank panic by then had spread west and the only help needed was a few farm hands. Mannie's two companions of the road were of huskier frame and they were hired. Some Colorado farmers sized up young Mannie and felt his muscle.

"You're too small," they told him. "You wouldn't last a day pitching hay."

That looked like the end. There he was—penniless—stranded 800 miles from home. The station agent proved friendly, however. A freight was due around 3 o'clock in the morning. Mannie asked if he could remain in the station by the stove till the train came through, but he was told that was against orders. As a concession, the agent left a lantern to flag the freight train next morning. Mannie crawled into a boxcar until the freight whistled. Then he started for Denver.

Here, too, hard times were taking their toll. Mannie managed a day or two of work, but they were punctuated by five chilly nights on park benches. Despair finally overcame all thoughts of going on. One day there came to A. W. Lee a note from a disillusioned and homesick young printer stranded in Denver. Mannie wrote that, if he could have his job back, he

would never leave again. It was Uncle Max Blade in Milwaukee who sent $25 for Mannie to come back to The Courier, a really glorious ride on the cushions over the same route he had covered by boxcar. He didn't want his parents to know of this help and Uncle Max never told them.

A sadder but wiser young printer, Adler went back to The Ottumwa Courier composing room to start again. The experience of roughing it made the $10 a week he now earned at the case look infinitely better than before. It was during these years that a lifelong friendship ripened between Mannie and Jim Powell. The fire and impetuosity of Mannie were a natural complement for the Coolidge conservatism of Jim. Even a printers' strike didn't diminish the admiration they held for each other.

Soon impatient, young Mannie began once more looking beyond the "k-box" at the top of a printer's case for new worlds to conquer. He prevailed upon Jim Powell to intercede with Lee for an opportunity to become a reporter. It must not have been the first time an ambitious young printer with a grammar school education had made such a request. Perhaps the sandy-haired publisher may not have realized at the time how important that opportunity might prove or what pent-up emotion was behind that

*On the second floor of what is now an Ottumwa grocery store was the printing shop where Mannie Adler began his career, setting type letter by letter for The Ottumwa Journal. The outside stairs where E. P. brought up cordwood are now gone*

appeal. At any rate, A. W. Lee thought well of the proposal. In 1893, Mannie got his chance as a reporter.

Entering the editorial room meant the opening of one opportunity and a sacrifice of another. He was making $12 a week for 60 hours work as a printer, but he would start at only $9 a week working as a cub reporter. It was a difficult decision for a young man who suddenly saw his dreams dissolve into disappointing realities.

When Mannie brought this offer home, his father opposed the idea. The family had come to count on Mannie's weekly contribution from his small salary as a printer. Being a reporter meant, curiously enough, not alone less income but also more expense. As a printer Mannie could wear any kind of clothes, but a reporter required clean shirts and some business suits befitting his station in life. Mannie's mother saw the problem in a different light.

"Anything he wants to do is for him to decide," she reasoned. "We'll get along on that $9 somehow."

In the end the mother's wish prevailed. Three weeks later Mannie found a note in A. W. Lee's broad pencil script raising his reporter's salary to $12 a week. It drove home in his mind the realization that inevitably the energies and capacities that A. W. Lee had recognized could carry him still further.

## *PART III: A RESOURCEFUL REPORTER*

The Ottumwa that Mannie Adler knew as an enterprising young reporter on The Courier was a town of far-ranging contrasts. Ottumwa had several soul sides; from the steamy slaughtering pens of the John Morrell packing plant to the never-ending turmoil of the back rooms on "Battle Row." Col. Peter Ballingall, red-faced and resplendent, set a glittering pace for Ottumwa at his hotel, whose vivid decor the colonel eclipsed on occasions when he donned full uniform for a trip to Des Moines to serve on Governor Boies' staff.

The crust of Ottumwa's bread came from coal. To the slack mines in the Ottumwa hills came generations of miners from Wales. Out of these mines near Lucas emerged a broad-shouldered, bushy-browed pit boy by the name of John Llewellyn Lewis who was later to cast a formidable shadow upon the nation's economy. It was the custom of the miners from Hocking and Albia to gravitate to Ottumwa on Saturday night for a convivial evening. They brought with them the strong, resonant choruses of the Welsh hills. It may have been the sonorous roll of these miners' voices, or perhaps it was a heritage of his father, that left young Adler with an abiding appreciation for harmony. Mannie was not a musician, but he

had a deep, pleasing voice. "On the Banks of the Wabash" was one of his early favorites. Wherever newspapermen gathered, Mannie could always carry his end of group singing. And after all the old favorites had been sung, even after "Auld Lang Syne," Mannie could be persuaded to round out the evening with just one more—"Sweet Adeline."

Reporting in those turbulent years had a heady flavor. Jacob S. Coxey of Massillon, Ohio, had organized and led the first protest "Army" to march on Washington, but Congress scorned his "petition with boots on." In the pattern of Coxey's tatterdemalion "Army" came another led by a mild-mannered crusader named Kelley. By a combination of aggressive tactics, Kelley's "Army" reached Omaha in April, 1894, aboard the Union Pacific cars they had seized.

Gov. Frank D. Jackson called out the National Guard to stop the "invasion." At Council Bluffs the railroads refused to carry this human freight any farther. Kelley's men were forced to march halfway across Iowa to Des Moines, where the same Governor Jackson and General Kelley together led a ragged parade. Here was grist for the Populist party which had prepared a great welcome, but offered nothing more edible to this nondescript army of 2,000 men demanding "work and wages."

Days passed. Kelley's "Army" gave no signs of wanting to leave an abandoned factory building near Walnut Creek, and Des Moines grew apprehensive. Somewhere the thought was born to build rafts and get rid of the "Army" that way. A fleet of 118 mud scows was built, and Kelley's "Army" bringing a "new plan of civilization" came floating down the Des Moines River toward Ottumwa, filling the river banks with hymns and profanity.

This was one of the smash stories of the year. Mannie Adler and Harry Lesan were sent ahead to post The Courier and The Associated Press on the progress of Kelley's footsore followers.

It was a challenging assignment for any reporter, as writers like Jack London had attached themselves to this curious crusade for sheer adventure. It was the vividness with which Mannie Adler reported the movements of this strange flotilla that prepared him for city editor.

The ingenuity that this young zealot, Adler, brought to The Courier's news coverage in the '90s was displayed in the beat scored on the Eldon bank robbery story. Eldon was a quiet railroad town 11 miles southeast of Ottumwa. Chicago gunmen had robbed the Eldon bank and escaped with $9,000. On suspicion that local townspeople might have been involved, the Wapello sheriff bottled up the story. Next morning as the story unraveled, Adler learned that Captain Forsee, head of the Pinkerton Agency's Chicago office, had been called on the case. Adler concentrated on Forsee,

phoning The Courier's Eldon correspondent to watch the story at that end. Later the correspondent called that everything was "quiet as far as he could see." He said the sheriff, Forsee, and the town marshal were "just walking around town together."

Whether it was intuition or a newsman's hunch, Adler concluded the Eldon marshal was part of the robbery plot and went to the county jail to check his suspicions. The young reporter casually asked the turnkey if he was holding the Eldon marshal. Yes, that was exactly what he was doing. Adler asked to see him. Entering the dejected town marshal's cell, Adler said knowingly:

"Well, Charlie, tell me all about it."

Taken by surprise, the marshal blurted out his story on the spot. He was convinced the bank robbers had been caught and had incriminated him for his part in the theft. That day The Courier carried an exclusive story on the Eldon bank robbery, a "scoop" augmented from day to day through further arrests of finger men by Forsee. One involved Dick Dodd, a gambler, who had tipped the bank layout to Chicago colleagues. In two years all of the gunmen had been picked up, each arrest adding to the enterprise shown in getting the original confession. When the Eldon marshal was brought to trial, Adler's interview was admitted as evidence.

In those days a reporter lived by his wits, because the press had to fight for every scrap of news. Once at a mine workers' convention, called to discuss terms with the operators, every attempt to get the facts was rebuffed. Adler checked the courthouse where the miners' meeting was to be held and secreted himself in a closet in the court room. Here he took notes on the closed session. After adjournment, at noon, he emerged to write his story, much to the amazement of the delegates that evening. Next day, when the conference got under way, every time a spokesman for the miners would outline a new demand, the operators would reply: "Yes, we know, we read it in The Courier."

Through such coups Mannie earned advancement to city editor of The Ottumwa Courier in 1895. His newspaper enterprise made news. One of The Courier's most helpful reporters in those days was Walter Lane, later the publisher of The Muscatine Journal. He had been a railroad telegrapher. Adler would canvass the situation each day at the Division offices of the C. B. & Q. and the Milwaukee Road. If the window to the dispatcher's office and the superintendent's door were open, there was no news. If they were closed, something was popping. When that occurred, Adler would get Walter Lane to take over. Lane would listen to the Morse tickers in the dispatcher's office and bring back word of a wreck, which The Courier could claim as a scoop.

*This Pierce Studio portrait of E. P. was made in Ottumwa about the time he became business manager of The Ottumwa Courier. It was in this period that Mannie's life-long friendship for Jim Powell laid a foundation for teamwork*

On August 8, 1898, The Courier's publisher, A. W. Lee, could look with satisfaction on The Courier's first half-century. Circulation had grown in the last three years from 575 to more than 4,000. Its staff included some of the ablest men in Middle Western journalism. D. M. Conroy was business manager; C. D. Reimers, news editor; E. P. Adler, city editor; John Huston, city circulator. At that time, Betty Adler had become proofreader on The Courier. W. G. Field was composing room foreman and James F. Powell was foreman of the job room. Albert Thompson was then job pressman and Harry Devin had the title of advertising compositor. Enoch Johnson was an apprentice. These names shone as brightly as the polished brass name plate on The Courier's 8-page Scott web perfecting press which was the mechanical marvel of its day.

As often occurs, success is linked with sorrow. That year shadows fell upon the Adler home. Bertha Blade Adler, Mannie's devoted mother, died on November 11, 1898. This was a grievous loss, intensified on the 9th of the following May by the death of the father, Philip Emanuel Adler. This meant the breakup of home for Mannie and Betty. Mannie decided to share rooms in the Ben Allmayer home with his cousin on the Blade side of the family, Clint Adler, who was in the hide and wool business in Ottumwa. Betty made her home for a time with Max and Flora Blade in Milwaukee, later going to Chicago to work.

The death of his parents left Mannie beset with financial difficulties. The senior Adler's insurance business had drifted, premium settlements being met from time to time by loans from A. W. Lee to Mannie, loans that Mannie managed to reduce a few dollars each week from his own pay. Fortunately, there was $2,000 in life insurance left to Mannie and Betty by their father to satisfy an 8 per cent mortgage of $1,400. The balance was turned over to Lee to invest, evidence of the faith that Mannie Adler as a young man had in A. W. Lee. It was that, perhaps as much as his all-around ability, which prompted Lee to open wider the doors of opportunity to his youthful city editor.

For some time Mannie Adler wanted to test his capabilities in the business office. So A. W. Lee was partly prepared for that request when it came. He had watched with inward satisfaction this young printer who had set such a signal pace for the office. He had been greatly interested in him, and he was ready when Mannie sought the opportunity to enter the business side of The Courier. But Mannie did not ask the break for himself alone. For him this was a means of paying a debt to a friend. He prevailed upon Jim Powell to leave the foremanship of the job printing department and join him on the business staff. Lee must have been surprised at the suggestion, but he was a man who followed faith rather than intuition. As The

Courier steadily developed under the combined drive of Mannie and Jim, Lee knew that Adler had made no mistake about the latent business capacities of his former boss.

Years later, after the newspapers had grown steadfastly through this teamwork, Mannie Adler acknowledged the debt of gratitude to Jim Powell at the close of his life on July 12, 1928:

> "I have always felt that it was to Jim Powell more than any one person that I owed my opportunity for advancement. I was working as a printer in the job room of The Courier with Jim as foreman. A vacancy came along in the news department, of which Harry Lesan was city editor at the time, and I asked Jim if he would see Mr. Lee and endeavor to get him to give me a trial as a reporter. Jim did so willingly and must have made a strong appeal, as he secured for me the coveted opportunity. Years later, when I became business manager of The Courier, it was my privilege to take Jim out of the mechanical department and bring him into the office."

Toward the end of the 1890s the idea of a group of Midwestern newspapers began to crystallize in A. W. Lee's mind. He felt, and rightly so, that the formula of forthright community journalism pioneered in Ottumwa would succeed in the same measure in other cities. Besides, Lee had trained a number of promising associates in Ottumwa who were ready to test their ability in new fields.

## *PART IV: THE DAVENPORT ERA BEGINS*

An opportunity to purchase The Davenport, Iowa, Times came in June, 1899. In his mind's eye A. W. Lee conceived a Midwestern syndicate, and he chose Davenport to be the first point of expansion. On July 1, 1899, Charles D. Reimers, then managing editor of The Ottumwa Courier, took over The Times in Davenport. Adler was Lee's choice for business manager.

At the turn of the century Davenport possessed five struggling newspapers. The Times which A. W. Lee acquired was undoubtedly the weakest of the lot. The old-line battlewagons of Davenport journalism were The Democrat, a pioneer product of the Richardson family, and Der Demokrat, the German spokesman for eastern Iowa. Somewhere in the limbo of the Davenport publishing field were The Leader and The Republican. They were expendables; The Democrat absorbed The Leader; The Republican expired quietly; and The German Demokrat went under during World War I. The struggling Times, which A. W. Lee acquired, was only a riverfront sheet until it moved into the relative respectability of better quarters on Brady Street.

Adler plunged into this touch-and-go battle, the outcome of which was in doubt for years. Fortunately, Lee's Ottumwa bankers, Hackworth and Harrow of the Ottumwa National Bank, never wavered in their faith for the men they backed, and there were days when that faith was severely strained by loans that kept increasing rather than diminishing. On January 20, 1901, Charles Reimers retired, and Adler succeeded him as publisher of The Daily Times. His newly acquired title as publisher was strictly a euphemism. Mannie was vicariously advertising solicitor, circulation manager, managing editor, and general handy man.

Davenport was not instantly impressed with the new brand of journalism that The Times represented. Davenport was steeped in old-river traditions. and its taste for a new newspaper technique changed as slowly as the course of the Mississippi. E. P. Adler realized from the start that he was new to the Davenport scene, somewhat of an interloper, and that he personally might not win over Davenport for years. At the same time he felt confident that The Times could win Davenport, and this it did. But the turn took more than weeks or months; it took years. As this struggle unfolded, The Lee Syndicate now included five components—papers at Ottumwa, Muscatine, and Davenport, in Iowa; Hannibal, Missouri; and La Crosse, Wisconsin . Davenport's starveling newspapers had an altogether paternalistic respect for their advertisers when Mannie Adler took over. If news might be distasteful to their stores, merchants wanted it withheld or watered down. This did not square with A. W. Lee's formula of fearless journalism. Davenport soon discovered that The Times did not pull its punches on news. That made it even the more difficult to interest advertisers in The Times, but it was a policy which in the long run commanded respect.

Most of Davenport's mercantile firms were in the hands of solid old families who were skeptics on advertising. Some considered advertising downright unethical. The growth of The Davenport Times from an upstart evening daily with a few small patent medicine ads to one which led the newspapers of Iowa in advertising linage was a struggle which took all the drive E. P. Adler possessed. Old concerns were slow to change their ways. Some atrophied from lack of advertising, while others prospered through the magic yeast of advertising.

After a decade the field narrowed down to The Times and The Democrat, the latter carrying the traditions of the Richardson family which had made it a part of Davenport for over a half-century. The Times gradually forged into the lead because Adler was one of the first to visualize the Tri-Cities as a contiguous community. He saw the possibilities of Davenport, Rock Island, and Moline as a unit market. He knew that Davenport alone might not be so impressive as an advertising opportunity, but that the three

Mississippi River cities together would make a market of more than 100,000 population. It was this which prompted him to change The Davenport Times to The Daily Times, appealing to the larger audience that lay to the east in Illinois. The Tri-Cities grew into the nation's consciousness, quite like the Twin-Cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. The advertising horizon expanded until The Times carried more linage than even "Lafe" Young's Evening Capital or Gardner Cowles' Des Moines Register.

Slowly, too, the vigor and energy that E. P. Adler brought to his task impressed itself on the civic life of Davenport. The metamorphosis made him just E. P., instead of Mannie or Jack. He was approaching 30 then, and had begun to demonstrate the tireless spirit that characterized all his work. Pictures of this period show him with raven hair and a bristling black mustache. No one in The Daily Times crew worked longer hours or accomplished more than he.

The habits acquired as a printer were still his. He was up with the sun at 5:30 in the morning and at his desk before the first printers straggled in. This was a routine that he kept, even in later days when nothing in his newspaper organization depended on a dawn start. Punctuality became a precept with E. P. His 6:45 appearance at the office was something on which Davenport counted, just like the courthouse clock.

About this time E. P. made the acquaintance of the Rothschilds, a sub-

LENA ROTHSCHILD ADLER
*Devoted wife for 24 years and mother of Philip, she died in October, 1926*

BETTY ADLER WATERMAN
*Mannie's sister who gave to The Times an outstanding women's department*

*Strike up the band! The publisher of The Daily Times on what was then called a Trades Exposition trip, May 26-27, 1915. These Booster missions found E. P. ready to do his part to help build Davenport, regardless of the role assigned*

stantial family that had come to Davenport in pioneer days from Muscatine to establish itself in the grain business. His interest gradually centered upon the youngest of the three Rothschild daughters, Lena, a gentle, fair-haired, and vivacious young woman. On February 5, 1902, as a heavy snow drifted in from the west, a row of carriages converged on the little Synagogue on Ripley Street. Here Mannie and Lena were married. At the wedding dinner later A. W. Lee might have been thinking of the way Mannie had averted a printers' strike when he said: "I could always depend on Jack to do the right thing at the right time."

Housekeeping for Mannie and Lena began in the Argyle Apartments, perched like a crag on Brady Street hill. Shortly afterward they took a modest, frame home at 215 East 14th Street, an address later occupied by Rabbi William Fineschriber and family, for whom Davenport had been a training point on his path to a Philadelphia pulpit. There was something about 14th Street that must have appealed to Mannie and Lena, because they occupied two other frame dwellings on this same street before giving thought to building a residence at 2104 Main Street. The urge to own a home came to E. P. in 1913 after he had safely seen The Times in its gleaming, white-tile building.

On the fifth of November, 1902, a son, Philip David, arrived. Upon him his mother lavished all the affection that is the lot of an only child. Parenthood presented its problems, though, because Phil, not a particularly robust youngster, fell prey to almost every childhood disease in his school years.

It was the custom of the family on Sunday evenings to gather at the Rothschild home, a huge structure built along Victorian lines which stood at 13th and Main Streets. Unlike the simple, comfortable home of Mannie and Lena four blocks away, the Rothschild residence with its oriental rugs and Dresden bric-a-brac had an almost baronial atmosphere. Its spacious barn at the rear of the house easily accommodated the family carriages and living quarters for the coachman.

This was the halcyon age of American home life, midway between the era of the fabulous Welsbach gas mantle and the Edison incandescent lamp. The Rothschild home had both, bespeaking its standing. Helen Kohn and Philip Adler would scamper out to find mischief in other parts of the big house or to explore the treasures in the parlor whatnot. The others would gather in a circle around white-haired, matriarchal Sophie Rothschild whose heavily upholstered leather chair was her seat of seniority in the household. In those gatherings Mannie regarded himself as something of an outsider; he was a struggling newspaperman in a household where the others belonged to and talked of big business.

David Rothschild was the bellwether of the family. Al Alshuler, who

married Lena's sister, Carrie, lived in Chicago and had both a profitable grain business and a manufacturing plant in Racine. Max Kohn, the father of Helen, who married Julia Rothschild, another sister, was solidly established in the liquor business in Rock Island. Abe, a brother-in-law of Mannie, inherited the operation of the D. Rothschild Grain Company's elevators in Iowa.

On many a summer evening, the family held court on its long veranda. With palm leaf fans, the family deployed in long rows of wicker rocking chairs on the porch which encircled two sides of the house. It was a neighborly gathering; friends came and went. Sophie Rothschild's rising to retire was the customary signal for all to leave.

Nothing occurred to mar this agreeable routine till the crash of 1907 brought the D. Rothschild Grain Company into financial straits. The firm failed, reversing the fortunes of the entire family. Then the family turned instinctively to E. P. for advice and assistance. That experience made Mannie virtually the titular head of the family flock, a responsibility he was destined to carry forward ever after.

In the catalytic processes of growing up, Philip more than once gave his parents cause for concern. His years in the primary grades at the red brick Tyler School were passing uneventfully until one afternoon when there came a distress call from Principal A. I. Naumann. Would Mannie come and take his son home?

Some time later, after a Locust Street car had delivered E. P. at the school, he found Philip in pain. There had been a tussle with a schoolmate, Bix Beiderbecke, and Phil came off with two wrenched ankles. Bix was a husky youngster whose nervous energy even then gave some indication that one day he would become the greatest trumpet player the Dixieland era produced. All that mattered then was that Bix had put Mannie's son out of school for a full week.

Some time afterward a similar call came to Mannie, and he dropped work to bring his son home, thinking it was another case of a schoolboy skirmish. This time he found a sorely perplexed Philip sitting limp at his third-grade desk, seemingly unable to walk. The Adlers had neither a surrey nor a car in those days, so Mannie put young Phil on his shoulders and carried him home.

That afternoon Dr. George Decker looked at Philip's spindly legs, from which movement had mysteriously gone, and said he couldn't decide what had happened. Days passed and Phil lay still. Mannie and Lena fretted, fearing poliomyelitis, not knowing what the next day would bring. It was after two weeks of such anxiety that Lena left a dinner tray across the room from her son's bed and went downstairs for some forgotten dish. When she re-

turned, she gave a shout of joy. Standing at the tray was her son who had become hungry and had scampered out of bed to get his food. The visitation left as miraculously as it came. Philip returned to school in a few days, and the family breathed a thankful sigh of relief.

Shortly afterward the family's attention was claimed by another phenomenon. It appeared one Sunday morning, glistening with shiny black paint —a 1909 Cadillac touring car. The entire neighborhood turned out to inspect its Prest-o-Lite lamps, the bulb horn attached to the steering gear, its wondrous celluloid rain curtains, and its deep-tufted, leather upholstery. Now and then E. P. had hired a "rig" on Sunday for a family outing, and the 4-cylinder Cadillac didn't seem much more difficult to drive on Davenport's streets.

No one remembers how the first part of that drive began, but many recall how it ended on the front lawn of B. J. Palmer's home near the top of Brady Street hill. Mystified by all the mechanical gadgets and mindful of what it might mean to careen down Davenport's steepest hill out of control, Mannie steered instinctively for something solid. The car bumped over the curb and made a crash landing before a tree. That was Mannie's debut as a driver, also his abdication. Ike Sears tried in vain after this experience to interest Mannie in driving his 2-cylinder Reo, but without success. From then on E. P. was a passenger rather than a pilot, but the shake-up did not dim the family's desire to travel.

Those were days when clay roads beckoned to the American tourist; days when linen dusters and goggles were standard equipment for open cars. Motoring in 1909 was a fickle process. It was an age that sang, "In My Merry Oldsmobile," but trips were not so merry when tires seldom ran 20 miles without the tell-tale hiss of a puncture or a blowout. With the family in the rear seat and E. P. beside the driver with the all-necessary Blue Book to check the route, they would start for Muscatine. It was only a 30-mile drive down the dusty Mississippi River road, but seldom was it negotiated with less than four tire changes.

Horses then had a habit of shying at these snorting new things on the road. When that occurred, Mannie would walk on ahead to hold the bridle while the car passed. Many a new Times subscription started in that way.

Ottumwa was a strenuous, all-day drive in those days and often such expeditions ended short of the goal in a farmhouse near Columbus Junction or Agency. Chicago trips on the Cannon Ball Trail came later, but they were the ultimate in adventuring.

With the addition of The Courier-Post at Hannibal, Missouri, and The Tribune at La Crosse, Wisconsin, The Lee Syndicate now numbered five Midwestern dailies. The struggle to secure this group of papers and meet

their problems had told upon A. W. Lee and he sought rest in a trip to Europe with his family. Before sailing he had left the papers in the hands of Adler and Powell.

Mannie and Jim were en route to La Crosse by river packet on July 15, 1907, when a cable came announcing the death of A. W. Lee at Nottingham, England. When the shock subsided, there came a sudden realization of the new responsibilities that had been thrust upon them.

Determining policy for five growing newspapers naturally broadened the horizon of E. P. Adler, but at the same time drew heavily upon his energies. The things that count for character were unmistakably molding a new personality. Civic work claimed more and more of his time. In Davenport there were hundreds of things to be done, but few with the enterprise and resourcefulness to do them. Adler had both.

Davenport was rapidly asserting itself as the keystone of the Tri-Cities, a development which in another decade would include industrial East Moline and become the Quad-Cities.

There was something redolent of Mannie Adler's boyhood struggle in Ottumwa in his early interest in Ned Lee's settlement work at a little Mission near the end of the government bridge in east Davenport. In 1909 he became a director of the Peoples' Union Mission. This project later was called Friendly House and, under genial Harry Downer as head resident,

*An air view of Davenport as it has developed today, a modern and progressive city of more than 75,000 population. In the foreground, at the extreme right, is a portion of the Mississippi roller dam, an important factor in inland flood control*

became a counterpart in Davenport of Jane Addams' Hull House in Chicago. E. P. took keen delight in its club work, classes, and athletic program because he saw how such things had changed the face of Davenport. When a night fire February, 1925, turned Friendly House into an icy ruin, it was Mannie Adler, of all those on the scene, who cheered the despairing Downer family with the pledge: "Never mind how things look right now. I'm here to tell you for the Board of Trustees that there will be a new Friendly House, and it will be a safer and better one."

Adler was as good as his word, because as chairman of the building committee he engineered the new structure and helped to raise the necessary funds. When it was dedicated in June, 1926, E. P. characteristically bowed into the background. He had done his job, something through which the underprivileged boys and girls of Davenport's grimy west end would benefit for years to come.

Friendly House and its problems opened other vistas to E. P. They don't loom large on his record of charities. Through personal loans he found a way to help boys in need. How many Davenport boys and girls he sent through college no one will ever know, because Mannie Adler didn't conceive of charity in balance sheet terms. Seldom did any youngster who lacked funds to go to college leave his office empty-handed. Some of the young people he helped became competent attorneys, doctors, and newspapermen, and some paid back these honor loans in time. Some did not, but the unpaid sums were written off as a "magnificent obsession."

In July, 1911, Davenport's growing pains produced the Greater Davenport Committee. Adler was one of the 30 charter members whose efforts built the levee improvements, financed new enterprises, and later, through the Industrial Investment Company, brought many a new concern to Davenport. His work earned him a directorship in the Davenport Commercial Club, forerunner to the Chamber of Commerce. E. P. was house committee chairman when its new building was erected.

Time and again, prior to 1910, an energetic representative of the United Press used to call on The Times, which was an Associated Press member. His name was Kent Cooper. The Davenport Times daily received from A. P. approximately 3,500 words, the top of the news and markets, through an old Western Union arrangement. Only the largest newspapers could then afford a leased Morse wire for news. One day Cooper came in with a question.

"Adler, I've got a chance to go with The Associated Press," he said. "What do you think about it?"

"It's a good idea," came the reply. "I'll tell you what we'll do. We have been thinking of leased wire service for Davenport, Ottumwa, Muscatine,

Hannibal, and La Crosse, if it can be arranged. When you go with the A. P., come back and we'll sign up."

Kent Cooper did come back, and the Lee Newspapers were among the first small dailies to received full leased wire Associated Press reports. Cooper regarded the advice he received from E. P. Adler as one of the turning points of his career, a career which led in 1925 to the position of general manager of The Associated Press. When Wirephoto conceived by Cooper became available to smaller newspapers again, Adler insisted upon this new service for the Lee papers.

As The Daily Times grew into the pattern of a metropolitan newspaper, E. P. realized the need of a stronger woman's department. It was this which brought his sister, Betty, to Davenport. She imparted a sparkle to the society pages of The Times that time did not tarnish. Sometimes she wrote under the pen name of "Betsy Bolivar." In 1919, she went overseas as foreign correspondent for The Lee Newspapers to report the Versailles Conference. That experience she incorporated in a well-written book, *Within the Year After.*

An entire chapter could be written about that genial Irishman, Al O'Hern, whose "Old Poke" column gave an amusing slant to sports. Between Al O'Hern and E. P. there ripened a friendship and an affection that few understood. Later Al O'Hern became business manager of The Times. when death took Al O'Hern in 1923, E. P. became foster father to the O'Hern children, Mary and Tom. Never a Christmas passed that he did not spend Christmas eve with the O'Hern family. Over the years this became a ritual.

As The Daily Times strengthened its position in Davenport, Mannie Adler received increased recognition in Republican party councils. In 1910 he became both a member and secretary of the Iowa Republican State Central Committee. E. P. never aspired to any elective office on the A. W. Lee theory that politics and newspaper publishing did not mix. He did manifest an active interest in Republican policy matters, but there it halted. Upon only one occasion he accepted party responsibility beyond that of national convention delegate. He became Iowa member of the notification committee that carried out the tradition of informing President Hoover of the convention's decision at the White House in 1932.

The newspaper world took increasing note, at various gatherings of the Fourth Estate, of Adler and his inseparable companion, Jim Powell. They were a Damon and Pythias team, and their presence at Associated Press or Inland Daily Press Association meetings denoted Lee Syndicate representation .

In New York for the early annual meetings of The Associated Press

most publishers sought diversion in theaters, at Delmonico's or on Broadway. Not so E. P. With Jim Powell he liked to get a new perspective when he came to New York as a publisher. Together they often went to the old immigrant station, Castle Garden, to watch the tide of humanity surge through the customs turnstiles. For Jim and Mannie this was an ever-inspiring sight.

It only took $20 in money for an entire family to enter the United States at the turn of the century. Ships by the score would dump their expectant, tragic human cargo on New York where customs inspectors made blunt work of the beckoning magic of the Bartholdi statue. At Castle Garden there were three runways. One was to the South, a second led to trains for the West; but the third attracted most of all. It read "To New York."

E. P. and Jim used to meditate on the kind of an America this influx from overseas would produce. Adler never wavered in the belief that it was this flow from foreign shores which made America great, tolerant, and powerful.

"In the past 200 years America has developed from a fringe of colonies along the seaboard to become the greatest power on earth," E. P. would insist. "In this time Europe has tried every kind of government: monarchy, autocracy, totalitarianism, communism, and even democracy in France. No system has produced another America because they didn't recognize free enterprise or individual rights. Communism can't,match us in any way, and never will. I can't see how any thinking man, least of all an American. would listen to communism or find anything in it to attract him."

E. P. was elected president of Inland Daily Press Association in 1917 and re-elected in 1918. In those years he achieved also an ambition cherished for years, a voice in the affairs of The Associated Press which he had watched grow since the days of Victor Lawson and Melville E. Stone. He was chosen second vice president of the A. P. in 1917 and served two useful terms in that capacity.

The strides The Lee Syndicate had made under E. P.'s dynamic direction came to the attention of other publishers. One Sunday morning E. P. received a long, tempting telegram with an offer of a Hearst publishership in New York; it asked him to name his own salary. The telegram was passed around the family breakfast table when it arrived.

"What are you going to do about it?" Lena inquired.

"Tell Hearst there is nothing doing," came the immediate reply. "My job is with The Lee Syndicate."

It was this continued loyalty that A. W. Lee had come to count on years before when Mannie had rejected the Cowles offer.

World War I carried a curious challenge to the people of Davenport.

The bulk of Davenport's citizens were of German origin, for German immigration had populated Davenport much as it had Milwaukee and St. Louis. Before 1917, it was customary for Davenport to contribute to the relief of German war orphans, to receive German illustrated dailies, and to salute such exploits as the arrival in Baltimore of the cargo U-Boat Deutschland. The Declaration of War on April 6, 1917, forced a sudden break with old traditions and sympathies.

In this crisis Davenport turned to E. P. Adler and made him chairman of the city's organization for the Liberty and Victory Loan campaigns. It was a hazard some men would have sidestepped, but E. P. took to this task all the persuasive power at his command. It was no easy process converting a city with a German background of generations to pledge large sums to a war against the Fatherland. While the Treasury appealed for Liberty Loan subscriptions, another branch of the government, the Justice Department, was prosecuting espionage charges in Davenport against some of its oldest citizens.

Against this backdrop, E. P. went to work. The Times called upon the people of Davenport to do their duty as Americans, and they did! Liberty Loan and Victory Loan drives were oversubscribed, each time for more millions, but it sometimes took the persuasion of an "interview" before Chairman Adler's flag-draped Liberty Loan "court" to convert some of the die-hards.

War work meant more than raising government funds. It brought Mannie Adler into the board work of the Davenport chapter of the American Red Cross in 1917. Later he served as Red Cross chairman.

As the din of Armistice Day whistles shrieked through Davenport that chill November 11 morning in 1918, and the pent-up emotions of victory spilled over the streets, E. P. could look back on a duty well done. He had given himself without stint to the war effort, but the ordeal had left its mark. The strain of those years had turned his black hair to silver.

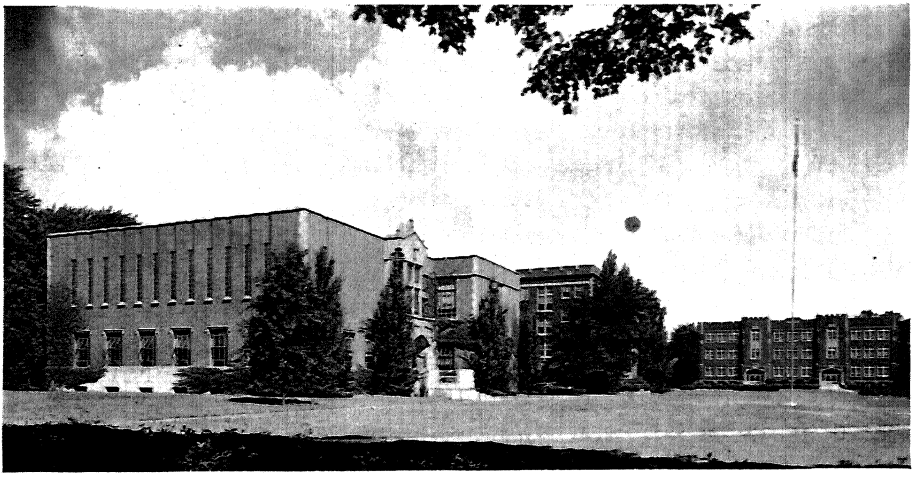
The congregation of Temple Emanuel early recognized in E. P. Adler the religious zeal he had inherited from his family life in Ottumwa. He took a leading part in the building of a new Temple at 11th and Brady Streets, rarely missed a Sabbath evening service. As president of the Temple Emanuel Board in 1917, he was instrumental in organizing the Tri-City Jewish Charities which he headed for many years.

But E. P. Adler's identity with his faith was not circumscribed by congregation work alone. He pioneered the Joint Distribution Committee campaigns for funds among Davenport Jewry in the years before Hitler, a service recognized by a place on the national JDC board. After the Nazi shock wave of terror in 1938, E. P. not only set a pace for Davenport's

giving to the United Jewish Appeal with his own contributions but bore the expense of bringing to the United States a score of Jewish refugees. One day in New York the whole group of men and women he had rescued from Nazi brutality gathered in his hotel suite to express their gratitude for the effort and expense advanced in their behalf. It brought tears to his eyes.

As the years passed, Adler was drawn more and more into a prominent role in religious work. He was made a member of the advisory board of Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati. In 1940 he was chairman of the Midwest regional meeting of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations at St. Joseph, Missouri. In Midwestern Jewish conferences on welfare funds, he became accustomed to taking a leading part.

Davenport soon realized that E. P.'s conception of faith was broader than the Ark of the Covenant. In inter-faith dinners in Davenport, E. P. was the spokesman for Tri-City Jewry. In 1939, he was called upon to aid Saint Ambrose, Davenport's great Catholic College, as chairman of the special gifts committee charged with raising $60,000 from non-Catholic friends toward a $400,000 goal. As the drive began, the head table was a tribute to the inter-faith work that had reached full flower in Davenport. There in a harmonious, friendly group were former Mayor Alfred C. Mueller, Dr. Alfred S. Nickless, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, the Most Reverend Henry P. Rohlman, Bishop of Davenport, Cable G. Von Maur, who directed the main campaign among non-Catholics, and E. P. Adler who headed the special gifts solicitation. When E. P. was called upon to



*A section of St. Ambrose College campus in Davenport which served as a Navy training school during World War II. In the construction of these new buildings in 1939 E. P. Adler took a leading part in raising funds among non-Catholics*

speak, he somehow summed up his own creed when he said:

"I owe everything to the people of this community. I try to help any worthy cause, but even then I don't believe I'll ever be able to pay the debt."

The state recognized Adler's standing in his faith when, in 1925, with Rabbi Eugene Mannheimer and Robert Lappen of Des Moines, he became a member of the Jewish Council of the University of Iowa School of Religion. It was the beginning of an experiment in practical religious study in which he took much interest from the start. Seldom did he miss a board meeting in Iowa City, joining with representatives of the Catholic and Protestant faiths for an open discussion of courses and philosophy.

Tolerance was the touchstone of his philosophy. He was disturbed by the movement that was taking form in his own faith, the Zionist plan to set up in Palestine a Jewish state. As a temporary haven for the oppressed he saw a place for Palestine; as a permanent national home for Jewry the plan impressed him not at all. To Mannie Adler, America was his national home. Politically, he was an American, one who held high his heritage, and the idea that he or others of his faith needed any other national home seemed alien to his concept of Americanism.

In E. P. Adler's expanding range of activities there came, in 1926, an invitation to join the board of St. Luke's Hospital, one of the most important Episcopal institutions in the diocese of Iowa. E. P. accepted and gave himself whole-heartedly to this work. A corollary was his election in 1929 to the board of the Young Men's Christian Association, the first Jew to serve in such a capacity in Davenport. Now it was certain that Adler's faith was bigger than anyone believed possible, for it embraced an active, personal interest in the affairs of all things religious. In a world drugged with intolerance, Davenport became a shining example of a city where men had found a way to bridge the gap between faiths. Perhaps this was, after all. E. P. Adler's most constructive contribution to the city in which he lived

As Phil came into the high school stretch, it was characteristic of E. P. to want his son to get the same fundamentals in newspaper work that he had. Young Phil had shown early interest in painting and printing. Phil hustled papers on the streets for a time, collected classified advertising bills, and then reported to Tom Kelley at the start of summer vacation periods as printer's devil. Tom was something of a benevolent czar in The Times composing room as foreman, and E. P. told him to give young Phil the works. This he did.

Mannie Adler's Ottumwa apprenticeship must have flashed back as he pushed open the swinging doors of the composing room one morning and found Phil on the floor putting together a nonpareil galley of slugs he had pied. Phil took to printing eagerly and the next year found him sticking

type in the ad alley, handspiking headlines, and getting the feel of what made the mechanical end of a newspaper tick.

From the back room, Phil was graduated two years later as a cub reporter under gruff, pipe-smoking Joe Carmichael, The Times' city editor. Now and then Jim Hardman, scholarly managing editor, would look over Phil's typewriter and drop a word of encouragement. Phil took his turn at all the beats: Police courts, undertakers, and the railroads. It was an experience which fitted him for extracurricular tasks in high school as editor of *The Blackhawk*, the Davenport High School newspaper, and school annual.

In the summer of 1922, Mannie Adler was curious about the way the holocaust of war had left Europe. He wanted to go abroad, a trip which would be a graduation present for Phil. The voyage didn't appeal to Lena Adler. So, together, father and son visited London, Paris, Berlin, Switzerland, the American Zone of Occupation in Germany, and the battlefields around Verdun. E. P. became a convert to ocean travel, and before long was planning other expeditions to Europe. Even aboard ship E. P. never relaxed his routine of 6 o'clock turnout. Early risers could see him walking the decks till the dining salon was ready to serve breakfast.

The fall of 1922 found Phil enrolled at the State University of Iowa, pointed toward journalism. He gravitated naturally into the editorial rooms of The Daily Iowan, writing news stories and taking a turn at the copy desk as night editor. In May, 1925, as Phil was ending his junior year at Iowa City, it was natural to find E. P. Adler's thoughts centering on his son. Phil was one of seven candidates that month for The Daily Iowan editorship.

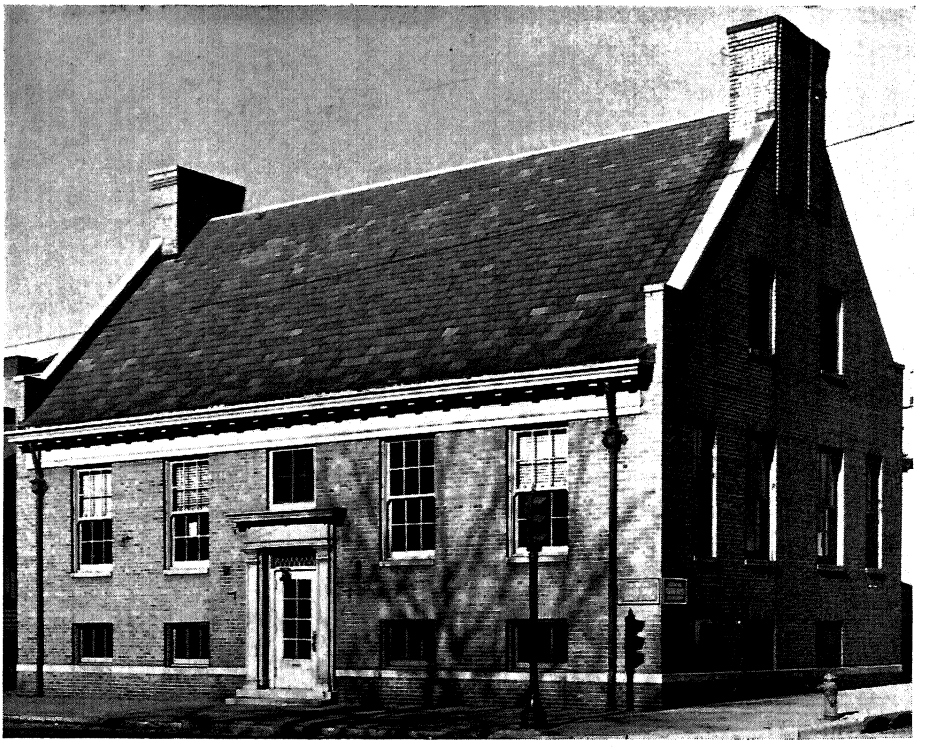
One night the Student Publications Board assembled all the aspirants and interviewed them one by one. The candidates drew for positions and Phil's turn came last. Convinced that the presentation of his own case had misfired and that he had been counted out, Phil left immediately afterward without awaiting the board's decision. An hour later The Daily Iowan crew descended on Phil, sound asleep in his college rooms, breaking in to tell him he had been elected editor. It was well after midnight that a call went to E. P. that Phil had made it. Additionally, there came to Phil the presidency of the Western Conference Editors.

All through Phil's year as head of The Iowan, E. P. gave as much attention to his son's publishing problems, perhaps a bit more, than he did to those of The Lee Syndicate. To him there was a measure of satisfaction in that his son was developing on his own.

For E. P. Adler in these years, life had been "such stuff as dreams are made on." The syndicate had increased in scope until it then included both newspapers in Davenport, The Wisconsin State Journal in Madison,

and The Mason City Globe-Gazette. The Davenport Democrat had been acquired through an arrangement with the Richardson family in 1915. Frank D. Throop, a loyal associate of A. W. Lee and Mannie's devoted friend, came from The Muscatine Journal publishership to take over The Democrat. From The Daily Times, I. U. (Ike) Sears had gone to The State Journal at Madison as business manager with A. M. Brayton as editor and publisher. With the purchase of the Muse and Conroy interests in Mason City, Lee P. Loomis, a nephew of A. W. Lee, had became business manager of The Globe-Gazette. With these additions, the Lee group was a solid structure of eight successful newspapers in Wisconsin, Iowa, and Missouri. E. P. could look back reassuringly on his work.

As happens at times when the cup of life is full, dark clouds gathered. Betty Adler had married an able attorney, Henry Waterman, of Geneseo, Illinois, and was in the midst of homemaking when she became ill. She had uttered no complaint at any time and in her smile there was never a suggestion of suffering. Neither E. P. nor the family was prepared for Betty's



*Betty Adler Waterman's interest in the work of the Davenport Visiting Nurse Association was perpetuated in this building, a project begun in spring of 1927 and erected largely through the initial gift of E. P. Adler as a memorial to Betty*

critical illness on February 4, 1925. Twelve days later she underwent surgery a second time. Betty took a turn for the worse and died suddenly. Her going was a profound loss to Mannie Adler.

A year later the specter of sickness came again. Lena Adler fell ill and failed to respond to treatment. With Phil in his senior year at Iowa, E. P. fought the battle alone. On that sun-splashed day in June when Phil received his diploma from President Walter Jessup at Iowa City, three tense figures watched from afar. It was only with the help of a nurse that Mannie had prevailed upon the doctors to take Phil's mother to the graduation exercises. Lena had summoned all her strength for this effort; after that she failed steadily. At the end of October, late in the afternoon, the physician's call that Mannie had both expected and dreaded came from Chicago. Lena had joined "the innumerable caravan." As friends stood with Mannie Adler at the grave that November day in 1926, they realized that something had gone from his life that could never be restored.

The emptiness of his home was further emphasized by the fact that Phil was then committed to his first publishing venture. On June 14, 1926, The Star-Courier at Kewanee, Illinois, had come into the syndicate circle and Phil had gone there as editor and publisher.

Now the years fell away, like snowflakes, and a sorrowing E. P. turned his face toward the future. He steeled himself to sorrow by increasing his load of civic work. Through Betty's life-long interest in the Davenport Visiting Nurse Association, he became a member of the advisory board. When a new building was planned in 1927 for the Visiting Nurse Association activities, it was constructed largely through his initial gift. A tablet at the entry commemorated the interest of Betty Adler in the welfare of children.

An enterprise in which E. P. always took a keen personal interest was The Daily Times Santa Claus, a project which put bundles of toys and Christmas candy at the doorway of thousands of needy families for a score of years. Reporters, printers, pressmen, and advertising solicitors all rolled up their sleeves in the public auditorium of The Times Building, wrapping Christmas boxes. The day before Christmas a fleet of volunteer trucks took these bundles to waiting homes. Sometimes E. P. helped make deliveries himself, for it was always a measure of satisfaction to him to know how the community responded to these contributions and gifts of toys.

In the organization of the Mississippi Valley Fair in 1919, E. P. also took a hand as director. The races and the crowds during fair week compensated for the financial worries such an enterprise entailed the other 51 weeks of the year.

Davenport, in 1925, began laying plans to attract new industries to the

Tri-City area to balance its growth and to increase its opportunities. E. P. became founder and vice president of the Davenport Industrial Commission, for which he raised considerable sums to interest new plants in Davenport. From this planning came a new cycle of industry for Davenport, new payrolls, and added population. E. P. discovered that simply establishing new concerns in the city was not enough; these new plants wanted the judgment and guidance of men like himself on their boards of directors. It was that which led to his interest as director of the Davenport Locomotive Company, later the Davenport Besler Company. Later he saw the seeds he had so painstakingly sowed grow into the concentration of Aluminum Corporation's western plants at Davenport.

A host of related community activities now crowded the balance sheet of E. P. He had been one of the early members of the Rotary Club. Afterward, there came membership in Davenport's literary group, the Contemporary Club, and directorship in the Lend-a-Hand Club and the Davenport Museum. The Davenport Municipal Art Gallery also appealed to E. P., opening new horizons in the world of painting and etchings. Later, he became president of the Davenport Gallery and took considerable enjoyment in the exhibitions of contemporary artists here. His taste in art is realistic and earthy; he particularly likes colorful westerns by Frank Tenney Johnson.

As Davenport became air-minded the need to expand Cram Field in Davenport brought E. P. into Davenport Airways, Inc., as president; but he was concerned entirely with financial operations at Cram Field. The air had no appeal.

Into E. P.'s office one Saturday noon in October, 1927, came Phil to present a slender, dark-haired girl, Henrietta Carol Bondi, from Galesburg. They were bound for an Iowa football game. The next time E. P. saw them it was mid-December and on Henrietta's hand was an engagement ring. Their marriage on June 25, 1928, helped brighten E. P.'s home life and break the prison of solitude in which he had lived for months. E. P. built for them a comfortable home in Kewanee and packed them off to Europe on a honeymoon. On May 1 of the following year, at an earlier hour than it was customary to receive calls, E. P. learned he was a grandfather. A blue-eyed, blonde baby girl had been born to Phil and Hen at Kewanee and, appropriately, she bore the name of Betty.

During these same months E. P. was deprived of a comradeship he had treasured and respected. Jim Powell had a rugged physique, born of an outdoor life. When illness first warned him, Jim minimized its effects and robustly carried on. In mid-July, 1928, Jim's stout heart gave out, leaving E. P. bereft of a long and devoted friendship.

HENRIETTA BONDI ADLER
*Philip's wife and mother of Betty Adler II in Red Cross Motor Corps uniform*

BETTY ADLER II
*E. P.'s granddaughter, now in college, and following the family in journalism*

Frank Throop of The Davenport Democrat stepped into Jim's shoes as vice president of The Lee Newspapers, but Jim's death had taken something from the syndicate circle which was never recovered.

## *PART V: DARK CLOUDS–SILVER LININGS*

By 1930, the ominous fissures in the nation's financial structure which first opened on Black Friday in 1929, spread wider and wider. The crash and its aftermath destroyed faith in almost everything financial, political, social, or economic. Confidence collapsed and a strange blight began to numb business. Davenport, like every city in America, was rocked by this depression which depleted its reserves and threw men out of work. To mitigate the misery of the winter of 1930-1931, Davenport bravely decided to bear its own relief burden. E. P. Adler was a member of the executive committee which raised funds to tide families over this first depression winter. When conditions did not improve by spring, this group of Davenport leaders had to dig deeper to allay suffering. With E. P.'s help, the Civic Planning Committee took over, raising $225,000 for relief.

At the crest of these critical conditions in 1930, The Lee Syndicate purchased The Lincoln Star in Nebraska from H. E. Gooch and L. B. Tobin. It was a purchase which represented seven figures, but it gave The Lee Newspapers a publishing opportunity in a city of 80,000 that had an

assured future as a university city and capital. To Lincoln, E. P. sent Frank D. Throop to become publisher of The Star. James E. Lawrence, The Star's able editor, remained in editorial charge.

The acquisition of The Lincoln Star at a time when business confidence was at low ebb underscored a conviction that both A. W. Lee and E. P. Adler shared. In Lincoln the purchase of The Star was predicated on something more substantial than the physical property, circulation lists, or plant machinery. Come what might, it was an investment in the right to serve a substantial and growing city. Rightly E. P. reasoned that this intangible was worth far more than building appraisals, market surveys, or equipment. It was that opportunity which A. W. Lee, at the meridian of life, had seen at La Crosse, at Hannibal, at Davenport, and at Muscatine, when he looked beyond their assets as property to the publishing opportunities that these communities offered. When the turn came at Lincoln, it justified all the hopes that E. P. Adler had entertained for The Star.

Operations of The Lee Syndicate had assumed such size that the banking fraternity in Davenport made overtures to E. P. Adler to become a director of the Union-Davenport Bank & Trust Company, a bank with resources of approximately $30,000,000.

Oddly enough E. P. was a banker without a bank account. In this he followed A. W. Lee who "banked" with his newspapers. E. P. sometimes carried a savings account, but that was all.

"When I came to Davenport, few people knew about The Times," E. P. told many times. "It was Mr. Lee's idea, and mine, that one way to tell the people of Davenport that The Times was in business was to pay personal bills with office checks. It gave them an idea of where the money came from. Besides, they felt that they were getting back some of the money spent with the newspapers in advertising."

Being in debt was another ritual with E. P. He felt it was an incentive to keep him pounding harder. No sooner had E. P. met one note at the bank than he was searching for a new newspaper investment to go into debt again. That, too, was one of A. W. Lee's precepts. With E. P., borrowing money and paying it back was like a chess game, both a tactic and a strategy for forging ahead.

Davenport was a thrifty city, possessed of two sturdy banks in the early '30s. The American Savings Bank & Trust Company had practically $40,000,000 in deposits and was the largest savings bank in Iowa. Because Davenport was not a city easily swayed, and because the soundness of its two banks had never been questioned, the last fear the depression developed was that of bank runs. Panic played no favorites, though, and by September, 1931, depositors were hounding Davenport's banks for cash.

Adler had been apprehensive of the flurry of bank failures sweeping the country that month when he went east on business. His fears were confirmed on that trip when a telegram came from President William Heuer of the Union bank enjoining him "to return at once." The American bank was in danger. E. P. had been a director of the Union Bank for eight years. He knew that the closing of the American bank, established in 1860, would shatter confidence in all banks, and would inevitably precipitate a run on the Union. E. P. returned to find a run had forced the American bank directors to post a 60-day notice for withdrawals.

The American bank, despite its 60-day notice of withdrawals, was continuing to have large accounts withdrawn and was in desperate straits. On the morning of September 29, 1931, the American was almost out of cash and the Union bank had sent over $100,000 in currency to help them that day and frantic efforts were being made to have some cash advanced by R.F.C. in Chicago, which failed. The money from the Union only lasted until noon on the 29th and the bank closed its doors at that time.

On the afternoon of September 29, after notice had been posted on the door of the American bank, the run began on the Union bank and on the following day, Tuesday, September 30, which E. P. remembers because it was his birthday, the run started in earnest on the Union and continued unabated for two days.

Davenport, which had never known a bank failure, was now face to face with a financial crisis. The Union bank had resources to meet almost any contingency, but not all its collateral was in liquid investments or currency. All Iowa banks had a certain portion of their assets invested in farm lands, which then were frozen assets.

With all the vigor and determination he could muster, Adler threw himself into the struggle to save Davenport's last bank. The run on the Union came like a thunderclap September 29, 1931. Four-abreast, long lines of panicky depositors beseiged the Union bank, some waiting through the night before its doors. It seemed hopeless to try to fight hysteria, but this bank and its directors fought back. This, if ever, was a time for leadership and E. P. was not found wanting.

E. P. went up and down the milling lines of depositors at the Union bank pushing toward the tellers' cages, talking to one after another, reassuring friends of his confidence in the bank. When persuasion failed, as it often did, E. P. would take a passbook and write into it his personal guarantee of the amount on deposit to take one more person out of line. But Adler knew that it took more than that to save the bank and instill confidence. In a public statement he made known that the commercial accounts of The Times and Democrat, amounting to $50,000 or more, were remaining in

the Union bank, untouched, and every Times and Democrat employee's account in that bank would be unconditionally guaranteed. E. P. prevailed upon State Treasurer Ray Johnson to transfer $407,000 in state funds to the bank as a mark of confidence. United Light & Railway, General Motors Acceptance Corporation, the Provident Mutual Insurance Company, and many other institutions came forward with funds. In one day $898,164 in such deposits were recruited to break the run. In two days a measure of confidence reasserted itself. It had been a bitter battle, yet it had demonstrated the capacities of E. P. Adler in a crisis.

On that memorable day, Monday morning, September 29, the board of directors of the American bank met to determine their course of action. E. P. was called into the board meeting and urged to accept the chairmanship of the reorganization committee. At that time it was the hope of the American directors that funds could be secured and the bank reopened within a few weeks. On October 2 the bank's affairs were placed in the hands of the state bank commissioner, L. A. Andrews. He was at first hopeful that a sufficient loan could be had from the R.F.C. to reopen the bank, which did not prove to be the case.

When he was called into conference and told that the people of Davenport wanted him to take over—"drafted" is the word that was used—he had the first sobering realization of the responsibility this entailed. He had been chosen to reorganize the largest savings bank in Iowa. E. P. was primarily a newspaperman and such a task called for a knowledge of banking far beyond his experience. With what doubts E. P. Adler wrestled in that hour few will know, but in the end he shouldered the job. He resigned his Union bank directorship and started to work.

Instantly E. P. swung into action with a plan of reorganization for a new bank, a plan which later became a model for other bank reorganizations in the Middle West. He determined at the outset that he would wage his campaign for a new Davenport bank in the open, and he did. In this dark hour when any discussion of bank affairs might produce further runs or generate new fears, E. P. chose his committee and told them he wanted a mass meeting of depositors. He declared it was a time to demonstrate courage, to carry the bank's case to the public itself.

No one knew precisely what might happen when thousands of men and women who had lost funds in a great bank were brought together to face this committee. By late October the tidal wave of depression was rising higher every day. Among the depositors of the American bank were thousands of distressed families. Many were in a sullen mood. Adler had no patience for any on his committee who doubted the outcome of such a gathering. In the end it was E. P.'s faith in people which overcame doubts.

*The Davenport Bank and Trust Company which has resources of over $76,000,000 today, grew from the courageous civic campaign E. P. headed in the darkest days of the depression. He served as its president without salary for nine of its crucial years*

A chill rain fell that November night. Regardless, nearly 5,000 persons came to the Masonic Temple, overflowing into assembly rooms and corridors to hear the Adler plan for reorganization. Loud-speakers carried the proceedings to the farthest corner of the building. It was a peculiarly tense audience as members of the committee walked out upon the stage. They represented more than the 24,000 depositors of what had been the state's largest savings institution. They carried the hopes of thousands of families to live through the depression. They held the fate of a city.

Now came the moment that would make or break an undertaking. E. P. Adler rose from his chair at the center of the group. He came forward with the self-assurance and the poise that take possession of a man when imbued with a great cause. He stood silent and pensive for a second or two, then began to speak. Until that occasion E. P. Adler had painstakingly avoided speaking in public, whenever and wherever possible. He said he "couldn't think well on his feet." That night the torrent of thought that this bank crisis had generated poured out in calm, straightforward tones.

He discussed the plan of reorganization, calling for a subscription of $1,500,000 in new capital stock which would make 60 cents on every dollar immediately available to depositors while the remaining 40 cents would be in bonds of a liquidation corporation. As he came to the end of his remarks, he said, "We now have subscribed, in advance, $400,000 in stock toward that goal. The question tonight is, 'What are you going to do about it?' " A roar of applause was the answer.

The part that Davenport had to play to obtain a new bank was outlined further by Attorney C. D. Waterman, Joseph L. Hecht, and George Bechtel. The audience was now fired with enthusiasm. The tension had utterly disappeared. Smilingly, E. P. Adler now came forward to answer questions. They came from all parts of the cavernous auditorium. Here E. P.'s broad experience in handling people showed to its best. He had a ready answer for every question, sometimes an amusing one. Laughter filled the auditorium in response to one question as to what the name of the new institution would be. E. P. raised his glasses, paused quizzically a moment, then replied:

"Don't you think we should have the baby before we name it?"

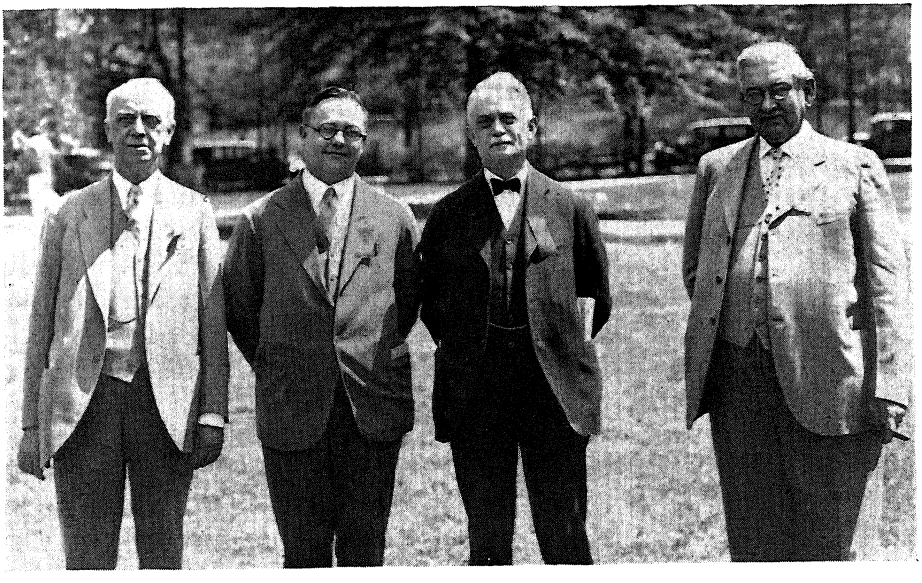
With a will, Davenport, under the leadership of E. P. Adler, buckled down to the task of raising $1,500,000 by December 15, so that the new bank could open for business on January 16, 1932. At a time when other banks were tottering, and faith in all financial institutions was suspect, it took militant courage to reach that goal.

On December 15, 1931, a jubilant, tired group of civic leaders gathered with E. P. Adler at the Chamber of Commerce rooms for a final campaign report. As the announcement came that the bank goal had been oversub-

scribed by $86,000, a section of Battery B, which had set up their '75 field pieces on the Levee, let go with a salute of 100 rounds. Davenport's factory whistles shrieked and church bells tolled. The rally resolved itself into a civic procession that wound through the streets of Davenport, led by two bands. What this one city in Iowa had done was responsible, as much as anything else, for casting a rainbow of hope over the gloomy Christmas of 1931.

As Davenport rejoiced, the reorganization committee, which had been assured all necessary assistance by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and its predecessors, received a sudden setback. Business conditions were becoming desperate. Washington wanted to wait. E. P. and his committee heads went to the capital, laid their case before Iowa congressmen, senators, Chairman Charles G. Dawes of the RFC, and finally President Hoover. Still the Treasury technicians quibbled.

All the magnificent response Davenport had made in this crisis might have been wrecked at Washington, if E. P. had not kept up the fight. Time and again Adler left Washington with some new guarantee of government help for the bank, only to be disillusioned with a wire from the RFC or the Treasury upon his return. Ultimately, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation agreed to a $4,000,000 loan to the new Davenport Bank & Trust Company, and approved the reorganization. But this came with the



*From a picture in 1929 during Journalism Week at the University of Missouri at Columbia. Left to right, the late Dean Walter Williams, E. L. Sparks of The Hannibal Courier-Post, E. P., and J. B. Jeffries, former Courier-Post publisher*

heartbreaking condition that depositors would not have access to 60, but 40 cents on the dollar.

Because of a reduction in the amount they would pay to depositors on the opening of the bank from 60 cents to 40 cents on the dollar, it was determined the capital structure should be reduced to $900,000, of which $600,000 was the capital stock and $300,000 was surplus.

Early in the work of selling stock to depositors of the American bank and others, the solicitors immediately ran into the question everywhere, "Who is going to run the new bank?" Several citizens came to E.P. and said it would be necessary to announce who was to be president of the new bank and insisted he should assume the presidency. To this E. P. agreed, with the distinct understanding that he would accept the post inasmuch as he had been head of the reorganization committee and wanted to see the job completed, but that he would serve without salary, which he did for nine years, during which he held the presidency of the new Davenport Bank & Trust Company, which was the name selected for the new bank.

Red tape developed an exasperating series of delays but in June, 1942, Davenport prepared for the opening of its new bank.

On July 5, 1932, a historic date in the Quad-Cities, the Davenport Bank & Trust Company opened, not knowing whether its first day in business would be the occasion for mass withdrawals or a show of confidence. To meet that contingency $8,000,000 in cash was in its vaults. Fears were unfounded. The day was one of flowers and multiple expressions of faith. Deposits mounted to $10,000,000 and grew steadily.

As the fanfare ended, E. P. settled slowly into the strange, new business of being a bank president. He shunned the president's walnut-paneled office, preferring to spend his allotted time each day in the bank at a small desk in the open. V. O. Figge, who had been one of Iowa's most resourceful bank examiners, became Adler's staff chief in the new bank as executive vice president. So impressive a beginning did the new bank make that by August E. P. Adler proudly informed President Hoover that the $2,000,000 loan his bank had received initially from the RFC had been repaid and that it was forging ahead on its own. That loan was only one-half of that promised originally by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

The closing of the Union bank in Davenport on December 26, 1932, an unwelcome and ironic development after the fight this institution had made, left the entire load on the new Davenport Bank & Trust Company. In its June 30, 1933, statement of condition, three months after the crash had forced President Roosevelt to close all banks for a national moratorium, its assets totaled $12,240,544. From then it grew steadily in resources and banking stature until, upon its 12th anniversary, E. P. Adler could look

with pride on a bank with $59,575,000 deposits. Each year at the annual meeting of bank shareholders, he never failed to give to his fellow officers and employees of the Davenport bank the main credit for the growth of the institution. The important thing was that E. P. was able to build a new bank when Henry Ford with all his resources in Detroit couldn't save old ones.

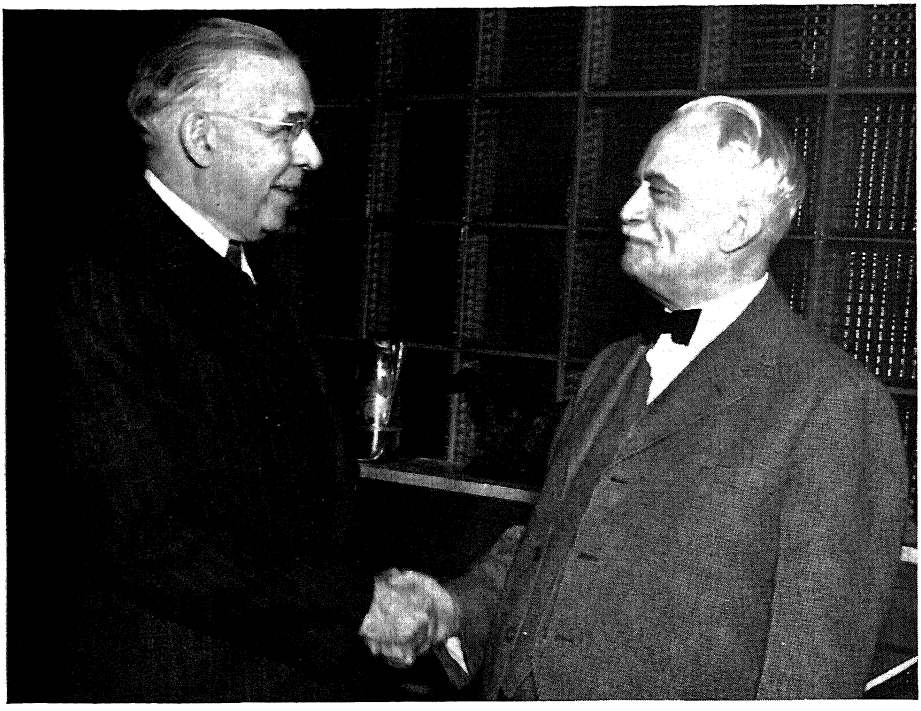
As the years followed one another, E. P. Adler felt that his obligation as a bank executive had been fulfilled. The bank was conspicuously successful, the depositors of the old American bank had received almost full repayment from their Liquidation Corporation debentures, and he wished to pass on his responsibility to younger heads. On March 12, 1941, Adler presented his resignation as president and director of the bank he had established. In so doing he expressed appreciation for the help he had received from the community, the bank staff, and the officers. The prostrate bank he had rescued had reasserted its leadership in the state, and then approached $75,-000,000 in resources.

Neither the directors nor the community wanted E. P. to withdraw, but he was adamant. He wanted to devote his time to his first love, The Lee Syndicate. He scorned any suggestion of an honorarium for this work, saying that he had undertaken such a commission to serve the community and that he would not do otherwise. He was perhaps the only president in banking history to serve year after year without compensation. That was Mannie Adler's way of paying his debt to Davenport.

## *PART VI: E. P. BECOMES NEWS*

The same collapse of confidence which brought bank crises throughout the country took toll of newspapers. Retrenchment made many a combination of interests necessary. A year or more of rugged competition at Lincoln opened the way to a consolidation of business managements between The Lincoln Star and The Nebraska State Journal. J. C. Seacrest continued as publisher of The State Journal with his sons, Fred and Joe, in executive charge. Frank Throop continued as publisher of The Star with Walter W. White as business manager and J. E. Lawrence as editor.

The Lincoln consolidation on August 30, 1931, like others in the newspaper field, involved only a unity of interest on the business side. Editorial identities remained as independent as before. In 1934, a somewhat similar arrangement was effected with Publisher William T. Evjue of the militantly Progressive Capital Times at Madison. These were essentially business partnerships, with each newspaper's shareholders owning a minority or non-voting share of their competitor's assets. It simply meant stability in a field, rather than ruinous competition. The newspaper fraternity watched



*In a relaxed mood, E. P. and Publisher Frank D. Throop of The Lincoln Star, shake hands during the dedication of the rebuilt Daily Times building, October 7, 1938. E. P.'s small, black bow tie has been standard equipment for many years*

with interest how one group could in its operations embrace papers of diametrically opposed political views. At Davenport the Republican stalwart, The Times, and The Democrat maintained their political positions regardless of related ownership. The reading public at Lincoln and Madison quickly discovered that an identity of business interests made no difference in political or editorial views.

The vicissitudes of life wrought many changes in the syndicate roster in the '30s. Frank H. Burgess, publisher of The La Crosse Tribune, whose whimsy had brightened many a newspaper meeting, died July 7, 1939. His son, William T. Burgess, or Bill, succeeded him. On March 4, 1943, death came to Frank D. Throop at Lincoln, closing a long and constructive chapter in syndicate history. Walter White took over The Lincoln Star as publisher. Lee Loomis became vice president of The Lee Newspapers. Now E. P. virtually was the last syndicate link with the past.

Newsprint is the life blood of newspaper publishing. Because of E. P.'s lifelong interest in paper making, he became chairman of the paper committee of the American Newspaper Publishers Association in 1918, a sig-

nificant honor and responsibility at a time when war blockaded the nation's newsprint supply from Canadian mills. He served two terms, and continued on the paper committee for years following. His knowledge of the paper industry prompted the Inland Daily Press Association to elect him chairman of its newsprint committee, a post he held for more than a score of years.

It was such a newsprint report that took Adler to Chicago for an Inland Daily Press meeting on February 20, 1934. Little did E. P. sense what lay in store for him. He had a Sunday conference of Jewish charities in St. Paul and left Davenport by sleeper the night before. En route to the station a friend stepped up to caution him that he was being followed by a man. E. P. didn't seem the least disturbed. The friend felt some concern, however, and took the trouble to warn him again and point out a shadowy figure in a brown suit lurking in the depot.

E. P. was a man of ordered habits, a fact which everyone in Davenport knew. He returned to Chicago from St. Paul and spent the next night at the Morrison Hotel where Inland customarily held its conventions and where he was to join his syndicate executives.

Early on the morning of February 21, E. P. left his hotel room on the fifth floor for breakfast. As he bent over to lock the door, two men suddenly jumped from the adjoining room. One slugged him with a vicious blackjack blow on the head. E. P. reeled. With blood spurting from his left ear, he fell back. He saw a black-gloved hand raised for a second blow. He ducked to parry that blow and somehow found the strength to escape. He ran through the corridor, shouting for help, then stumbled toward an elevator. To E. P. with blood streaming from a wound it seemed an eternity before an elevator came. At last he found assistance. House detectives rushed back to the scene of the attack. They broke into the adjoining room, where they found a huge trunk perforated with holes. Inside were revolvers, sponges, adhesive tape, and various kidnap paraphernalia.

While inspectors were going over the room Adler noticed a man in the corridor walking in their direction. The man wore a familiar brown suit. Suddenly Adler shouted, "Get that man!" When the fellow was brought in, E. P. identified him at once as one of his assailants. This was Charles W. Mayo, 28 years old of Birmingham, Alabama, who, a short time after he confessed his part in the kidnap plot, tied a muffler around his neck at the Marquette Police Station and hanged himself.

James Lacey, alias Jack Wyman, age 34, was arrested later in a South Side hotel in Chicago. The third man in the plot was arrested in Rock Island. Together they had shadowed E. P. for a month in Davenport, where Mayo worked as a shoe clerk. The Bremer kidnaping at St. Paul with its easy $200,000 ransom had been their pattern. They expected to get Adler in his

DLER KIDNAP PLOT FAIL
NAPING IN LOOP HOTE
CALL OFF COA
AYO, ASSAILANT OF E. P.
HANGS HIMSELF; ACCOMPLIC
THE DAILY TIMES
. P. Adler Slugged; Escapes Kidnapers
Chas. Robeson, City Treasurer, Ends Lif
PUBLISHER FOILS TRUNK P
ONFESSES FRAUD IN CONTRAC
TE RESTS IN TOU
Chicago Daily Tribune
RAPPED KIDNAPER TELLS A
LER'S ATTACKER HANGS HIMSELF
Would-Be Kidnaper (Dead), Tools of His "Trade" and Intended Victim
E. P. Adler, Home After Harrowing Experience, Tells Story of Attack
CONFESSES ATTACK ON EDI
Others Are Sent
Herald and Examiner
New York Evening Post
ROOPS KILL GEN. SANDIN
Telegram

*A sample of the newspaper headlines from across the nation which erupted on February 21, 1934 when E. P. had the good fortune to escape a kidnap attempt in Chicago. Press pictures reveal bandages covering injuries from blackjack blows*

office and settle quickly for $40,000 ransom. When E. P. went to St. Paul they planned the Chicago "snatch" instead, intending to blackjack their victim, drug him, carry him out of the hotel in a trunk, and negotiate for ransom from a South Side hide-out.

Only E. P. knew how narrow an escape he had had that morning. He might have smothered in that trunk under books and blankets, if the slugging hadn't miscarried. He owed his life to an uncanny sixth sense and the remarkable way he fought off the blows. Unhesitatingly, he identified his attackers in court. Lacey had a previous penitentiary record in North Dakota for forging checks. A third member of the plot, Edward Kindredge, was arrested later. Benjamin Wolfram, truck driver for the intended abduction, was also indicted. Lacey and Wolfram were sentenced to one-to-five year terms in prison. Kindredge, who agreed to provide the hiding place, was released.

E. P. came home from Chicago a marked man. By quick thinking and fortunate dodging, he had defeated a ghastly plot. His pictures with bandaged head, along with those of the kidnap trunk, made front-page copy all over the United States. He returned to Davenport to have his head wounds treated. It was characteristic of E. P. that he minimized both his own injuries and the entire incident. Typical of his feeling was a radiogram he sent to Phil and Henrietta who were aboard the Kungsholm at Barbados, on a West Indies cruise, at that time:

PHILIP ADLER
KUNGSHOLM,
HANGSCHELL, BRIDGETOWN
HAVE SUDDENLY BECOME FAMOUS. SLIGHTLY INJURED, NOTHING SERIOUS. HOME TONIGHT. DON'T WORRY. DAD.

The nearest radiotelephone link with the United States was Cristobal, Canal Zone. There E. P. talked with Phil, assuring him and Henrietta he was all right, that his head gash was healing, and that he wanted them to continue their trip. After that E. P. Adler did not travel alone. One such experience was sufficient.

The Chicago incident made no difference in E. P.'s program of activities. When, in 1937, Gov. Nelson G. Kraschel asked him to accept an appointment on the Iowa Relief Commission to distribute public works projects and Civilian Conservation Corps camps, he accepted. The federal funds that went into Iowa during E. P.'s term of service were well spent, and accomplished much for institutions like the University of Iowa.

The role that Adler played in the drama of the Davenport bank fitted him for other civic undertakings. He was the chairman of Davenport's first

comprehensive Community Chest campaign and, afterward, served as one of the main wheels of the initial gifts committee.

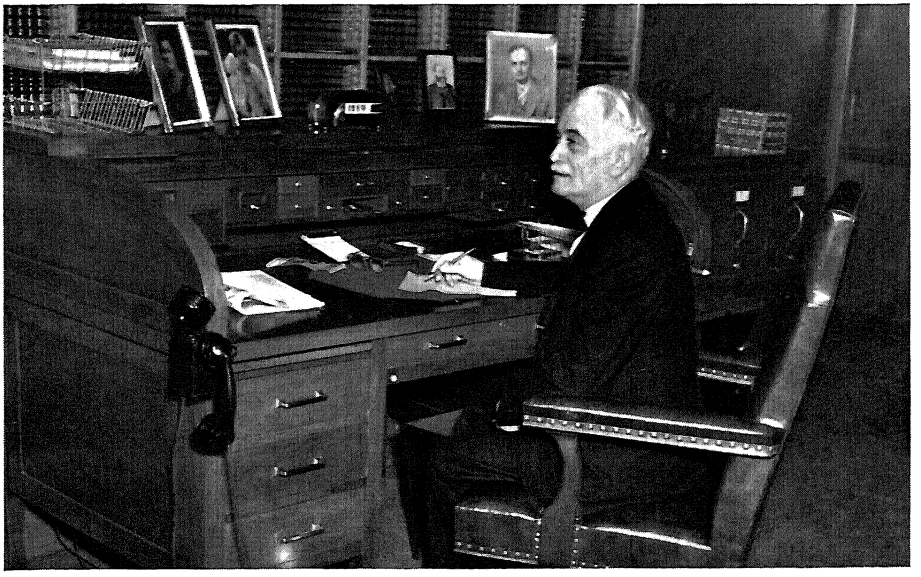
## *PART VII: EVENING CROWNS THE DAY*

There was no perceptible slackening of pace as E. P. reached three-score and ten. He still had the vigor to rise early every morning, walk 20 blocks to his office before 7 o'clock, and carry a full day's work schedule. His outlook then as now was as optimistic as ever and there is still a spring in his stride. He hasn't the slightest thought of slowing down, any more than he would change the style of the square-cut, black bow tie he wears the year around. He counts his years lightly, refusing to compromise with time.

Best evidence of E. P. Adler's fitness was the assignment the United States Army gave him in early November, 1943. It was a War Department invitation to attend a Fort Knox conference and follow for several days the program of combat training of an armored division. E. P. was 71 at that time, but he reported to Louisville, rode in army trucks with the younger members of the party to Fort Knox, a distance of 40 miles, bunked like a serviceman, ate the regular army mess, and witnessed war maneuvers three days in the open. When shown his lower bed in a double-decker, he said "Give it to this older man, I'm taking the upper." He survived the artillery firing tests, the strafing attacks of rocket-firing Thunderbolts, and the chemical warfare demonstrations better than some of the younger members of the group. And he came back from army briefings at Fort Knox to write for the syndicate papers some of the most revealing stories of combat training of the war.

Trips like this help break the quiet routine of E. P.'s home life. He shuns solitude, preferring always to be with people. One of his most sought pleasures each year is to plan the Eastern trip of his newspaper executives and their wives to the April meetings of the American Newspaper Publishers Association and The Associated Press in New York. E. P. is at his best as host on such expeditions. The syndicate party travels together to such functions, attends meetings as a group, dines together, thus emphasizing the fact that the Lee personnel are a family, not a mere management arrangement. It is this D'Artagnan spirit of "one for all, and all for one" that has made the Lee organization unique. "They're a great gang," he would say, "They work hard, and they play hard."

To E. P., his office is more than a business hide-out from which he can direct the affairs of his newspapers. To him it is a refuge and a sanctuary. He does not care whether the paneled walls are mahogany or oak, but he wouldn't be separated from his broad, roll-top desk. In it he can keep things "in apple-pie order." The architects and decorators who changed



*From this friendly, old rolltop desk in The Daily Times office E. P. watches over the problems of the Lee papers. Before him in desk compartments are the records of the papers, set down in his own handwriting in little leather bound books*

The Daily Times buildings through the years could modernize every other niche in the plant, but he wanted a big, friendly, old-fashioned desk.

More than that, he wants an office where he can look into the faces of "his men." Every office E. P. occupies becomes a picture gallery. From the walls the portraits of Lee publishers, associates, and friends look down on him and give his office an atmosphere of warmth and fellowship. Some pictures carry salutations and inscriptions, as the photographs of Adolph S. Ochs and Louis Wiley of The New York Times or Kent Cooper and Frank Noyes of The Associated Press. Here he feels surrounded by friends. Above all E. P. likes to lift his eyes now and then to see the likeness of A. W. Lee and Mrs. Lee and sense their spirit. It is to this office that the community has taken its plans and troubles for two generations.

Of the traits that typify E. P., the most characteristic is his passion for order. To him order is a fetish, like constantly being "on time," a way of life. Any time, any day, E. P. likes to feel that he can turn to his bureau drawers and find neckties, shirts, shoes, and accouterments in filing-cabinet order. All this probably harks back to lessons Mannie Adler learned as a printer when every piece of type had to be distributed in exactly the right box every evening.

E. P. seldom spends an evening without friends and neighbors. Joe and Ida Deutsch, his good neighbors and traveling companions for many years,

have helped him to maintain his homelife in Davenport. Until Joseph Deutsch's death in 1947, E. P. and Joe were walking companions each morning of the week. In his comfortable, paneled library, with the pictures of his family looking down upon him and the portrait of Disraeli on the opposite wall, E. P. has spent many a contented evening. The Rothschilds who live a few doors away are often with him. They have brought companionship and cheer into his home. The whole neighborhood, from 10-year old "Pat" Kelley to the oldest of the lot, are his "family." And close to him is William Landhauser, his driver for over 24 years, a steadfast friend.

In the evening of his thought, E. P. Adler can look back on not one but a cluster of careers: Publisher, banker, editor, civic builder, philanthropist, patron of the arts, and disciple of that broader faith the Prophet held high when he cried, "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?"

For E. P., life has been drama without end, a drama in which he has played all roles from printer to publisher. It is an epic that only the opportunities and the workings of democracy could create, for it was American democracy that lighted E. P.'s path and made his dreams come true.

The goals that E. P. Adler won were not gained by lightning strokes of genius, but by perseverance, straight thinking, and hard work. What he sought in the end was not the customary concomitants of success: Power, wealth, or political reward. These had and still have little appeal. Rather, always he has wanted to vindicate the faith that one man especially and many men had placed in him. His goal has been toward giving, rather than getting. And the greatest personal satisfaction which came from that climb was the affectionate regard of his own associates and the respect won in his craft.

The biographers of Meyer Amschul Rothschild recount how, in his last years at Frankfort, the old patriarch called together his sons and enjoined them to carry on the heritage of the House of Rothschild: To walk with dignity, to deal fairly, and to live with honor. That, too, was the code of Emanuel Philip Adler in his building of a great newspaper structure in the heart of the Middle West. It was a guiding star when beset by forces and prejudices which were prone to judge him by race and background instead of objectives. These rebuffs he accepted philosophically.

The man made some enemies, as he was bound to do, because he was constantly swimming against the tide. E. P. Adler grew in stature not so much by the few he failed to win, or the many he befriended in the course of his years, but by the lives he enriched. This is why the story of Mannie Adler is in reality the story of many lives.

That is the way A. W. Lee would have had it. It was one of the precepts he had underscored in Emerson's Essays: "What I must do is all that concerns me, not what people think." E. P. Adler hewed to that same line.

At 75, E. P. radiates the ruddy glow and inward satisfaction that comes from a rugged and useful life. Even at three-score and fifteen E. P. is not pausing to look back; he is still making plans. The day-to-day problems of the publishing world mean as much to him today as they did when he was fighting his way to the top.

In acknowledging a testimonial plaque at a civic dinner in Davenport E. P. spoke from the heart when he said:

"I am especially happy that through all these years I cannot remember ever having had a serious illness. Bill Hickey used to say on birthdays that 'the good Lord had his arm around him.' For the blessings of good health I have had I feel the good Lord has had both arms around me."

Don Allen, a staff writer for The Des Moines Register, sat in E. P.'s office one day gathering impressions for an article on "Davenport's Best Known Citizen." As they retraced the steps in his career of 62 years in the newspaper business Allen asked when he was going to take it easy.

"Retire? Why should I?" Adler countered. "I'd be the unhappiest man in the world."

Another glimpse of E. P. as he passed the meridian of 75 years comes from the notebook of War Correspondent Hal Boyle, the Ernie Pyle of the A. P. To the Associated Press Adler seemed to symbolize the things for which National Newspaper Week stood, so Boyle was sent to round out E. P.'s philosophy of the press for an interview that went on the transcontinental wires.

Expecting to find a mellow, tired newspaper man, Boyle was taken with the fact that E. P. Adler was "a small, peppery, white-haired publisher" who bristled with optimism for the future of the newspaper craft. The press, he declared, had a better life expectancy than its critics. At an age when most men live in the past, Hal Boyle found E. P.'s thought riveted on the future. He concluded that Adler was one dean of the small city newspaper field "who never wants to become dean emeritus."

Pleased, but not overwhelmed by the multitude of tributes to his career as one of Iowa's outstanding citizens at 75, E. P. had a ready, one-word answer for all who sought his success formula, perhaps the least popular word in the language:

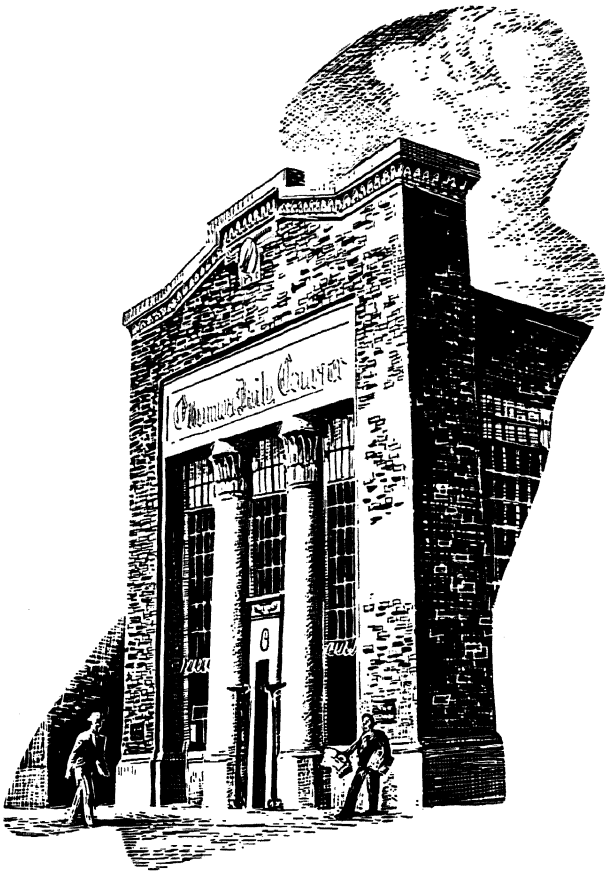
"Work. Work has been my most fun in life. It still is."

In moments of meditation, the man might reflect on the fortunate combination of circumstances that had watched over him. Foremost was a mother's intuition which took him away from the type cases in Ottumwa,

and the sacrifices which started him on the high road to a newspaper career. He could be thankful for the prescience of A. W. Lee who early recognized in him the resourcefulness and resilience on which he could count to round out his dream of a syndicate.

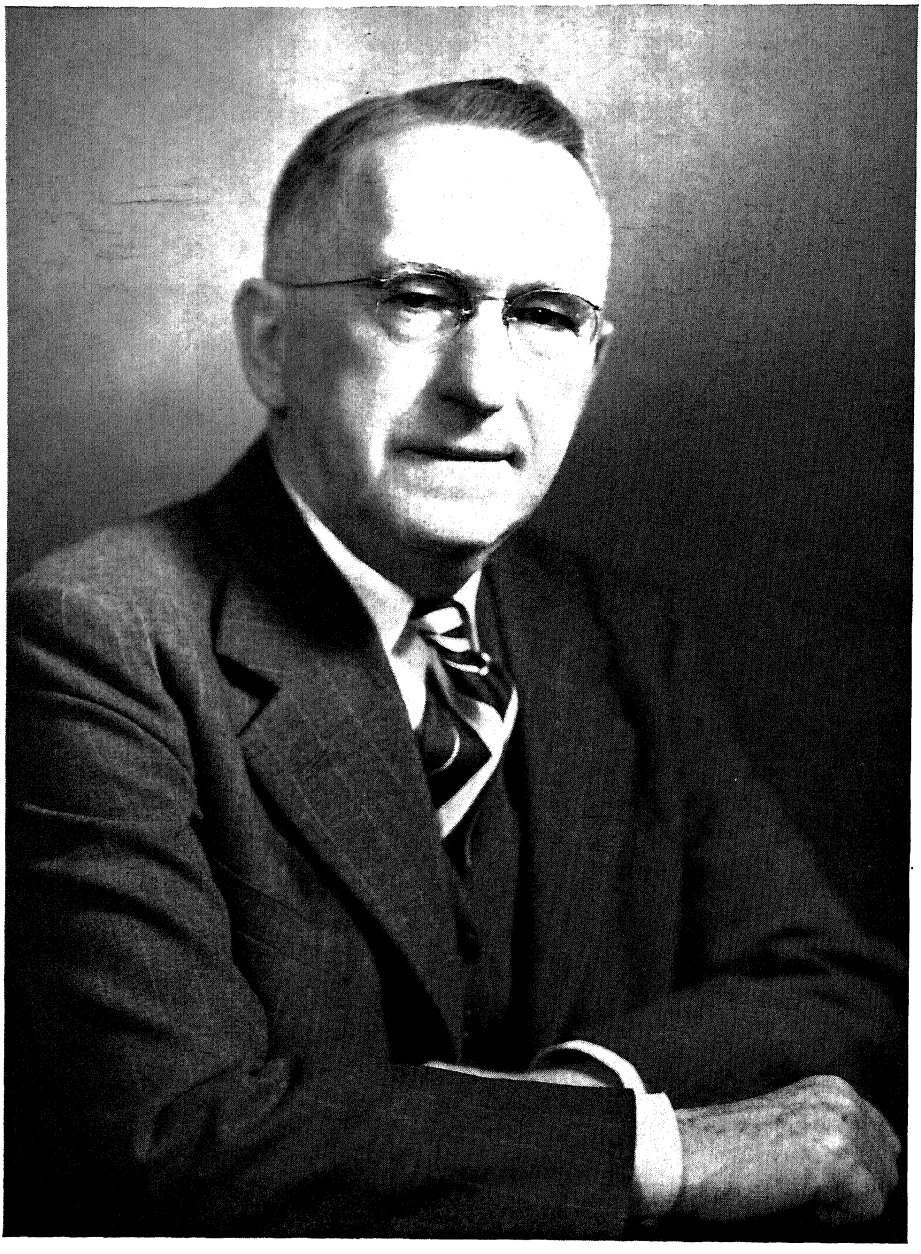
But, above all, E. P. could be grateful to those, his colleagues, who have stood at his side through the years, sharing and helping; for in them, as in the sons and grandsons of the syndicate, his spirit will carry on.

In their hands he will leave the loom of the future.




# 5. Ottumwa

Ottumwa Daily Courier



JOHN HUSTON

*Fifty years ago he started his newspaper career as a newsboy selling The Ottumwa Courier on the streets. Today he is the publisher of that Iowa daily newspaper*

# CHAPTER 5

# *The Ottumwa Courier*

## *THE PARENT NEWSPAPER*

THE MORNING OF AUGUST 8, 1848 DAWNED HOT AND SULTRY in the village of Ottumwa, Iowa. From the wooded hills to the north and east, from the riverland flats south and west, settlers prepared to "go to town." Ottumwa was arriving! R. H. Warden was going to issue his first paper, The Des Moines Courier.

Warden had come to Ottumwa the previous April from Wilmington, Ohio. His brother, Dr. C. C. Warden, had settled in Ottumwa when the hamlet was but two months old, on July 4, 1843, the first physician in the area. R. H., or Dick, visited him, found the climate suitable, and decided to make Ottumwa his home, too. Loading a Washington hand press and a few cases of type from The Clinton Republican at Wilmington on an Ohio River flatboat, he came down to the Mississippi, up river to Keokuk, and overland by oxen-drawn cart to Ottumwa.

All during the morning of August 8, 1848, people gathered outside the little windows of Warden's log building, the first Courier office. Skies became overcast. It grew hotter but the crowd was oblivious to the uncomfortable weather. They were there to see Warden "strike off" his first paper. They pushed so closely that Warden and his helper were scarcely able to see what they were doing in the dim light. Shortly after noon "she rolled." The Des Moines Courier was born. Hand over hand the papers went as curious eyes scanned the sheet. At the time, this was the farthest west of any newspaper between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Pioneers, glancing over the first number of the first paper published in Wapello County, in a critical sense, were forced to confess to a sense of

# Daily Evening Courier.

No. 1. OTTUMWA, WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 5, 1865. Price 5 cts.

EDWARD H. STILES,
**Attorney & Counselor at Law**
*And Solicitor in Chancery,*
Over Walker's store, opposite the Ottumwa House, Ottumwa, Iowa.
☞ Will very well promised to prosecute the claims for Bounty and back pay of soldiers, and all just claims against the Government. Charges moderate, and nothing unless claims are allowed.
E. H. STILES
Aug. 30, 1-tf.

J. T. HACKWORTH,
**ATTORNEY AT LAW**
**AND NOTARY PUBLIC.**
All professional business entrusted to him will be promptly attended to.
Special attention will be given to collections, examination of Titles and conveyancing.
☞ Office at Court House in Ottumwa, Iowa.
Ottumwa, Iowa, Oct. 29th, 1863. 22-15-y.

B. J. BOULTON,
BAKER AND CONFECTIONER
EAST STREET, FOUR DOORS EAST OF THE POTTER HOUSE
OTTUMWA, IOWA.
Machine Crackers and Confectionery of every variety at Wholesale and Retail.
Parties and Balls supplied on the shortest notice.
22-11—ch.8-12.

J. S. WALKER,
*Wholesale and Retail Dealer in*
**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,**
Clothing, Hardware, Queensware,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
GUM GOODS, FURS, NOTIONS, &c., &c.
Directly opposite the Ottumwa House
Front Street, OTTUMWA, Iowa.
Aug. 28, 1865—22 14-y

J. C. HINSEY, M. D.
☞ Office with M. J. Williams, Esq. Residence on the First north of the Court House.
April 21, 1864-b 16

OTTUMWA CARRIAGE FACTORY.

The undersigned would respectfully solicit the attention of the public to the facilities which he now possesses for manufacturing
*CARRIAGES AND WAGONS*
**From the Best Eastern Timber,**
Every description, after the most improved styles, as good as can be obtained East, and upon satisfactory terms.
Those wishing to purchase will please call and examine my stock.
☞ All kinds of repairing done with neatness and dispatch, and all work warranted as recommended.
A. BALDWIN.
Ottumwa, July 28, 1864.

E. R. CHANTRY,
**MERCHANT TAILOR,**
**Late with E. W. Betts.**
Has opened a shop over the First National Bank, on Front Street, where he will be glad to see his friends and the public in general, and is confident of giving complete satisfaction.
Jan. 5, 1865—y 1-y

DOCTOR W. L. ORR,
Late Surgeon of the 31st Iowa Volunteers.
Office over Dr. Worden's store. Residence on Second street, a few doors east of Col. Ellicott's.
Feb. 9, 1865 tf

BAKERY AND CONFECTIONARY.
P. C. DAUM,
Would announce to his old friends and the public generally, that he carries on the above business in all its branches,
*Next door to J. Hussey's Store,*
Front Street, OTTUMWA, IOWA.
Where he would be pleased to serve everybody in his line.
**MACHINE CRACKERS**
of all kinds, at Wholesale and Retail.
Jan. 5, 1865—12-16

SISSON & JOHNSTON,
DENTISTS.
OTTUMWA, - - - IOWA.
Office on Main opposite the Ottumwa House, up stairs. (Oct 27, 1864-y

TRACY & VANCLEVE,
General Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
MERCHANDISE,
Main Street, one door west of Taylor's Drug Store.
OTTUMWA, IOWA.
Oct. 13, 1864-6m

MORRIS J. WILLIAMS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OTTUMWA, IOWA.
☞ Office over E. W. Betts' Clothing Store.
March 26, 1865.

TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO.
*HARTFORD, CONN.*
Insures against
ACCIDENTS
Of every description.
CAPITAL, $500,000.
FIVE DOLLARS ANNUAL PREMIUM will insure $5,000 against loss of life occasioned by accident to *any public conveyance* by which the assured may at the time be traveling, *under the Travelers Risk Policy.*
TEN DOLLARS PREMIUM secures a policy for $5,000, and also $25 per week compensation for personal injury incapacitating the assured from his ordinary business—under the Travelers Risk.
TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS PREMIUM secures a full policy for $5,000, and $35 per week compensation for all and every description of accident, traveling or otherwise,—under a General Accident Policy.
Policies for $500, with $5 per week compensation, can be had for $2 per annum, or any other sum between $500 and $5,000 at proportionate rates.
Special and hazardous risks taken at special and reduced rates.
☞ No medical Examination required.
J. G. BATTELLE, Pres't.
RODNEY DENNIS, Sec'y.
HERBERT A. DYER, General Agent.
ROGERS & BOUNDY, Agents, Ottumwa.
March 9, 1865-6m

ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY!
**Panic Prices!**
J. G. MEEK,
At his stand next door to Ottumwa House, is opening New Goods, from New York and Chicago, embracing
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS,
SHOES, AND CLOTHING,
LAMPS, QUEENSWARE.
all of which shall be sold as low
*AS ANY HOUSE IN THE CITY.*
It continues to act upon the principle that it is the nimble sixpence which makes the fat fly.
FARMERS
can find sale at Meek's for nearly every thing they produce, and he has the means and facilities for
BUYING PRODUCE,
and for selling goods upon as good terms as any House in Ottumwa.
200 lbs Imperial and Young Hyson Teas cheap.
400 yds Hemp Ingrain and Rag Carpet.
☞ *Remember Meek's Cash Store.*
Dec23-64-40-tf.

LEATHER AND HARD-WARE STORE.
Manufacturers and Dealers in Leather, are respectfully notified of the fact that there is a first rate stock of
LEATHER,
of all kinds kept constantly on hand in Ottumwa.
Having the very best facilities for procuring large and well selected stocks, are confident this house cannot be surpassed in quality or cheapness of all articles in our line. Have a large stock of
*SADDLERY HARDWARE,*
AND SADDLES IN GREAT VARIETY
at Wholesale and Retail. A large assortment of
*Whips and Collars, Traces and Halter Chains, Curry Combs and Brushes, &c.*
Would also call attention to the fact that we are dealing extensively in
HIDES, PELTS, AND WOOL.
Those having such articles to sell in large or small lots can always depend on getting their value in cash.
D. M. CHAPIN, Agt.
Ottumwa, March, 11 1864.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL.
Corner of Court and Second Streets,
OTTUMWA, IOWA.
J. P. HALLOWAY,..... Proprietor.
Having purchased the above house, and fitted up the same in good style, I desire to say to the travelling public and citizens that I am fully prepared to entertain travelers and to accommodate boarders by the day or week.
A share of patronage solicited.
Jan. 16, 1865.

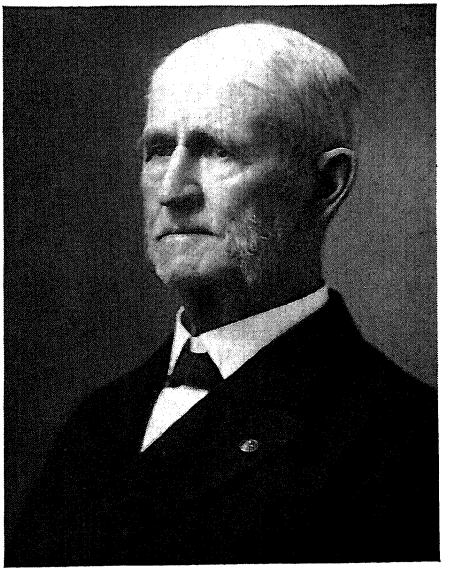
*The great interest in Ottumwa in the Civil War created a demand for a more up-to-date presentation of the news, and enabled The Weekly Courier to grow into a daily newspaper. This is copy of first daily front page, April 5, 1865*

disappointment. In a new country, with appliances and conveniences of only the primitive sort, and without an established exchange list, it was but natural to look for something amusingly crude, and to expect a zest of the half-civilized in its content and make-up. Instead, here was a newspaper bearing the stamp of thorough ease in its arrangement, decided in tone. True, it was composed largely of clippings from other publications but they were of the best character, wholly lacking in the savage and unfinished features which often mark the products of pioneer enterprise.

The Courier began its existence as an advocate of Zachary Taylor and Millard Fillmore for President and Vice President. It was warm in its championship. An editorial was given over to "river improvement," arguing that "a speedy completion of this work is of the most vital importance to the future growth and prosperity of this part of the state." However, time proved it was the railroads that would make markets for Ottumwa.

The election was touched on in this issue. Announcement was made that the whole Whig ticket in Wapello County had been defeated by a majority of from 57 to 90, but the editor felt it was done by "unfair means." By examining the census returns he found that there were a great many more votes polled in the county than there were voters, and concluded that these must have been "imported by the 'locos' from other counties." The advertisements in this first issue show that corn was selling from 15 to 16 cents a

R. H. WARDEN
*Courier's founder, he brought first press, type by boat and ox cart in 1848*



MAJOR A. H. HAMILTON
*Editor in 1869, later owner of property, he sold the paper to A. W. Lee in 1890*

*In the nearly 100 years of its history, The Ottumwa Courier has occupied six different homes. Each move was to a bigger and better equipped building. This modern plant, which was built in 1921, is a memorial to Publisher A. W. Lee*

bushel; wheat 50 to 55 cents; bacon and ham, 3 cents a pound; butter 7 to 10 cents; eggs were 6 to 7 cents a dozen; potatoes 15 to 20 cents a bushel.

In the second number of The Courier, the leading editorial welcomed home the returned volunteers "from the bloody scenes in Mexico." The proceedings of the Buffalo convention, in which Martin Van Buren was nominated for President and Charles Francis Adams for Vice President, were given in detail with sharp editorial comment. The attention of the citizens of Davis, Wapello, and Keokuk Counties was called to the importance of petitioning Congress or the postmaster general for establishment of a mail route from Bloomfield, in Davis County, via Soap Creek settlement, Ottumwa, and Dahlonega, to Lancaster, in Keokuk County. The distance was 25 miles but often three days were required to get the mail through. The Courier contended one day should be sufficient.

In the issue of September 8, 1848, announcement was made that the dams and locks on the Des Moines River had been put under contract as far as

Ottumwa. Mention was made also in this number of the damage done to wheat by wet weather and a great scarcity of barns. The wheat sprouted in the shock and Editor Warden urged upon farmers the necessity of more commodious barn accommodations.

On October 27, 1848, The Courier told of having received several copies of The Daily Hawk-Eye from Burlington, and complimented it as "a great convenience as it gives the most important news by telegraph, which is now extended to Burlington."

The spring of 1849 brought an exciting topic before the people, the departure of numbers of men to California, lured by the glitter of fabulous amounts of gold. Warden expressed the hope that "everybody would not leave." He said this as he took note of the Methodist Church which had obtained a number of pledges for a new building, only to find those who had signed had gone West without paying and construction had to wait.

The year 1849 brought to the community J. W. Norris, son of shoemaker S. S. Norris, who had come from New Hampshire in 1845. Young Norris, who had achieved a reputation as a lawyer and writer, left Chicago early in 1849 with a party of California gold seekers. At Ottumwa he halted for a brief visit with his father. Never of robust health, and already tired of the adventure, he decided to quit the caravan and settle in Iowa. For his new location he chose Eddyville, a promising town. There he founded The Eddyville Press, first in the village. Six years later he purchased an interest in The Des Moines Courier of Ottumwa and moved to Ottumwa, combining editorship of the paper with the practice of law. At once the columns of The Courier took on a new note with a distinctly literary flavor. The paper was widely quoted.

The outside press, to avoid confusing it with the new settlement at Raccoon Forks known as Des Moines, began referring to the newspaper as The Ottumwa, rather than The Des Moines Courier. Editor Norris, quick to recognize merit, on January 1, 1857, changed the name to The Ottumwa Courier, and The Ottumwa Courier it has remained.

The Courier staunchly supported the Whigs, and later the Republicans. All through the trying Civil War period it cheered, stimulated, and comforted the people by its wholesome editorial policy. In the month of September, 1860, a memorable Lincoln rally was held, up to that time the most spectacular event in Ottumwa history. For two whole days and nights it continued. Thousands came. Hotels and boarding houses were swamped. Many private homes were opened. Camps were set up around the town to care for the overflow. The ferries were inadequate to transport those from the south and a temporary bridge, Ottumwa's first, was thrown across the river. The foundation of the bridge consisted of farm wagons, towed out

Ottumwa Daily Co

43d Year | OTTUMWA, IOWA, TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 1, 1890. |

gave

e Pant Suits

T.

ales of this
i us that
eciated,
y

April 5th,

IVE

g Pant Suits

E

rears of age at greatly
e day
1.75 worth double
2.50 worth double
4.50 worth double

ere Suits, each
below value

Interest
over.
e largest in
he cheapest.

and Stiff Hats

SON,

LIGHT,

HOUSE

EN STREETS

Please!

per yard.

A. H. HAMILTON, Editor and Proprietor

THE LEAVE-TAKING.

August 1st, 1889, I bought a half interest in the COURIER, the lamented General J. M. Hedrick being my partner, and owning the other half interest. We continued together as proprietors and editors until January 1st, 1878, when I bought the other half interest and continued up to the present, the sole proprietor and editor. I have therefore been twenty years and nine months giving my views and thoughts to the COURIER readers and for twelve years and three months have been alone responsible for its editorial columns.

I regard the family newspaper as a most potent teacher. I believe, judging from my own experience in life, from youth to manhood, that there is no teacher outside the home circle more powerful for good or ill than the newspaper. As I now recall my own boyhood days I feel confident that aside from the guidance of my parents I know of no other one thing that so gave bent and tone to my mind as the reading of the old volcano newspaper which for many years under one management came into my boyhood home. Now in these days of wonderful advance in the production, circulation and cheapness of newspapers, their power in the land as educators and moulders of public sentiment is incomparable. I believe, therefore, that in no other avocation in life is there need of abler, more courageous, true men, than there is in those who control and teach through the press of the land. Papers edited and conducted to make money, at the expense of principle and sound teaching, are an incalculable source of evil, because of the widespread influence they exert. In the press of the country, I believe, lies, to a very great extent, the fate of the state and nation.

I have had the support and friendship of a host of COURIER readers, during my connection with the paper. I thank them heartily. I part with these patrons as editor and publisher with regret. I shall never forget their favors and kindness. My reasons for retiring I need not state and will only say, it is not because of want of support, or because of want of faith and complete confidence in the triumph of the principles I have advocated, or because of any want of confidence in the future which awaits the COURIER, nor indeed from any desire to put off the editorial harness or lighting for the principles of the noble party into which I entered as a school boy. Looking the ground over I have simply concluded that it is best for me and those dearest to me to dispose of the paper.

I don't believe in reviewing and discussing the record I have made as editor and teacher. I can only hope it may have the best interest of home and state by far the largest amount has been for the good of those affected thereby. If I have written in the use of strong language; if I have expressed myself potsitively of any person, or of any measure, or of any conduct of a public or private nature, I have tried as far as in me lies, to bear no malice, and certainly I bear none now. I have written vigorously often in the use of strong language, simply because, whether right or wrong, I thought it best to use such language to awaken public sentiment. The record is made, and others now and hereafter are better judges of it than the author. I could not but feel an interest into whose hands I placed the COURIER. It

There was never a more wanton disregard of proper judicial punishment for crime than has been meted out by a judge of New York City in sentencing Sheriff Flack of that city and his coworkers in crime. His and their offenses were of the most heinous character. But he was a leading member in the Tammany crowd and the judge only sentences him to two months in jail and fines him $500. The sentence bears no comparison to his crimes. In this case "offenses gilded hand shoves by justice." In that great city where a democratic majority of from fifty to seventy-five thousand reigns and controls affairs, exists the most corrupt and rotten government on the face of the earth.

Take out of national elections such corrupting sinks of iniquity and a national triumph for democracy would be an utter impossibility. In the name of democracy that party is simply a mighty menace on free government and our national existence, nearly as much now as it was when the solid southern portion of it was in arms to establish the confederacy.

MAJOR LACEY'S WORK.
Bloomfield Republican.

Our present member of congress from the Sixth district is a man who works. He has introduced more practicable and important bills than any other new member. It generally takes some time for a new member to learn the methods, but Mr. Lacey seems to have "caught on" at once and went right to work. The following are the titles of some of the bills he has introduced, and the very titles show their practical importance:

1. "A bill to prevent the contraction of the currency and to provide for the re-placement of the national bank currency with U. S. notes, and to limit the amount of national bank circulation."

2. "A bill to terminate and cancel letters patent for inventions, in cases of general public importance."

3. "A bill to amend the pension laws and repealing the limitation acts in pension claims."

4. "A bill to prohibit interstate trusts and trade conspiracies."

5. "A bill to amend the pension laws as to evidence."

The purpose of this bill is to allow enlisted men to have the same weight in evidence as commissioned officers. A very important and just measure.

6. "A bill for the protection of the lives of persons working the mines in the territories."

7. "A bill to amend the national election laws."

8. "A bill to declare forfeited all the uncarned railroad grants."

This is only a partial list of the bills introduced by Mr. Lacey. They have all been read twice and referred to the proper committees for examination and in due course of time will be reported back to the house for further action. Mr. Lacey is doing his duty. He knows how to prepare a bill that is practicable and to the point. Then he has the necessary amount of ability to press them to the attention of the house. For a number of years the Sixth district has been represented by a man who made a great deal of noise and blowing, but did little work. This is reversed now and the people will hear something besides noise from Mr. Lacey. If the people of the Sixth district see fit to keep him in congress as long as they did that bag of wind—Gen. Weaver, he will become one of the leaders in the house and make a record of which the people of this district will be proud.

AMUSEMENTS.

Do not forget to see Peggy and Her Wardrobe, at the new opera house, April 8th.

The greatest actress on the American stage today. Tickets on sale at Sargent's, beginning Wednesday April 2, at

Japanese napkins at Worcester's. tf

Get your pictures framed at Rheem's.

Money to loan on real estate security at 7 per cent interest. dwtf O.M. LADD.

Burton & Jaques have removed their law office to 107 North Court street. 3

See those Boy's Unhundried Shirts for 43c at the 5c Store. dtf

Mrs. Briggs has just returned from Chicago with a fine large stock of millinery. 2[illegible]

For nice dry stove wood, oak and hickory chunks. Call on us.
2 dtf OTTUMWA FUEL CO.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and canker mouth. Sold at People's Drug Store.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. Sold at People's Drug Store.

No shams about our closing out sale. Everything must go and all goes at bargain. Don't fail to see us before buying. dawtf. ELKINGTON'S.

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by People's Drug Store.

*New Carpets, new Carpets—in Extra Super, Tapestry and Body Brussels. These goods are selling at very low prices at*
A. D. MOSS'.

Rand McNally & Co's Atlas of the World, latest edition, for sale by Taylor & Co., at $1.25 a volume to close them out. Call and get one before they are all sold. dawtf

Phil Zaring enlarged his green house last fall and now has it well stocked with plants for the spring trade at reasonable prices. Give him a call at 615 W. Mill street. 1

The concert Thursday night will not be without instrumental music. Miss Lewis, who has such a large class in mandolin and guitar instruction, has kindly consented to give two selections upon the guitar. This will add a pleasing feature to the program.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Wanted, For Rent, For Sale, Lost, Found Removed, etc.

FOR RENT—Store room, No. 806 E. Main street, next to Novelty Book store. Enquire of Jos. Sullivan, 322 E. Fifth street. tf

FOR RENT.—The building, corner of Court and Main, now occupied by Ottumwa Baggy Co. Apply 309 E. Fifth street. ORIA LAWRENCE.

ORIAL HOMES—100 city lots for sale on monthly payment plan. No down payment. A. C. LEIGHTON. 3 14 6m

FOR RENT—Large front room, furnished, good wardrobe. Prefer man and wife or young men for tenants. Terms reasonable. Call at 208 E Fourth St. tf

FOR RENT—10 rooms, altogether or separately; corner of Second and Jefferson street. Inquire at No. 116 North Jefferson street. m25tf

FOR RENT—4 room house between Wapello and Fifth streets. 21 dtf O. E. MCCARMEL.

Attention!

We handle the best grades of hard coal in the market, all sizes, including No. 4. Our coal is screened and is guaranteed to give satisfaction. We keep on hand a full assortment of kind wood, dry stove wood, hickory chunks, etc.
22 dtf OTTUMWA FUEL CO.

Summer Opening

and Easter display of pattern hats, and all the latest millinery novelties will take place Thursday, April 3d, and continue during the week at Mrs. L. T. Briggs, 304 East Main St. 29 3d.

Fuel.

I have a complete stock of all the best grades of fuel in the market. All grades

MORE
WIDEAWA
Than Eve

Our full line o
New Boys and C
The Purchases a
ever before, and the

If any Boys, big o
MODEL
this season, it will b
have not looked int

Unapproachable Stock

To enable every boy
BRAND NE
We begin today a TE
For this week only.

Chil
AGES 4
Worsted Suits...
Union Cassimere Suit

Over 800 Suits in t
which we can duplica
Some few of last s
YOUR

FC
New Hats

Handsomes

J. B. SA

FU

*An important date in the history of The Lee Newspapers was April 1, 1890, when Major A. H. Hamilton announced the sale of The Ottumwa Courier, the first of the group to A. W. Lee. City was told of sale in this issue of the Ottumwa paper*

into the river and anchored. Upon this base a broad-plank walk was laid. In the evening of the second day all marching clubs and bands united in a parade. Up and down they marched, back and forth, between masses of cheering, hysterical people.

On an April day in the spring of 1861, a group sat on a bench in front of Erasmus Washburn's tin shop. Down the street came Dick Warden on the run. Pausing for a moment, he shouted:

"They've taken Fort Sumter and hell's broke loose!"

Warden continued down the street, crying the news. Quickly the town took on life. Men appeared from doorways, side streets. Little knots of people gathered on corners, in front of stores. Young John Hedrick came out of his store with a flag, nailed it over the door. The editor, addressing the public meeting which soon formed, read the dispatch from President Lincoln to Governor Kirkwood asking for troops to suppress the insurrection. Resolutions were passed pledging full support to the Union. People fell in line and paraded. They stopped to cheer those displaying flags. A great crowd gathered in front of The Courier office. Norris made a speech. After marching through the town again, they dispersed at The Courier office.

Eventually came Appomattox. This punctuation point in human affairs was watched closely by Ottumwans through the issues of The Courier. As events tumbled over one another toward the climax of the war's end, The Courier began issuing every day. Thus was born The Ottumwa Daily Courier, April 5, 1865.

Then came Good Friday. People filled the churches. In the evening a group gathered to discuss the events of the nation. Dick Warden was in the service of his country. Norris and others were chatting when word came that Lincoln had been shot. The community was plunged into mourning. The Courier issued a special edition, with heavy black borders.

First in Ottumwa to accept the challenge of Sumter was John M. Hedrick. For conspicuous bravery at Shiloh, Vicksburg, and Atlanta, where he was grievously wounded and left for dead, he was made a general. On his return to Ottumwa he took up newspaper work, becoming editor of The Courier. This position he relinquished in a few years because of the pressure of other business. Hedrick was postmaster and collector of internal revenue; he promoted the building of the Milwaukee railroad from Cedar Rapids to Ottumwa, built the first street railway in Ottumwa, and laid out numerous additions in the city.

Augustus H. Hamilton, a lawyer, born on the site of the present city of Cleveland, Ohio, in 1827, had emigrated to Iowa in the middle '50s, settling in Ottumwa. Enlisting for service with the Union, he served with the Army

IRA F. DOWNING
*First Courier job was as a carrier boy. Now he serves as assistant manager*

CLARENCE S. JOHNSTON
*Managing editor since 1924, he has a good record of service to city and state*

of the Southwest, and returned with the rank of major. Finding the law field well filled, he assumed the position of editor of The Courier in 1869. In 1878 he became sole proprietor, continuing as such until 1890 when he sold to A. W. Lee.

From its first issue, The Courier upheld the dignified power of the basic trio, home, church, and school. The erection of each log cabin was recorded in its columns, as were the succeeding frame, brick, and stone residences. From the day the first school was opened in 1850 down to current, modern educational structures serving the community, the newspaper has supported rightful education. To the church, irrespective of race, color, or creed, The Courier has given support. That was the policy when the first circuit riders and missionaries came to the struggling hamlet; that is the policy now.

So it has been with transportation. September 1, 1859, was a gala day in Ottumwa. After months, even years of waiting, the old Burlington & Missouri River "train of cars" chugged in from the east. Plank roads, it had been argued, were more equitable. They brought no element of disorder, frightening animals, endangering life and limb. And the river! Railroads never could live where there was adequate water transportation.

But the railroad idea would not down. The more it was argued against, the more persistent it became. In January, 1852, went out Ottumwa's first call for a railroad rally. This summons, published in the columns of The

Des Moines Courier, bore the signatures of Editor Warden and many others. The meeting was held as advertised. The band played, orators orated. There was a parade. Seven years later it bore fruit.

In 1864, Peter G. Ballingall completed and opened the new hotel he had been building for some time on the site of Ottumwa's "One Horse Tavern." Thenceforth, until his death in 1891, the names of Ballingall and Ottumwa were linked in as close an association as ever existed. No Iowan of his day was more in the public eye than Peter G. Ballingall.

Many others came to Ottumwa in the years closely following the Civil War whose names and deeds are imbedded in the present. In 1865, J. B. Sax came from Bavaria to clerk in the clothing store of his half-brother, Charles Sax. Shortly, young Sax was in business for himself. Thenceforth, until his passing in 1922, the name of J. B. Sax was inseparably bound with the growth and prosperity of Ottumwa.

In that same year of the war's closing, J. G. Hutchison, a former captain in the Army of the Potomac, moved to Ottumwa from Des Moines where he had recently settled. He became interested, with two young men, Allen Johnston and Will T. Major, in attempting to manufacture and market a sewing machine device. From that, there grew one of the outstanding

*Department heads, left to right: Publisher Huston; Cleo Meisters, advertising; Ira Downing, business; F. Hyatt, Jr., circulation; Clarence Johnston, editor; Howard W. Lee, composing room; Al Efner, city editor; Emil Voss, press and stereotype*

Ottumwa manufacturing plants of its day, the Johnson Ruffler Works. J. G. Hutchison did more. Returning from a business trip to Europe, he met aboard ship a young Englishman, Thomas D. Foster, representative of the English provision house of John Morrell & Company. Out of this chance meeting, through "salesmanship of Ottumwa" as the site of an American plant, grew the present Morrell Company, meat packers, fifth largest in the nation and the world's first-ranking independent packers.

The list of these stalwarts who were potent in shaping the destinies of the Ottumwa of today is long. Timothy Egan, Capt. S. H. Harper, William Daggett, J. W. Edgerly, J. T. Hackworth, A. G. Harrow, and Capt. Sam B. Evans were only a few.

The Democratic party, shattered by war, began to take shape again. Sam Evans was a Democrat and remained one, even when it required courage. Evans, in the vernacular of the day, wielded a trenchant pen. He operated The Ottumwa Sun and later The Independent. Before the war he started a paper, The Mercury, resumed its editorship on return, sold it, and founded The Democrat. He wrote a colorful page in Ottumwa history.

In 1878, new money was put into a small starch mill which had been manufacturing for local needs since 1866. The increased output found a ready market. Soon Ottumwa "Lily" cornstarch was tickling the palates, and Ottumwa "Lily" gloss starch was stiffening the petticoats of the world.

A small iron foundry grew to the present Ottumwa Iron Works, products of which go over the world. Linseed oil mills flourished, making Ottumwa southeastern Iowa's most important flax-grinding center.

The dream of the Appanoose Rapids Co., commissioners in the founding days for harnessing the power of the Des Moines River, came true in 1877. As far back as 1874, a public meeting was held to consider the subject. Editor Hamilton of The Courier was a leader. December 27, 1877, was a great day for Ottumwa. The water power project was completed. While a huge crowd looked on, the first gate was opened, the wheels began to revolve.

Man plans and man builds, but a power greater than man makes final disposition. A changing world renders the most pretentious undertakings obsolete. Today's perfection becomes tomorrow's debris. Steam outmoded water power. One by one the industries built about Ottumwa's power canal vanished. The flax fields moved westward, the linseed oil mills stopped grinding. Political tinkers in Washington sent other works into oblivion. A huge corporation eliminated Ottumwa as a starch industry production point. Women, grown weary of ruffles and flounces, kicked their way out into the world, and the ruffler company quit business. Finally, the canal served only to supply the city with water, and even this lasted but a short

time. A new giant was moving across the surface of the earth, electric energy.

When John C. Osgood, head of the famous White Breast Fuel Corp., decided to organize his Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., he chose two Ottumwa men, D. C. Beaman and E. G. Tisdale, to assist in the undertaking. In compensation for Ottumwa's loss, Osgood gave to Ottumwa Tom Phillips. Henceforth and until his death in 1922, Tom Phillips moved across Ottumwa's page as the city's most colorful character after Peter G. Ballingall and Stormy Jordan.

Tom Phillips was first elected mayor of Ottumwa in 1897 and for a time seemed to have a perpetual lease on the office. Through turbulent times he served, beloved by many, disliked by many. He always fought in the open. He was a product of his day and his time.

Stormy Jordan for years operated his "Corn Exchange," known far and wide, with its saloon on the first floor, gambling house above. People waited in line for both. With prohibition, he left Ottumwa, returning at the modification of the law. But the old period was going, or gone. Few

*A chance shipboard acquaintance on a European trip brought many years of prosperous industrial life to Ottumwa. J. G. Hutchison's enthusiasm interested a Morrell Company agent, and gave Iowa a world-known meat packing institution*

of his cronies were left. A generation had grown up which knew him not. Gradually, he faded out of the picture, a forgotten man.

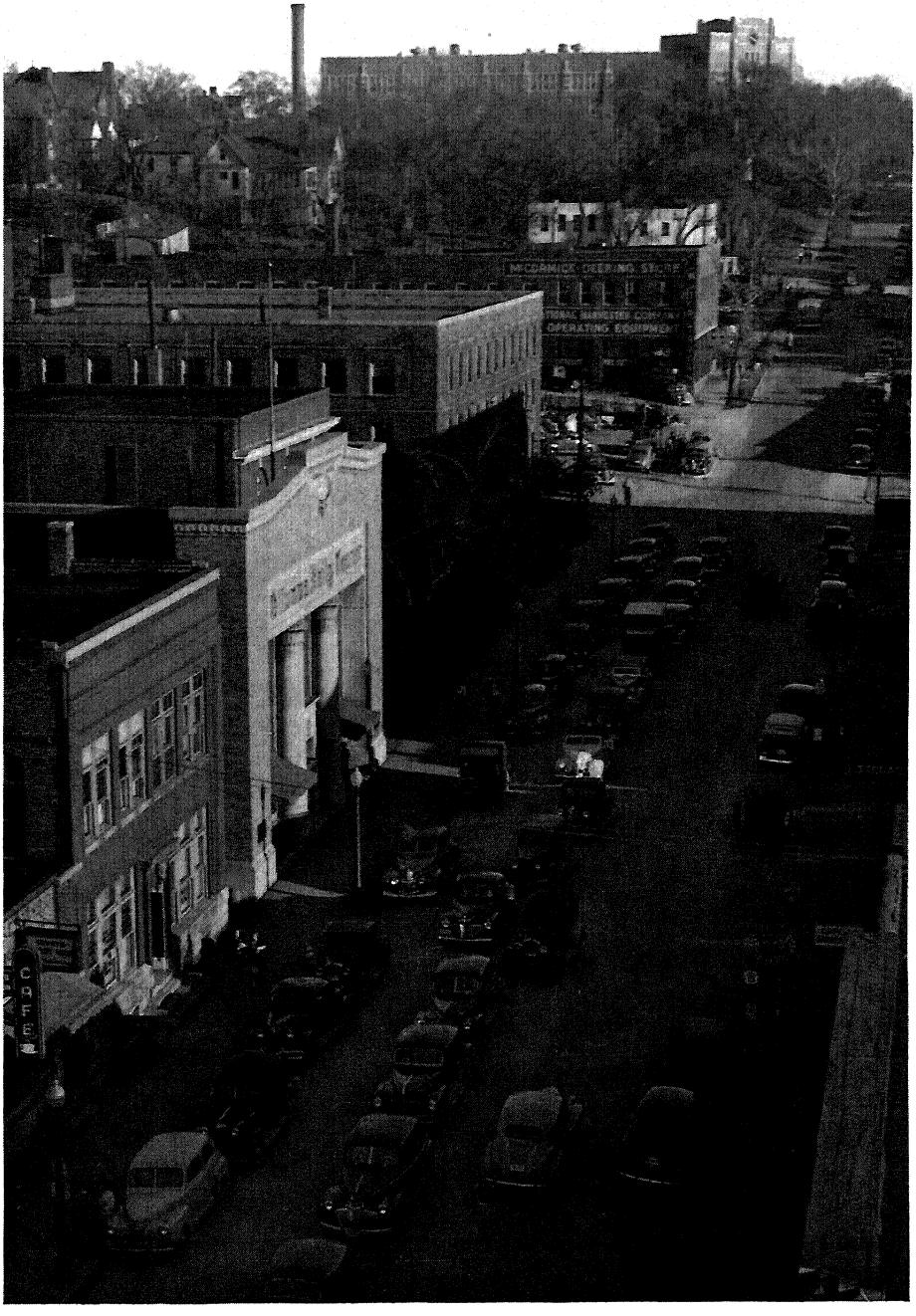
With the 1880s came a tremendous development in southern Iowa coal mining. Railroads pushing toward the Missouri River regarded the Iowa fields as their principal source of supply, most of them operating their own mines. All over the Ottumwa district mines and mining camps found root, new towns sprang into being; those already established took on metropolitan airs. Of these, Ottumwa was the acknowledged capital, The Courier their newspaper. Coal mining attracted many men of ability and left a strong impress on Ottumwa life and character. H. L. Waterman and Henry Phillips were two who acquired fame in this field.

Coal interests of the area and the vast deposits known to exist, prompted businessmen of Ottumwa, with The Courier in the vanguard, to advertise the facts to the world. They obtained, by subscriptions, more than $20,000 with which a palace of coal was built near the union depot. On September 16, 1890, the Ottumwa Coal Palace opened its doors. A castle of Byzantine type, veneered with coal, it housed many exhibits. Within its walls was a completely equipped coal mine in miniature. Visitors came by the thousands. On October 9, 1890, President Benjamin Harrison was a guest of the city and spoke at the Coal Palace. To commemorate this event, The Courier issued a special edition, distinctive copies of which were printed on silk. In the years to follow, President McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, and William Howard Taft visited Ottumwa; their presence was marked likewise with widespread publicity through the columns of The Courier.

While The Courier always was to be found in the front ranks of promoting good things for its community, it was zealous also in being on guard against those schemes which would not accrue to the benefit of the people as a whole.

In the fall of 1881, J. B. Briscoe announced he had discovered gold in Bear Creek, a tributary of the Des Moines River. Syndicates were formed, land values skyrocketed, people flocked in. Assays proved the mineral worthless and many were left sadder by their experience. Major Hamilton, editor of The Courier, consistently discouraged the craze through his newspaper. It was his belief from the beginning that there was not a grain of gold in Bear Creek.

An army of discontented men, tramps, and adventurers, entered Iowa from Nebraska and other western states in the spring of 1894. They were on their way to Washington to demand better economic conditions. There were about 1,000 of them, under the command of Charles T. Kelley, who assumed the title of "general." By numbers and threats, rather than acts of violence, they terrorized communities into giving them subsistence.




*A visitor finds Ottumwa a thriving and pleasant community. The business area is a scene of activity, streets are lined with many trees, and the homes surrounded by well-kept lawns and gardens. There are many attractive public buildings*

From Des Moines they floated down the river in a makeshift fleet. When they reached Eddyville they were met by a delegation of Ottumwa citizens, the mayor, and Courier representatives. General Kelley addressed the following:

"To the citizens of Ottumwa: Desiring to give my men a day in which to rest and clean up a bit, and desiring not to appear improvident, I have requested Mr. Harry Lesan of The Courier to ask for 75 pounds of coffee and a quantity more of meat. Also to ask the tobacconists for such smoking and chewing tobacco as you can consistently give."

The "army" arrived in Ottumwa May 14, 1894. Camping below the city, the publicity the men had been given in The Courier drew throngs. More money was appropriated for food before they finally set sail on down the Des Moines to Keokuk. Eventually fragments of the "army" arrived in Washington. There sturdy Grover Cleveland paid no attention to them other than to warn them to keep off the grass, and the movement collapsed.

The Coal Palace period marked the end of an epoch. Puritan civilization,

*An airplane view of Ottumwa's hustling industrial and business community. Meat packing constitutes the city's biggest industry. This picture shows the railroad yards and a section of the Des Moines River, which brought disaster to the city in 1947*

which had nurtured Anglo-Saxon culture since the dark ages, was approaching dissolution. Lusty young rivals were arising. It marked also the end of individualism in industry. An ever-widening perspective was bringing problems, with the new century, too complex for the single mind to assimilate, or solve. A fresh era was at hand. The dream of Ottumwa as "the Lowell of the West" may have been short of rounded-out realization, but other projects took their active places.

Out of an Avery mining camp, years before, had come Martin Hardsocg to invent and lay foundations for plants of today, bearing his name and turning out a variety of mining and other tools. Up from Carrollton, Mo., had come Joseph Dain at the turn of the century. He began a factory in Ottumwa which has become a great subsidiary of John Deere Plow Co., in the making of all types of farming equipment; likewise the Janney plant, which flourished for years.

Politically, the newspaper has adhered to the principles of Republicanism, as did the founder with his affiliation and support of the Whigs. In the 1914 campaign Gov. George W. Clarke advocated an extension of the capitol grounds at Des Moines. The Courier opposed it and backed John W. Rowley of Keosauqua as the standard-bearer of the opposition. He was defeated in the primary, Clarke re-elected, and the grounds extended.

Good roads became a strong issue in Iowa in 1925 and, from the first, The Courier conducted a heavy campaign for paving the highways in Wapello County. Bond issues carried; the roads were paved. Bridging facilities, particularly over the railroad tracks on the main routings to the south side of Ottumwa, long had been inadequate and The Courier for years worked with the city administration in solving this problem. Finally, in 1936, a $600,000 bridge and viaduct, surmounting tracks and river, was opened. A special edition of The Courier marked the occasion. Likewise, a Morrell edition in 1927 observed the first 100 years of the company's existence and 50 years in America. There was a special edition again when the United States Naval Air Station was opened in March, 1943.

The establishment of the naval station altered community life as much as any other one movement. To a strictly "land lubber" area in the midst of 1,400 acres of Iowa cornfields, came this $15,000,000 development. From the first, relations were pleasant between town and station. The name Ottumwa, through the thousands of men the navy trained here, has been carried to far points of the world.

Nearing the century mark, The Courier looks back on a variety of domiciles in a variety of locations. The first issue of August 8, 1848, was printed in a log building near the river on what is now Commercial Street. The population of the village was about 300.

*During last World War, the United States Navy spent more than $15,000,000 in conversion of many flat Iowa corn fields into a great naval air-training station at Ottumwa. Thousands of American boys received their inland naval schooling here*

Eighteen years later, in 1866, Gen. J. M. Hedrick, returning from the Civil War to become editor, was appointed postmaster. He moved the newspaper office to a building on East Second Street, a site now occupied by the Hotel Ottumwa. The post office was in the front, The Courier office at the rear of the building. In January, 1878, Maj. A. H. Hamilton bought General Hedrick's interest in The Courier which had, meanwhile, been moved to South Court Street. This was at the rear of what is now the Ford Hopkins Drug Store, and for many years was the location of the old Ottumwa Savings Bank.

A. W. Lee bought the paper in 1890. In a few years it had outgrown its home, and was moved to the Leighton Building on South Market Street, now the site of the Penney store. Moving began after publication time on the afternoon of July 3, 1898. The plan was to utilize the holiday to get settled in the new location. Then came news of the naval battle of Santiago Bay. Housecleaning was sidetracked. The first issue in its new office was printed on the Fourth of July.

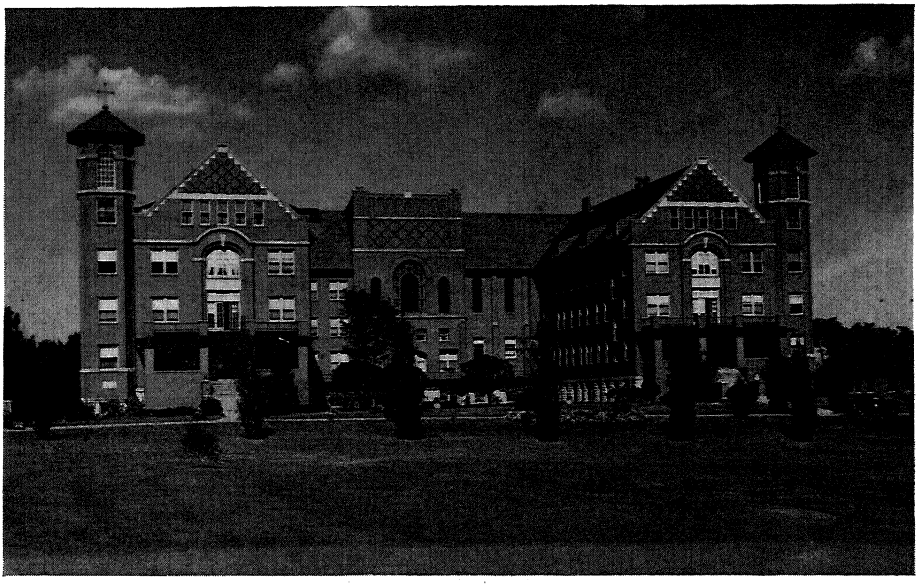
Five years later further growth made another move necessary. Land was bought on Second Street between Court and Market, and a two-story brick and stone building was erected. The first issue was printed there in Novem-

ber, 1903. When new, this building was one of the most modern newspaper plants in Iowa, but time and growth again caught up with The Courier. More room was needed. In April, 1920, work was started on a site purchased from the old Wapello Club on East Second between Market and Green Streets. On February 28, 1921, the first papers rolled off the press in the new home. The starting button was pushed by Mrs. Charlotte Warden Kough, granddaughter of R. H. Warden, the founder.

This modern newspaper plant is a monument to the thought, planning, and work of the late James F. Powell, who was publisher when it was built. The cost was $200,000, and was dedicated as a memorial to A. W. Lee.

The story of the modern Ottumwa Courier is the story of a number of strong men. First there was A. W. Lee, who bought the paper in 1890 and made it the foundation stone on which the entire group of papers bearing his name was erected. Then there was E. P. Adler, who became head of the group after Lee's death. The story of these two men is told earlier in this volume, but their importance to Ottumwa, and Ottumwa's importance to them, cannot be minimized.

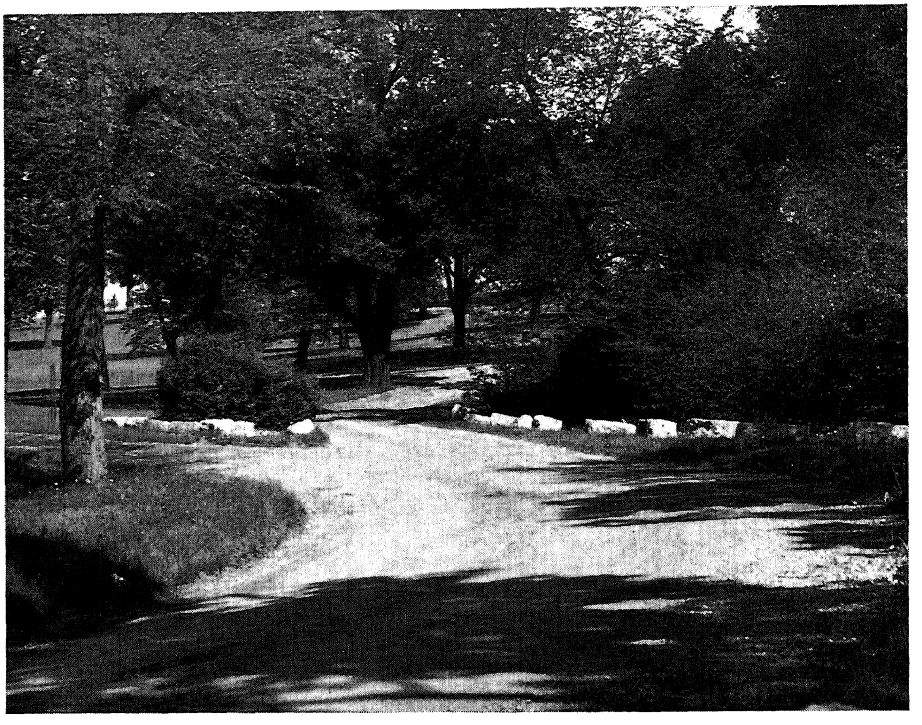
Then there is the story of James F. Powell, who carried out the Lee tradition in Ottumwa, and, as vice president of all the newspapers, was for many years a strong right arm to E. P. Adler.



*Ottumwa Heights College is a junior college and academy for girls, and brings a fine type of educational life to the city of Ottumwa. Founded first as St. Joseph's academy, it has been developed and operated by Catholic sisters as a private school*

Jim Powell was born at Harrington, Delaware, August 16, 1868. His father, Dr. C. C. Powell, had served as a physician with the Union army, a record not generally appreciated by members of his wife's Southern family. In 1876, the Powell family moved to the Little Egypt area around Cairo, Illinois, where the doctor established a busy, but not too lucrative, practice. In 1883, Dr. and Mrs. Powell and their children, James, Hall, and Alberta moved to Ottumwa where they established their home in a small frame house still standing. Here Dr. Powell practiced medicine for 18 years until his premature death from tetanus.

The boyhood of Jim Powell was typical of a youngster's life in a new country. As his family pursued the rapidly growing western frontier, Jim went along and played his important part. As a 10-year-old boy in Illinois he helped with family finances by shooting quail, prairie chicken, and ducks for the market. At 14 he was driving a yellow mule in the coal mines. He had attended school in Illinois and was 15 years old when the family moved to Ottumwa. He started in the eighth grade, but three days of that ended his schooling, and he quit school to help support the family. He began an



*Wildwood Park, the largest in Ottumwa, covers more than 75 acres, and is widely used by individual citizens and organizations for picnics and other recreational activities. An elected park body maintains this and other public park areas in the city*

apprenticeship in a local print shop at a wage of $1.00 a week. Part of his work was to sweep the office.

Powell was small, both as boy and man. He was 5 feet and 4 inches in height. He "weighed in" at 133 pounds. This phrase from the prize ring is appropriate, for he loved to box. His interest in sports was intense, and as a young man he won amateur titles in rowing, bicycle racing, bowling, and shooting. As a professional lightweight pugilist, he fought in Des Moines and Omaha rings.

The attractions of boxing, and a job in the old cutlery factory, soon faded. Jim Powell decided to be a printer. Part of this determination was dictated by family necessity; part came from the free life of the tramp printers he had seen in action. The wanderlust did not pass him by. As a journeyman printer he set type in Omaha, Council Bluffs, and Des Moines, and would have gone farther had it not been for home ties. Some of the old-timers and the Iowa historian, Edgar R. Harlan, described him as a competent printer who could set a clean stick of type blindfolded.

In 1888, Jim Powell began his long service with The Ottumwa Courier. He soon was foreman of the job office. A favor from Powell had already started E. P. Adler on his upward climb.

This service soon returned to Powell's advantage. The Lee holdings were expanding. Adler had made an outstanding success in the news room, and was promoted to business manager. He took Powell out of the mechanical department, and into the business office. Jim served first as advertising solicitor, and then as assistant business manager. In 1899, when Adler left for Davenport, Jim became business manager of The Courier.

A. W. Lee thus had a good chance to appraise the qualities and character of his young business manager. Lee died in England in 1907. When Mrs. Lee arrived in Montreal with her husband's body in the summer of that year, she was met by Adler and Powell. Adler was then 35 years old. Powell was 38.

Powell was a man of unusual energy. As was the case with most of the men on the American frontier, he had little formal education, but he compensated for that lack by reading widely and deeply on a wide variety of subjects. He had an intense interest in politics and was a precinct worker before he was old enough to vote. He was a Republican, but was tolerant toward those who had opposite beliefs. Editor Wallace E. Sherlock, of The Fairfield Ledger, and a veteran Iowa newspaperman, recalls the fight of Jim and Hall Powell against socialism. This effort established the two brothers as champions in their community of the American form of government.

At Powell's death in July, 1928, Adler wrote an editorial analysis of his old friend:

"Jim possessed as fine a character as I have ever known, and he had to an unusual degree two elements which I think are the most important in character building, loyalty and unselfishness. His loyalty to Mrs. Lee and to me and to the trust imposed in him never wavered in the slightest degree. His unselfishness had been constant and never ending. He was always proud and happy if someone else succeeded and particularly if that someone was his friend or one to whom he had given some advice or help.

"Another characteristic was his humility. He never had any desire to be anything but what he was . . .

"He was straightforward, honest to a fault, sincere, and thoroughly genuine. In the 21 years in which we have been operating The Lee Syndicate, we have had many discussions but never an argument. Neither did we ever have a cross word. During these years we had many problems to meet. We were together many, many times during days and nights and we have talked over many things . . .

"I know him as a friend, a companion, a business associate, and a man whose character and thoughts and ideals were so high that I would have been honored had he been my brother."

Following the death of Jim Powell in 1928, John Huston became publisher of The Courier. This continued the A. W. Lee tradition of selecting executives from the men who had come up through the ranks and proved their capacity.

Huston's first job as a boy was a newspaper street seller and bootblack in Ottumwa where he was born, April 3, 1881. He started work for The Courier as a 16-year-old youth, and completes his 50 years of service to the paper on November 5, 1947. He had carried a paper route, and worked in the circulation department for the late D. M. Conroy at $4 a week. In successive promotions he became circulation manager, auditor, advertising manager, and business manager.

Community service is a strong part of the creed of John Huston, and he has long taken an active part in civic affairs, in state, and regional newspaper associations. He has been president of the Iowa Daily Press Association, president of the Ottumwa Chamber of Commerce, director of the Community Chest, and director of the Inland Daily Press Association. He has a keen interest in young people, particularly the newer employees of the paper. His education was cut short by the death of his father, and he left school in his second high school year to help support the family. Like his predecessor, he has since carried on a program of self-education by reading and study.

Clarence Johnston has been managing editor of The Courier since the death of his editorial chief, W. H. Powell, in December, 1924. His first job was in the business office of the paper in 1910, but he left after a year to

enter Iowa Wesleyan College. In 1913 he returned to start work as a reporter. One more interruption to his career as a journalist came in the first World War, and when he returned from overseas service in 1919 he was named telegraph editor, and later city editor.

Lee tradition forbids its executives to consider their newspaper a cloister. Ordinary gratitude for the privilege of living and working in an alert and prosperous American community demands a wide range of community service. For years Clarence Johnston has pulled his oar in ventures for the welfare of Iowa and Ottumwa. He is a member of the executive committee of the Iowa Tuberculosis Association, and a trustee of Sunnyside Sanatorium. He has served under appointment from the governor of Iowa as a member of a committee of citizens to investigate state corrective and penal institutions. In 1937, he won the editorial writing contest of the Iowa Legionnaire. He is a former member of the editorial board of The Scroll, publication of Phi Delta Theta fraternity. He is a member of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity. Ottumwa has been his life-long home. He was born there May 23, 1891.

This is Ottumwa, its setting and its history, its newspaper and the men who publish The Courier. From a few lots homestaked by torchlight at midnight April 30, 1843, to one of Iowa's progressive cities, it has come a long way. As the city has grown, The Courier has grown. Each is depend-

*Early in June, 1947, Ottumwa suffered the greatest disaster in its history. Flood waters of the Des Moines River caused damage exceeding millions of dollars. Buildings were flooded; light, power, and water supply temporarily stopped*

*Flood missed The Courier plant by a block, but power failure compelled emergency measures. One issue was printed by Davenport Times, flown to Ottumwa. Here AP and staff photographers write captions while mechanic runs portable generator*

ent on the other. That was true in the day of Pioneer Editor Warden. It is true today. Warden was determined to serve his community in the best ways he knew or could learn. That determination guides the policies of today's Courier.

During the deep business depression of the early 1930s, when the nation's news was full of the growing list of bank failures, Ottumwa experienced no such disaster. All of its financial institutions weathered the storm, and emerged stronger than ever. No skyscrapers line the streets of this city of 40,000 population. There are no canyons of steel, no concrete and brick shutting out the sunlight. Life is pleasant. Churches, schools, clubs abound. There is a strong undercurrent of social and cultural life. Pleasant homes adorn the streets and avenues, cluster on the hilltops, overflow into the adjacent woodlands. While there is a tendency to hold to the old, the solid of the founders, there is no lack of progressive spirit in either the community or the newspaper.

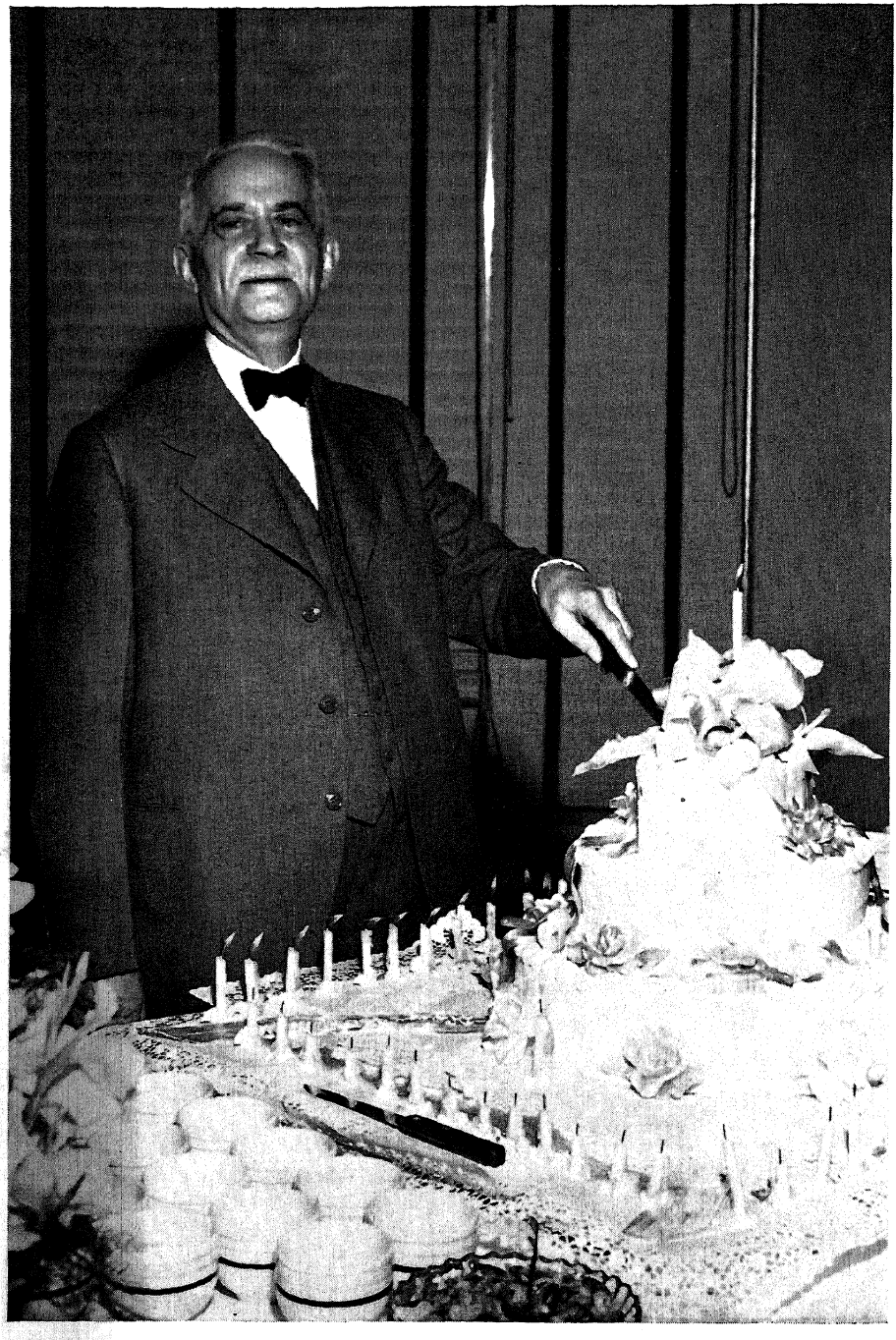
Early in June, 1947, Ottumwa suffered the greatest disaster of its history. On two successive week-ends, flood waters of the Des Moines River caused millions of dollars in damage to the city and nearby countryside. Scores of business houses and shops, homes, and hundreds of acres of farm land were flooded. Street paving and sidewalks were swept away. For a

time the city was without light, power, and water supplies. Telephone service was reduced to a minimum. As soon as the waters receded rehabilitation was begun. Flood waters came to within one block of The Courier building, but there was no damage to the paper's supplies or equipment.

The Courier has seen and been a vital part of this pageant of progress for almost a century. Today, it is the oldest continuous business there. Some firms which started in the 1850s are in business today. There is no other one dating back to that sultry August afternoon in 1848, when Dick Warden and his helper had trouble getting their first paper off the press because of interested citizens crowding around them. Such interest exists today in The Courier. This same interest The Courier holds for its community

## *6.* Davenport

THE ~~DAILY~~ DAVENPORT – ROCK ISLAND – MOLINE TIMES



*The affection and esteem in which E. P. Adler is held by the community and all of his associates are expressed every year on September 30th, at the observation of his birthday. Here he is cutting a cake given him by The Daily Times staff*

# CHAPTER 6

# *The Davenport Times*

## *WHERE THE WEST BEGAN*

ATOP A WAGON WITH HIS TWO SMALL SONS AND HIS ANTIquated printing press, Andrew Logan, a Pennsylvania printer, jolted into the frontier village of Davenport on July 7, 1838, and promptly found himself in the midst of a brisk controversy.

Eleven villages in Iowa, projected and real, burst into full cry, clamoring for his newspaper, desirous of the prestige and promise of future growth it would bring them. Loudest of all were the cries of Davenport and Rockingham. Each would be the county seat and each was lavish with its inducements to the printer with the wagon-borne shop that would help them to their goal.

Each offered Logan his pick of the choicest lots if he would locate in their limits. But Davenport, with two strong men guiding its destiny, added ingenuity to real estate and dangled 500 guaranteed subscriptions before the printer's nose. The number was greater than the population to be served, and Col. George Davenport and Antoine LeClaire, the guarantors, were taking 50 papers apiece.

Logan weakened, and soon was hauling his equipment up to the second floor of Colonel Davenport's new building on Front Street. On August 4, 1838, he pulled the first issue of The Iowa Sun and The Davenport and Rock Island News from his sticky type and liked what he read.

Loud in his pride for his new home and sure that it would become the county seat, he wrote in that first issue, "We are for Iowa, for all Iowa, but of all the places in this territory, or the world, for the loveliest of all cities of which we write, Davenport is beyond all comparison the most beautiful."

ANTOINE LeCLAIRE
*Founder of Davenport, he brought vision and courage to his pioneer tasks*

COL. GEORGE DAVENPORT
*Soldier of fortune, he came in 1816 as Indian agent, gave vitality, name to city*

As the weeks passed, he paid due note to the watermelon "four feet one way and three and a half the other," and he marveled over the Iowa climate that produced the pumpkin vine "upon which we counted 68 good-sized pumpkins," and he plumped hard for his town as the election neared.

To his efforts, his practical fellow citizens added their own; eleven sled-loads of voting-age miners from Galena and Dubuque. They came in the guise of laborers, but their reception, which included a parade, a bonfire, free-flowing liquor, and gunfire, hinted there was little doubt about their intentions at the polls. The expense, 'twas said, was a cool $3,000.

Rockingham, as an importer of votes, had not been idle, but perhaps not quite so diligent. The woodchoppers she brought in from Cedar County were not sufficient to carry the election. Governor Dodge, of the Wisconsin Territory of which Iowa then was a part, sniffed the deceit from afar and annulled the election. A special session of the legislature at Burlington called another, this time with a 60-day residence clause a voting qualification.

Wiser this time, Rockingham won by the narrow margin of 15 votes and promptly was charged with fraud. While the appeal was before the court, Davenporters offered a free courthouse and jail, and a treaty of peace was ratified in 1840, at a grand ball in the Rockingham Hotel. In the end, no one had been the loser, for Rockingham eventually became a part of Davenport.

The Sun was jubilant, but Davenport was not to bask in its radiance much

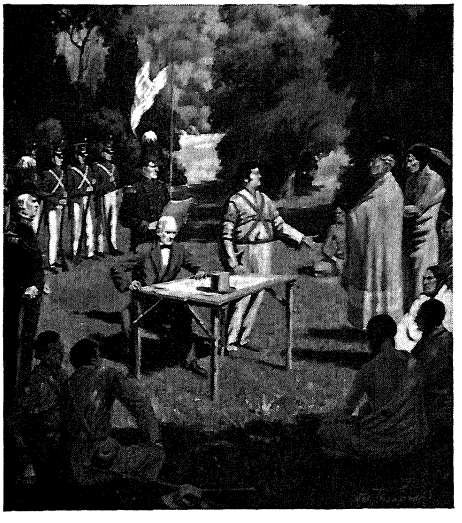
longer. The Davenport Weekly Gazette appeared four years later and Logan, wearied from his battle with finances and old presses, took to heart the slogan on his masthead: "And Men Went Forth to Till the Ground." He went to farming on a near-by claim and his presses, which had been printing the fifth paper in the territory, journeyed off to Buffalo where they printed "The Bride and the Lamb's Wife" for their new Mormon owners.

Logan had gone a-farming, but two men important to Davenport remained: Colonel Davenport and LeClaire.

A soldier of fortune who had fought first for, and later against, his native England, Colonel Davenport landed on Rock Island May 10, 1816, as an agent of Col. William Morrison, the St. Louis man who had contracted to supply western troops with provisions. Under his supervision, soldiers cut logs for the first buildings of Fort Armstrong and, a year later, the colonel returned with a stock of "Indian goods" to set up store.

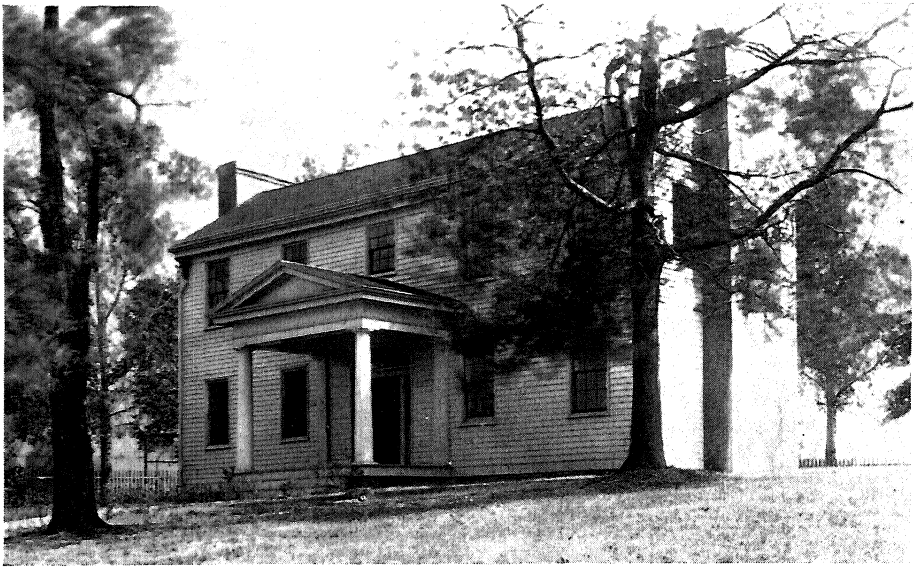
In the fall of 1825 he was commissioned postmaster, though he had to wait three years until a qualified official chanced through to administer his oath of office. Known as "Saganosh" ("He is an Englishman"), the colonel became famous during the years in which another resident of the island was earning a lasting fame of his own.

That man was LeClaire, part Indian and the son of a fur trader who had come to this country with LaFayette from France. An interpreter, he arrived at the island in 1818, when he was 21. He returned again in 1827, in

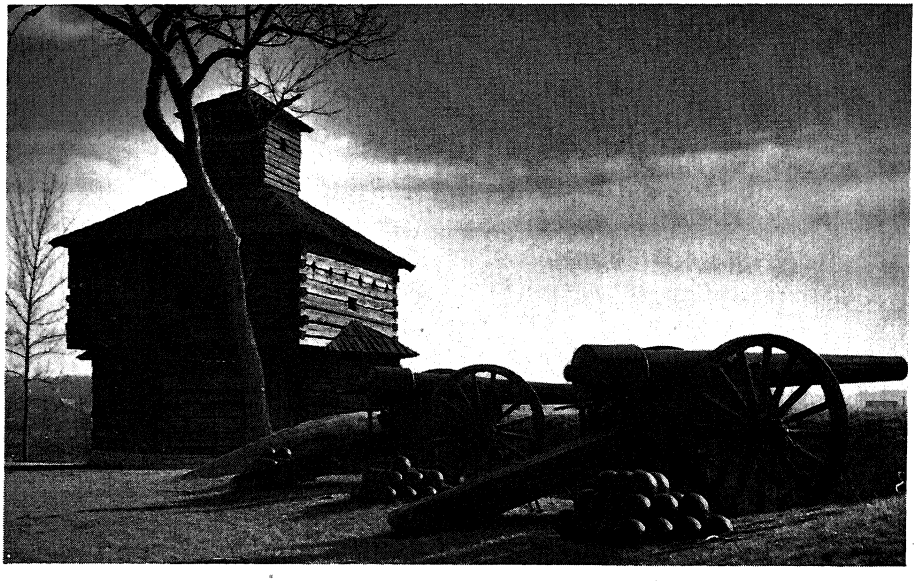


*Signing of treaty ending Indian War on site of present city. Mural by Thompson is in the lobby of Davenport bank*

*The shadow of wily Chief Black Hawk fell over Davenport in the early days of its existence, and his name still lives*



*Old home of Col. George Davenport is still standing on the grounds of the Rock Island Arsenal. Davenport was an active force in pioneer life of the community, a fur trader, large land owner, and a partner in the city's first business house*



*Old block house built at Fort Armstrong on Rock Island in 1816, was used by Colonel Davenport as headquarters for his activities while Indian agent. During the Black Hawk War he was the Quartermaster General of Illinois State Militia*

the combined capacity of interpreter, fur trader, and Indian agent, the latter a job which brought him into frequent contact with Black Hawk, Keokuk, and other Indian chiefs on either side of the Mississippi.

Black Hawk, particularly, was concerned. An ever increasing number of settlers was flocking into the river valley and trouble was in the making. Black Hawk protested the settling of Rock Island, which had been "the resort of our young people in summer and our gardens which supply us with fruits and berries and its rapids with pure fish." And he refused to leave his village, then 150 years old, although the larger portion of the Sacs and Foxes, under Keokuk, made the move.

Settlers in 1827 burned his village while he was hunting. In the spring of 1830, when he returned from a hunting trip, he was told that the land of his people had been sold and that he, too, must cross the river. Forced over the river by military might, Black Hawk was forced as well to pledge that he would never return to the east of the Mississippi. When he broke the pledge, he was chased through Illinois and Wisconsin and was finally betrayed near Prairie du Chien.

The Black Hawk war, however, led indirectly to the founding of Davenport. Black Hawk, a prisoner of war at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, never attached his signature to the treaty or purchase which bore his name and which opened some 6,000,000 acres of land west of the Mississippi to settlement at a cost of 9 cents per acre. In gratitude for his work as interpreter, Keokuk ceded LeClaire a section of land in what is now a central portion of Davenport, with the stipulation that LeClaire build a house for himself on that spot in the section where the treaty had been signed. Not long after, LeClaire and five other men gathered in Colonel Davenport's house on Rock Island to sign an agreement to lay out a town on LeClaire's holdings.

Several years later, the colonel and LeClaire launched the first major business of the new village, a general store, under the name of Davenport and LeClaire, on what is now Front and Main Streets. Soon after, Colonel Davenport retired from the fur trade to center his attention on his extensive real estate operations, and, on July 4, 1845, his adventurous life came to an end when members of the Long gang from Nauvoo, Ill., burst into his home, robbed, and murdered him.

LeClaire continued a moving spirit of the village. He had been Davenport's first postmaster. He had promoted the first railroad in Iowa, and the first ferry across the Mississippi. He had given a full city block to the first church, old St. Anthony's, for a building site. But it was not until the panic of 1857 that the city fully realized his devotion.

In that year, the banking house of Cook and Sargent faced ruin as frantic

depositors stormed its doors. In the crisis, LeClaire stepped forward to pledge his personal fortune, should depositors suffer by leaving their funds in the bank. The run was halted, though the bank eventually suffered the fate of banks throughout the country. During the next few years, LeClaire worried greatly lest his resources be inadequate to meet his promise; this burden, coupled with the excitement which came with the outbreak of the Civil War, led to a stroke of apoplexy and his death on September 25, 1861.

During those stirring days leading to the Civil War, the most famous resident of the community was, at once, one of its most humble. He was Dred Scott, brought to Rock Island by his army physician owner, Dr. John Emerson. Dying of consumption in LeClaire's hotel, the doctor left the slave to his wife. And she, having no use for a slave filed suit to emancipate Dred after trying, without success, to give Dred back to his old owners when she returned to St. Louis.

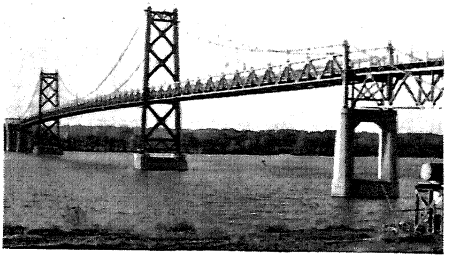
The case went to the United States Supreme Court. Dred enjoyed his role as Exhibit A for a while, not understanding all the fuss, but finding it better than working. As the case dragged on, debated in the high court and from cracker barrels, Dred finally wearied of his fame. The whole thing, he complained, gave him "a heap of trouble."

The Supreme Court finally reversed the decision of the lower court which had given Dred his freedom, shattering the squatter's sovereignty dream of Stephen A. Douglas and providing the Abolitionists with a battle cry heard the nation over.

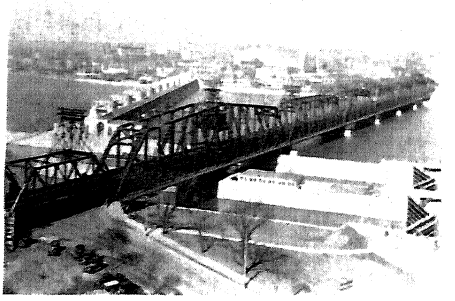
Dred remained a slave but, at that, the high court suffered more than the humble Negro. The tribunal was rocked by a decision which was neatly nullified a short time later by a fictitious sale which gave Dred his freedom anyway.

By that time, the courts had already—for all practical purposes—decided another issue important to the economic life of Davenport: Whether a railroad could build a bridge across the Mississippi and thereby "endanger" river traffic. Davenport had rail connections, from Rock Island, with Chicago to the east. A railroad to the west was begun. She had a bridge connecting them. And, to care for the flood of immigrants then spilling over the prairie—many of them from Germany and Schleswig-Holstein—she had to use that bridge or mark time as a city while others forged ahead.

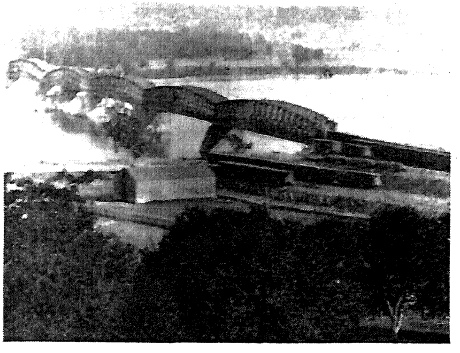
The first railroad had come to the city from Chicago in 1854, at a time when Davenport's 6,000 residents, six sawmills, two foundries, plow works, packing plant, 125 stores, and nine schools gave it rank with any city in the area. Originally a Davenport enterprise, it began as a link between Rock Island and the Illinois and Michigan canal. The bond sale lagged at first,



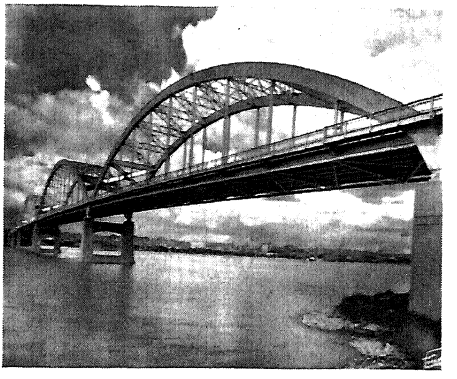
*Iowa-Illinois suspension bridge connecting Bettendorf and city of Moline*



*Locks, roller dam, and government bridge with Davenport skyline across river*



*First wooden bridge across river. Lincoln as young lawyer defended it in law suit*



*Centennial bridge across Mississippi which connects Davenport and Rock Island*

and the articles of incorporation were later changed when Henry Farnum, engineer and contractor, recognized the possibilities of linking the line with the projected Galena and Chicago Railway as part of a transcontinental system.

On Washington's birthday in 1854, a gaily decorated six-passenger car train chugged into Rock Island. There, in a temporary building erected especially for the occasion, the crowd toasted "the first union of the Mississippi and the Atlantic in the bonds of commerce" and one reporter, carried away by it all, wrote:

> "Thousands lined the streets. Ladies fair waved their handkerchiefs and stout men shouted exultantly, while ever and anon the thunder of Colonel Swift's cannon went booming across the Mississippi."

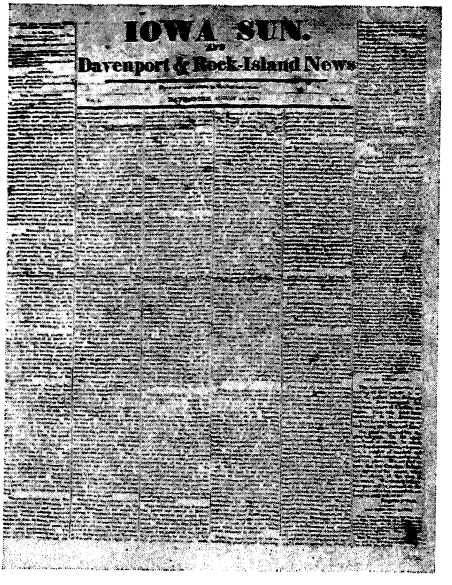
It had been less than two years since the first train entered Illinois from the East, and less than a year since the first continuous railway line had been completed to connect Chicago with New York.

"Today we witness the nuptials of the Atlantic with the Father of Waters," said Farnum in response to a toast. "Tomorrow the people of Rock Island can go to New York in 42 hours."

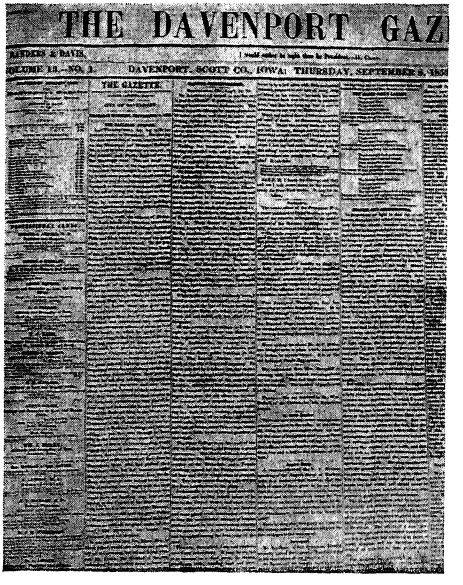
At that same time, a railroad to the West was building. A year before, LeClaire, that hardy old pioneer, had turned the first shovel of dirt on the Mississippi and Missouri Railroad. And, a year later, a locomotive of 25 tons, bearing the bronze bust of LeClaire and his name in gold letters upon its sandboxes, was ferried across the Mississippi for the first run to the West. A bridge connecting the two rail lines became a necessity and the first structure, costing $400,000 was completed in 1856. "The iron band that will span our hemisphere has been welded at Davenport," boasted The Gazette.

But the new bridge was casting a shadow of apprehension as far south as St. Louis and New Orleans, where the steamboat was king and the Iron Horse was a steed to be feared as a threat to their transportation monopoly. Powerful river interests sought to block the building of the bridge and, failing in that, found their opportunity in the wreck of the Effie Afton.

Attempting to pass the bridge only a few weeks after its completion, the steamboat was thrown against a pier and, catching fire, burned along with a section of the span. St. Louis residents persuaded the owner of the Effie Afton to seek damages against the bridge company, and raised $37,000 to


IOWA SUN.
AND
Davenport & Rock-Island News

*The Iowa Sun was Davenport's first paper and it started to shine August 4, 1838*


THE DAVENPORT GAZ

*The Gazette edition of September 8, 1853 told story of coming of railroad*

help fight the suit. New Orleans, hoping to outlaw all such bridges in the future, raised $50,000 more for the battle.

The case was heard in Chicago, where the plaintiffs showed that 1,024 boats and 594 rafts had used the draw in 1847 as they argued that the riverway was the great highway for the commerce of the valley and should not be obstructed by any bridge.

Opposing them was a young lawyer from Sangamon County, Illinois, Abraham Lincoln by name, who said that 12,856 freight cars and 74,179 persons had used the bridge in a recent 11-month period and contended "that one man had as great a right to cross a river as another had to sail up or down it; that they are equal and mutual rights." In preparation of his case, Lincoln made effective use of surveys made in 1837 by a young lieutenant in the United States Army Engineer Corps, Robert E. Lee.

The jury disagreed and Lincoln, for all practical purposes, won his case. The issue was finally decided in 1862, during the Civil War, when a ruling of the Supreme Court legalized Davenport's bridge.

From the early days when the first rays of The Sun brought guidance to a struggling village to the day when the coming of the railroad made her "The First City of Iowa," Davenport did not lack for newspapers.

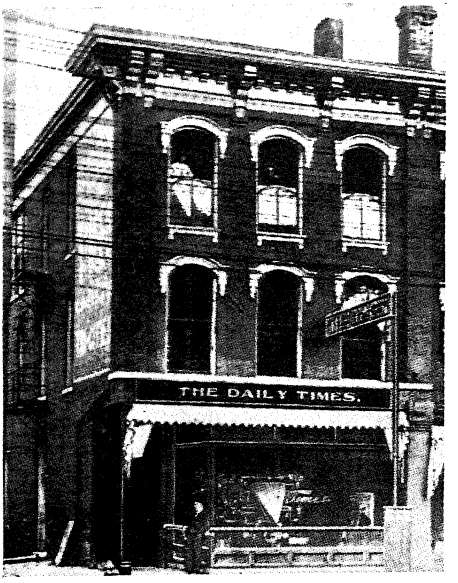
Dominant in that early day was The Davenport Weekly Gazette, brought to the Iowa city by Alfred Sanders. As the press was unloaded from the boat, it fell into the river. "Purged of any of its old sins and baptized anew before entering the virgin soil of Iowa," the press went into publication so refreshed on August 26, 1841, that it missed not a single issue in the next 18 years.

Under the ownership of Sanders and Levi Davis, The Gazette was converted in 1853 into a triweekly, and on October 16, 1854, became the first daily newspaper to be published in that section of Iowa. It was later sold to a group of Davenporters headed by Edward Russell.

By 1851, the German population of Davenport had reached proportions which encouraged Theodore Guelich to found a weekly printed in that language, and in 1856 his Der Demokrat became a daily. Another German newspaper, The Iowa Reform, was founded by Adolph Peterson some years later and continued as a weekly until recently. Others, The Sternen-Banner, The Familien Journal, Danneborg, and even a Beobachter, publications in German and Danish, flourished for a time.

There were others that had their hour, then died. There were The Daily Times, The Temperance Organ, The Courier, The Bee, The Chip Basket, The Evangelist, The Journal, The Sunday Morning Times, The Sunday Morning Star, The Iowa Workman, The Weekly Telegraph, The Free Press, and The Star of Woodlawn.

*First home of The Times was in four-story building facing river on Front Street*




*Times was located in this building on Brady Street when E. P. Adler took charge*

Another of that period was The Blue Ribbon News, which evolved into The Daily Times of today. A weekly temperance organ and the fourth of its kind to be printed in the roistering river town, The Blue Ribbon News was launched on February 28, 1878, with Dr. J. B. Morgan as editor and publisher. A month later, George W. Calderwood became editor and the following year, Dr. Morgan sold his paper to E. W. Brady, who changed the name to The Northwestern News.

By 1886, The News had developed into a paying newspaper under the guidance of Brady and his sons, and was changed into a daily under the name of The Davenport Daily Times. Thus The Times of today was born.

A strong competitor soon arose in the evening field, The Davenport Leader, which made its debut as a daily in October, 1891, under the mentorship of the Halligans. Thirteen years were to pass before the Halligans retired from the newspaper field, selling plant and equipment to The Iowa State Democrat which had been founded in 1848.

Still another daily newspaper was The Republican, established in 1894 when S. D. Cook came to Davenport to form a stock company to finance the enterprise. Despite contributions by Susan Glaspell, society editor for a time, and Harry Hansen, author and book reviewer, The Republican found the morning field unprofitable and sold out. Renamed The Tri-City Evening Star, it was sold later to Illinois publishers and moved to that state.

The first home of The Times was a four-story building at 120 East First

Street, then called Front Street, only one block from the two-story structure which houses The Times today. The first floor of the building was given over to offices in the front; in the rear was the old cylinder, flat-bed press, capable of turning out some 1,000 copies an hour. The second floor was the composing room, where the paper was made up much like that of its competitors in that day, with city news on the back and front pages, and inside pages containing news matter from shipped-in plates.

Thirteen years after the first appearance of The Daily Times, The Lee Syndicate came to Davenport when A. W. Lee, publisher of The Ottumwa Courier, and Charles Reimers, its managing editor, bought The Times from the Bradys for $20,000. In the first issue of July 5, the new management wrote:

> "Whatever policies The Times may champion, its first duty shall always be to stand for the best interests of the community. The Times will be for Davenport first, last, and all the time.
>
> "The Times will be distinctly and pre-eminently the paper of the people. None so poor or unknown but will gladly be given the opportunity to express in the columns of The Times their opinion, so long as they do not transgress personal rights or morality.
>
> "The Times will be subservient to no faction, nor clique, nor will it depend upon political favor or influence. We believe that a newspaper is a commercial enterprise and should be conducted on business principles, seeking patronage solely on its merits. We pledge the best newspaper that can be published at a profit."

The Times meant what it said. The subscription list was pared to 1,800 paid-up subscribers, and the new management began to put new money into the venture. Reimers announced, "The Mergenthaler linotype casting machinery will be put in just as soon as cash and the railroad can bring them from New York and other improvements will be made as rapidly as possible."

A year and a half later, E. P. Adler left his post as business manager of The Ottumwa Courier to take a similar post on The Times and Reimers became editor. This position he was to hold until December, 1901, when his half interest was purchased by Lee and Adler and the latter became publisher.

The new management continued to plow money into the venture. Several months after Adler had come to Davenport, with the circulation nearing the 5,000 mark, the entire front page of the paper was devoted to an announcement of a new "Monster Three-Deck Goss Press" at a cost of $10,500. A five-column cut of the press dominated the page, along with the boast of its 12-page capacity and ability to print some 20,000 papers an

hour. An accompanying editorial noted that the press, three linotypes, and other improvements had cost The Times $23,500 in the first 22 months of ownership.

2 PAGES THIS ISSUE

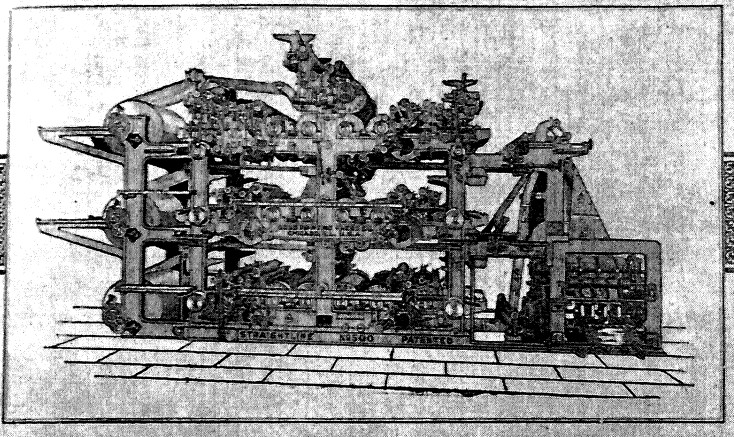
# THE DAILY TIMES

DAVENPORT – ROCK ISLAND – MOLINE

TELEGRAPH ON PAGE TWO

TUESDAY DAVENPORT, IOWA. FEBRUARY 2. PRICE THREE CENTS

## The Times Takes Pleasure in Announcing that its Plans Are Now About Completed to Give the Tri-Cities a Newspaper Office and Equipment Second to None in the West



**The Times New Monster Three Deck Goss Press with Color Attachment** Capable of Printing the Regular 10 and 12 page edition of the Times at the Rate of 25,000 complete papers per hour. And also printing in two or more colors at one time on the front and back pages of any product.

The Present Building of the Times has been purchased from R. M. Abbott and plans for remodeling it are now being drawn. These plans will place This Handsome New Printing Machine in the Front Window on the ground floor where it can be viewed by everybody. The Press will be Driven by an Elaborate System of Electrical Control, which does away with levers, belting and shafting and the machine will be operated by a series of push buttons located all around the press. All the Stereotyping and other Machinery in the building will be driven by direct connected motors. The price of this New Printing Machine, with its Color Attachment and Electrical Appliances will be $20,000.

This New Machine will be Built Expressly to the order of The Times by the Goss Printing Press Company, of Chicago, and will be ready for delivery June 1st. It is expected that the building will be remodeled and the entire new plant in operation by July 1st, when the public will be invited to inspect what will be the finest printing office equipment in the States of Iowa or Illinois, outside of Chicago. Detailed story of The Times plans on the back page.

*The purchase of a new press was the most important news in Davenport on February 2, 1904, and The Daily Times editor appropriately devoted the entire front page of that day's newspaper to a story telling of the new mechanical wonder*

That was money, and a lot of it, for the new organization. But the new management brought more than a willingness to spend money in accordance with good business principles. It had a firm belief in doing what was right simply because it was right.

If the news was fit to print, it would be printed, decided Adler, following in paths outlined by Lee; a test of courage was given him shortly after he became publisher.

A prominent Republican officeholder was found short $9,000 in his accounts and his removal from office was inevitable. Taking personal responsibility, Adler wrote the story. He called Lee by phone to ask his advice, and was told, "You will have to use your own judgment. I cannot advise you."

Later on, reminiscing, Adler wrote:

> "I felt that the publication of the story would either make or break The Times, but we ran it. By the time the paper was going to press, I had a splitting headache. I asked the city editor, Ed Collins, and two of the reporters to go out on the street and find out how the story was received. The next day, the other papers denied the story, as I knew they would do, but later the official was removed from office and they had to follow up."

Under Adler's direction, The Daily Times stepped up its march toward dominance in its field. A year after his coming, The Times had a daily circulation of more than 6,000 copies. Another year, and it had climbed to 8,723 and the paper boasted in bold face, "The circulation of The Daily Times is guaranteed greater than all the English newspapers in Davenport combined or no pay for advertising space."

As The Times forged ahead, other papers dropped out of the running. The Leader, one of the three afternoon papers, was purchased by The Democrat and a few years later The Morning Republican came to the end of its days when The Times and The Democrat purchased its mailing list for $250.

With the growth in circulation came success in its many crusades.

"It is not at all immodest to call attention to the fact that The Times and the mass of the people are of one mind," the paper rejoiced after its support of a franchise for a second telephone company brought a two to one victory in a campaign in which it was opposed by the other Davenport papers."

By February, 1904, The Times was nearing the 10,000 mark and was announcing that it had outgrown its old home and was moving to a three-story building on Brady Street between Second and Third Streets. Said the management:

"When the present management took over The Times, it found a circulation of about 2,000 daily and the equipment consisted of a Cox duplex press and a few cases of type. There was not a typesetting machine in use in an evening paper. The Times now has four typesetting machines. Another will be added. The circulation has grown nearly 500 per cent in these four years. When all of these improvements are completed July 1 of this year, The Times will be the great newspaper for the greater three cities. But it will not stop there."

Until the beginning of this century, newspapers usually survived through the ability of their management to find outside revenue. Often, the editor or publisher held political office and his salary helped finance the newspaper. Commercial shops for job printing were an accepted part of most newspaper plants. Adler came to management about the time newspapers were starting to stand on their own feet, and pay their way through revenues from advertising and circulation. Thus, it is of historical interest to read a front-page announcement in that same issue of February, 1904, which tells, not only the importance of advertising to a modern newspaper, but also the fact that The Daily Times was on its way to success:

"The Times takes pleasure in announcing today that with this issue The Boston Store of Davenport entered into the largest advertising contract ever made by any local store in the three cities with any newspaper.

"The contract calls for a minimum of 12,000 inches of display advertising space to be used in The Times in one year from date.

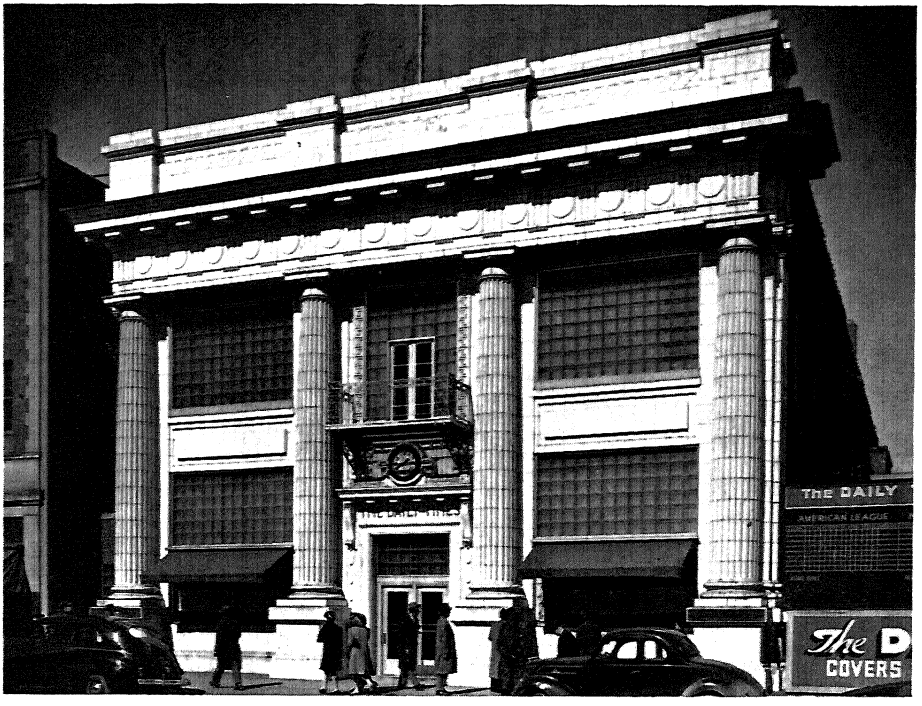
"Messrs. Harned and Von Maur have decided they will take the initiative in a strong and vigorous advertising campaign that will have its beneficent effect on the entire city.

"It is with no little pride that The Times appreciates the stamp of approval placed on this paper as the leading newspaper by this contract by The Boston Store.

"It is just recognition of the great strides the paper has made in the last four years."

A financial crisis struck the country late in 1907. In October, banks in New York, Chicago, and other large cities turned to clearing-house certificates, as did banks in Davenport. But, through it all, The Daily Times continued to grow, with the circulation reaching 13,257 in November of that dark year.

During the early part of the century, Davenport was establishing a reputation as "The State of Scott" and newspapers of the state, particularly those of Des Moines, were professing to look with horror at the goings-on of Davenport. The attacks, intended to goad the governor and other state authorities into action, raged in newspaper columns while the bickering among city, state, and county authorities continued.




*Present home of The Davenport Daily Times. This attractive building was modernized within the last 10 years, but the growth of the newspaper and community have already compelled plans for providing additional capacity for the newspaper plant*

Always uppermost was the saloon question, although the liberality of the city on other matters was also debated. Representations of the clergy finally went to Governor Cummins in Des Moines, and Atty. Gen. H. W. Byers came to Davenport to make his tour of inspection. He warned that the Mulct law would be enforced; The Times suggested that Byers enforce the law elsewhere while he was trying to enforce this policy in Davenport.

When the Greater Davenport Committee of 1910 was formed, Adler was named chairman and, at a dinner, told the 285 businessmen members:

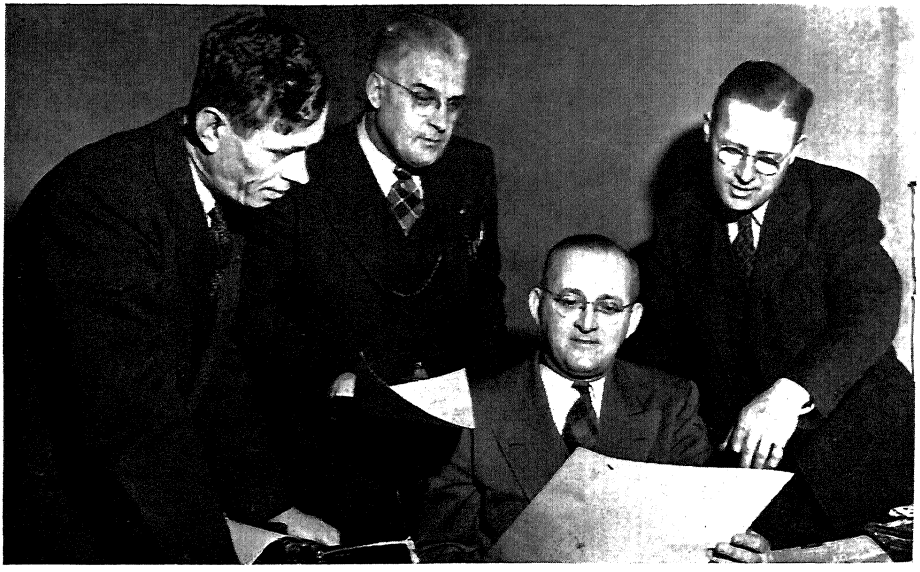
> "You appreciate and realize the need of Davenport waking up and doing something fully as well as I do . . . Newspapers of Davenport will benefit in the same proportion that every other business and professional man will benefit by a greater city. And no more and no less. And you will pardon me if I say there is no greater single force in this or any other community for the building up of a city than its newspapers."

Within the next year, The Times had again grown out of its home and was desperately in need of more space. The site of the present Times Build-

RALPH J. LEYSEN
*Managing editor of Daily Times, he writes the editorials, directs news staff*

DAVID K. GOTTLIEB
*Advertising director, he was executive officer on a destroyer in the war*

*News department, left to right, standing: Jerry Jurgens, sports editor; Fred C. Bills, city editor; seated, left to right, M. A. Fulton, news editor; Agnes Abrahamson, society editor; Addie May Swan, book reviews and special articles*



*Rock Island and Moline executives of The Daily Times, left to right: Hans Berner, business manager at Rock Island; H. G. Kruwell, city editor in Moline; Frank Gorman, business manager in Moline; W. H. Koenig, city editor in Rock Island*

ing at 124 Second Street was acquired on a 99-year lease, and a new and modern newspaper plant was erected, with its opening marked by a 212-page edition.

Within a few years, the entire property was purchased, providing 23,000 square feet of floor and basement space which were to be adequate until 1938. At that time, the plant was modernized and enlarged at a cost of $275,000. The new Scott Decuple press and mechanical equipment cost $140,000 and the addition to house it plus the remodeling of the main building accounted for the remaining $135,000. That was quite different from the comparatively modest $65,000 which the original building had cost when it was erected in 1911.

The story of the continued growth of The Times is a story of men as well as equipment. First, there was Adler, trained in top-flight journalism by Lee; Adler later wrote of the group he headed:

> "Published in their own buildings, with the best mechanical equipment, they were newspapers in the best sense of the word, fearless, straightforward, fighting fairly and steadfastly for the best interests of the communities in which they were published, and publishing all the news, especially the local news, all the time."

Adler's papers did well financially, all right, but his heart, as he confessed in *Looking Backward After a Half Century*, always seemed to be in the

news department. However occupied he might have been with the responsibility of directing the destinies of his papers, however engrossed in some civic undertaking, he remained as keenly alert and alive to the news events of the day as any member of his staff. More than that, he possessed an unerring sense of news values, never colored by his personal opinions. Invariably, he thought in the terms of the man in the street.

Around him, he gathered men who, under his direction, made their contributions to the success of the enterprise. High in the ranks of these men stood James Hardman, managing editor until that June afternoon in 1922, when he was stricken with a heart attack. Patient and scholarly, yet ever alert and aggressive, Jim shaped editorial and news to patterns set by Adler and Lee.

Another strong man in that early period of trial and struggle was the beloved Al F. O'Hern. As "Old Poke," he held for The Times a readership which appreciated humor, urbanity, and tremendous knowledge and enthusiasm for sports in a column. As business manager, he was a well-liked and efficient executive. And, when he died within a year after Hardman, the paper lost the second of its "Three Musketeers."

Third of the "Musketeers" was Joe Carmichael, a newspaperman's city editor for many a year. Tough, tender, and a disciplinarian, he went on to the business office and later was lured away by utility interests.

THE DAILY TIMES

ERMAN SHIPS IN AMERICA SEIZED

ESIDENT ISSUES A PROCLAMATION ESTABLISHING WAR REGULATIONS

PRESIDENT PROCLAIMS WAR RULES FOR NATION

SUBMARINES ON MEXICAN COAST IS THE BELIEF

IOWA VOTES $1,000,000 TO BE USED DURING WAR

TOTAL OF 600,000 TONS OF SHIPPING TAKEN OVER BY U. S. CUSTOM OFFICERS

AMERICAN'S ACT AFFECTS RUSSIA

GAS EXPLOSION KILLS FIVE MEN

FRENCH REPORT MORE PROGRESS

ITALIANS ALSO NEEDING CREDIT

CALL ON MASON TO QUIT HOUSE

BRAZILIAN SHIP SENT TO BOTTOM

BEHOLD THE SIS HOG IS NOW HERE

GERMANS CAPTURE MANY RUSSIANS

*The story of the first World War was told in detail by The Davenport Times*

THE DAILY TIMES

S. DECLARES WAR AGAINST JAPAN!

ate and House Shout Approval Following Request by F.D.R.

ANILA UNDER HEAVY BOMBARDMENT

00 Are Dead Hawaii: Two rships Lost

Senate's Vote Is Unanimous: House 388 to 1

Britain Is U. S. Ally In Pacific

LATEST WAR BULLETINS

*Times issue of December 8, 1941, reported outbreak of second World War*

Carrying her share of the load with these stalwarts was Betty Adler, who came to The Times soon after her brother. Sharing his restless energy and endowed with keen and deep sensitivities, she wrote brilliantly to make the woman's page one of the strongest departments of the paper.

Boss of the composing room—and there was never any doubt that he was boss, either—was Tom Kelley. With The Times 42 years, until June, 1936, he got the paper to bed on time come hell, fire, or high water.

But it took something more than an editorial department, ably directed and manned, and an efficient mechanical department to win and hold The Times its lead in the two-state community. That something was provided by three young fellows who came to Davenport from the circulation department of the old Chicago Inter-Ocean. They were Ike Sears, who later became circulation, advertising, and business manager of The Times and later business manager of The Wisconsin State Journal; Frank M. Burgess, former manager of the Rock Island office of The Times and later publisher of The La Crosse Tribune, and "Buddy" March, who was to be business manager of the Rock Island office until his death. These three built the foundation of the impressive circulation which The Times holds today.

The Times has been proud, too, of its alumni scattered about the country. One of those who went through the training ground of its news room to climb to high places was Karl Bickel, former reporter, who became president and general manager of The United Press. Harry Hansen, once a Times reporter, became literary editor of The Chicago Daily News and then moved along to a similar post on The New York World-Telegram. Bob Lee, a member of the staff "on the other side of the river," went to The Chicago Tribune, first as city editor and then managing editor until his death.

Of the older alumni, none ranked higher in popular affection than "Jake" Rachman, one of the best-known critics in the provinces. The conductor of the "Idle Thoughts" column, he was once praised by George Ade to the right person and was given a raise in salary, a new desk, and an assignment to write his column daily rather than thrice weekly. His love of the theater took him to The Omaha World-Herald as dramatic critic and theatrical reviewer and he went on from there to become publicity director for movie enterprises in Omaha.

Ralph J. Leysen, managing editor of The Daily Times since 1922, began his newspaper work in Muscatine, Iowa, in 1905.

Graduating from high school, he took up summer work in a drugstore across the alley from The Journal office, in the belief that proximity to the prescription counter and the pharmacopoeia might be helpful to an aspiring pre-medic.

*Business executives of The Daily Times, left to right: David Gottlieb, advertising director; Don Feeney, local advertising; Ed Mill, circulation manager; Hannah Rothschild, director proof dispatch; Rudy Heinz, accounting; Joe Klouda, classified*

*Mechanical department heads of The Daily Times, left to right: Ernie Paustian, stereotyping; Ross Devine, press room superintendnt; Emil Lundberg, foreman of the composing room; Joe Weber, foreman of paper's engraving department*

When informed by Frank Throop, then managing editor of The Journal, that there was a vacancy as cub reporter on the paper, he recalled winning an essay contest, which The Journal had sponsored while he was in the grades, and decided that, whatever his forte, meeting trains in pursuit of personals would be more interesting at least than the drugstore.

In the city room of The Journal time took on wings, and when fall came the $6 a week was more alluring than the sacrifices which college matriculation would have imposed.

After Frank Throop became publisher and Lee Loomis managing editor, Leysen became city editor, and as Throop moved to Davenport as publisher of The Democrat and Loomis assumed the publisher's post, he became managing editor to continue in that capacity until, with the death of James Hardman, managing editor of The Daily Times, in June, 1922, he removed to Davenport to assume that position.

He has served on a number of boards and other civic groups and is now a member of the board of trustees of the Davenport Public Library, the board of Davenport Chapter of the Red Cross, the advisory board of the Salvation Army and the board of directors of the Davenport Chamber of Commerce.

In the fall and winter of 1944 he visited England and France as a guest of the British Ministry of Information and the Army ordnance department.

Throughout the century, Davenport has been a center of culture unique among the pioneer cities of the Midwest and outstanding today, for the Germanic migration of the early '50s brought to the city a people whose love of music and the arts has deepened and widened with the years. The liberals of their day, the Forty-Eighters who fled Schleswig-Holstein and Germany with the counterrevolution made their demand for the best in music and art.

Many a cultural enterprise was promoted by the Turnverein, established in 1852, and the German theater was an active influence in the life of every early Davenporter. Germania Hall was built in 1862, to become the scene of the operas well-known and loved by the Germanic people. Turner Hall was built in the late '80s at a cost of $90,000. It became for a time the home of the German theater of St. Louis and was visited by many a famous guest as well as the German players of Chicago and Milwaukee. German singing societies sprang up, too. And from this musical background has evolved the Tri-City Symphony, now in its 32nd year.

Rock Island in 1673 was only another green, wooded island when Louis Joliet and Jacques Marquette, the first white men to come down the river, drifted past. Since that early day, the island has bristled with factories and foundries to become a mighty arsenal of democracy.

*This airplane view shows the business section of Davenport, the Mississippi River front, and a portion of the busy industrial area. In the foreground is seen the Centennial bridge, and farther up the river is the old government bridge and dam*

For 150 years after the two Frenchmen passed, the island was unchanged. Then came Colonel Davenport with his soldiers to build Fort Armstrong, the redoubt that was to stand guard over the white man in his disputed home. And now, for the last 90 years, the island has borne the largest and most important ordnance manufacturing plant, research and development center, and storage depot in the United States. An "Essen in the heart of the American Rhineland," it has served the nation in four wars since its establishment in 1862.

Fifteen thousand persons were employed in the ordnance plant in the first World War, when expenditures totaled $90,000,000. Those operations were dwarfed during the second World War when manufacturing and procurement operations came to $530,000,000 and 18,675 persons were employed. Before World War II, the estimated value of the plant was $400,000,000. Since this war, in which it was greatly expanded, there has been no further estimate upon its valuation.

Great, too, have been the changes in the traffic on the Mississippi itself since the day when the Indian's canoe was the sole craft to ply the river. The steamboat and the lumber raft had their day, and now there is the diesel-driven towboat pushing tows which far exceed the annual tonnage of a fleet of old-line packets in the heyday of Old Man River.

Commercial traffic through the Rock Island Engineer District reached

an all-time high of 3,331,859 tons in 1946, with the largest tow some 15,600 tons of coal. If hauled by rail, the tow would have required 390 cars, or eight trains of 50 cars apiece. During the season, almost 1,000,000 tons of coal and 2,000,000 tons of petroleum products were carried through the district.

And great, too, have been the changes on the shore. From an Indian village, Davenport has grown to a great city of 75,000 souls, the largest of the metropolitan area embracing Davenport, Rock Island, Moline, East Moline, Bettendorf, and Silvis, with a combined population of 200,000.

The area is one of the most rapidly expanding industrial sections of the nation. It had become the farm machinery capital of the world, even before the J. I. Case Co. took over a plant in Rock Island and more recently the tank arsenal in Bettendorf and its associated ordnance steel foundry. It was originally famous as the home of Deere and Co. The name of Moline was carried to far places of the world by the Minneapolis-Moline Co., and some of the most important works of the International Harvester Co., are in Rock Island and at East Moline.

The annual value of the highly diversified manufactured products of the area is estimated at more than $135,000,000.

During and since the war, more industries have come to the Davenport area. The Kelsey-Hayes Wheel Co., of Detroit, is now operating a new

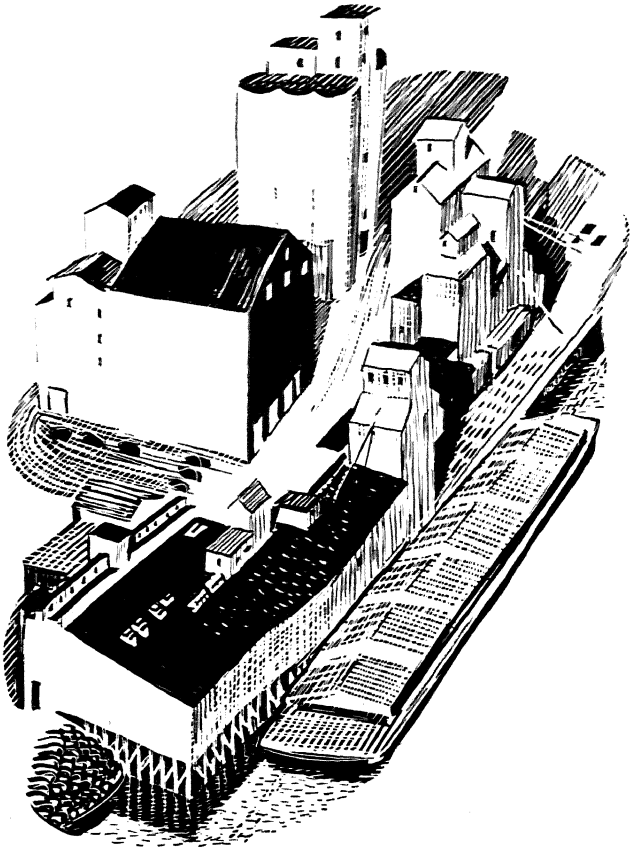
*The tugboat Herbert Hoover passing Burlington, Iowa, with a big tow load of seven barges of coal, totaling 13,187 tons, and equaling the capacity of 330 railway cars. Once more the Mississippi River has become a great shipping waterway*

division in Davenport, and the Curtiss-Wright Corp. has acquired the Victor Animatograph plant. Still more recently, Oscar Mayer and Co. has leased the Kohrs packing plant, with option to buy. Largest of the new additions is the plant which the Aluminum Company of America was completing in mid-1947, at a cost of more than $30,000,000, above Bettendorf.

The official of the Aluminum Company of America, who announced the decision to locate the $30,000,000 plant in the Davenport area, was compelled to add that never before, in the history of his organization, had it received the measure of cooperation freely given by the Davenport newspapers.

He spoke of The Times, among others, a paper which has grown from six pages to rival in size those of such larger cities as Milwaukee, Minneapolis, and Cleveland, a paper with city editors and news staffs in Rock Island, Moline, and East Moline to serve better the Quad-City area.

He spoke of a paper that remembers still those words of a half-century ago " . . . whatever policies The Times may champion, its first duty shall always be to stand for the best interests of the community." And he spoke of a leadership which had said, " . . . they were newspapers in the best sense of the word, fearless, straightforward, fighting fairly and steadfastly for the best interests of the communities in which they were published."

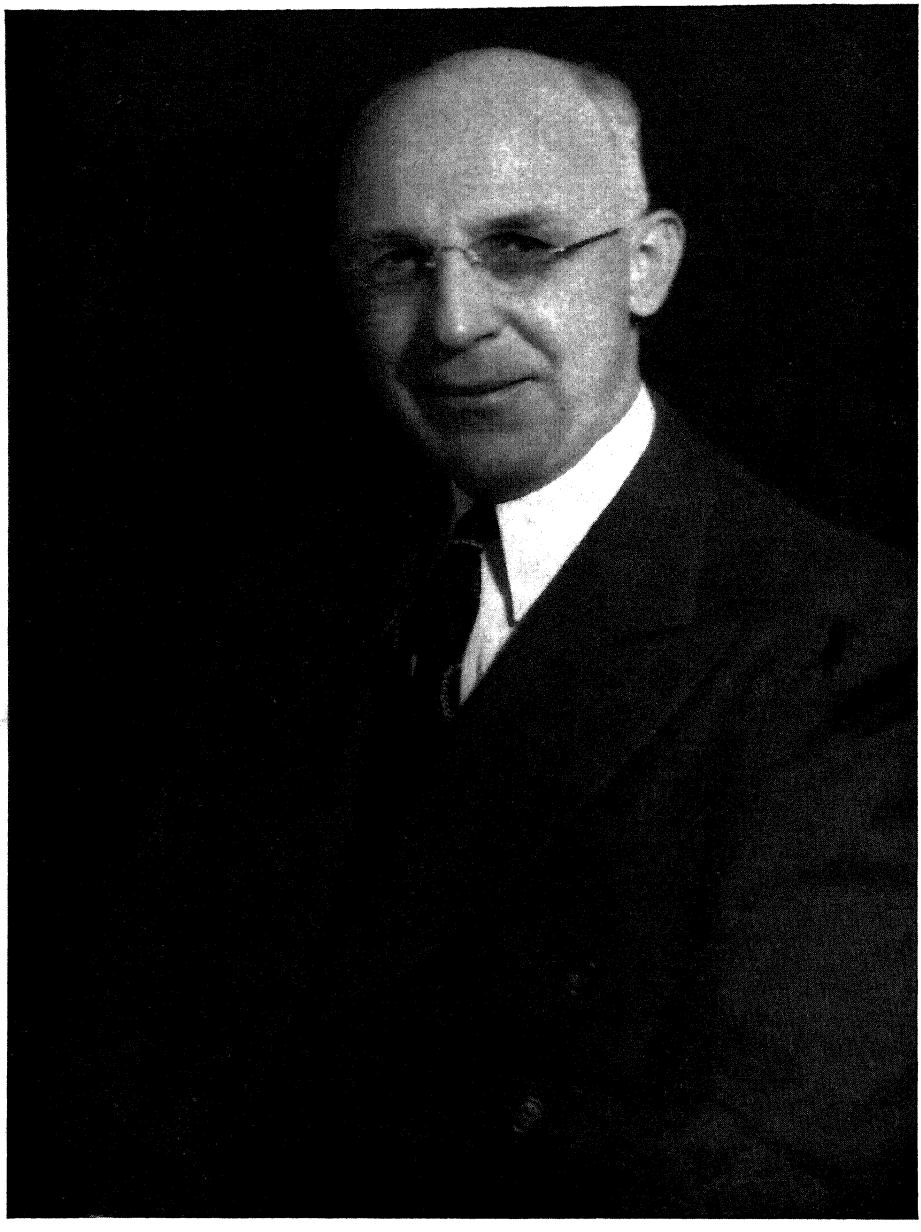


# 7. Muscatine

MUSCATINE—THE PORT CITY OF THE CORN BELT

THE MUSCATINE JOURNAL

AND NEWS-TRIBUNE



CLYDE RABEDEAUX

*Publisher of The Muscatine Journal through many crises, the greatest of which was his fight for the right to print the news. It involved much litigation and turmoil*

# CHAPTER 7

# *The Muscatine Journal*

## *PORT CITY OF THE CORN BELT*

MUCH OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MUSCATINE JOURNAL has been told in preceding chapters, with particular reference to its role in the history of the Lee group; but The Journal's contribution to significant group history did not end with John Mahin or the early training of A. W. Lee.

Five Lee group publishers had their first experience in managerial chairs at The Journal and two of these, Frank D. Throop and Lee P. Loomis, went on to other group cities to serve in succession as second in command of group activities to E. P. Adler himself. Two of the other three, Walter Lane and Clyde Rabedeaux, served only at Muscatine, their careers being ended by untimely deaths. The fifth, Lloyd Bunker, in four short years of service, already has carried The Journal to a rank in volume of business done, and in acceptance by the community equal to or surpassing that attained under the veterans who preceded him.

Of the five truly great names in the history of the Lee organization, The Journal owns outright credit for two, in addition to its partial claim to that of the founder. These five were of course John Mahin, A. W. Lee, E. P. Adler, James F. Powell, and Frank D. Throop. The life stories of the first four already have been recorded. It is in this chapter that the story of Frank Throop properly begins; it will continue in the chapter devoted to The Davenport Democrat, where Throop transferred after eight years as publisher of The Journal; it will be completed in the relation of the group's biggest adventure, the purchase of The Lincoln, Nebraska, Star in the panicky years of the early '30s for $1,000,000.

Frank Throop was successively publisher of The Muscatine Journal, The Davenport Democrat, and The Lincoln Star, and was as much at home at the helm of the big liberal Star or the partisan Democrat as he had been when concerned with the smaller and soundly Republican Journal. Frank Throop was a firm believer in the Lee theory that publishers or editors should not dictate the policies of a good newspaper but rather that such policies should be dictated by community interest and reader predilection.

Not only did The Muscatine Journal furnish more than its share of the early history of the Lee papers and more than its share of their publishers, but also through the years Muscatine was the scene of more than its share of the melodrama of this story of 10 newspapers.

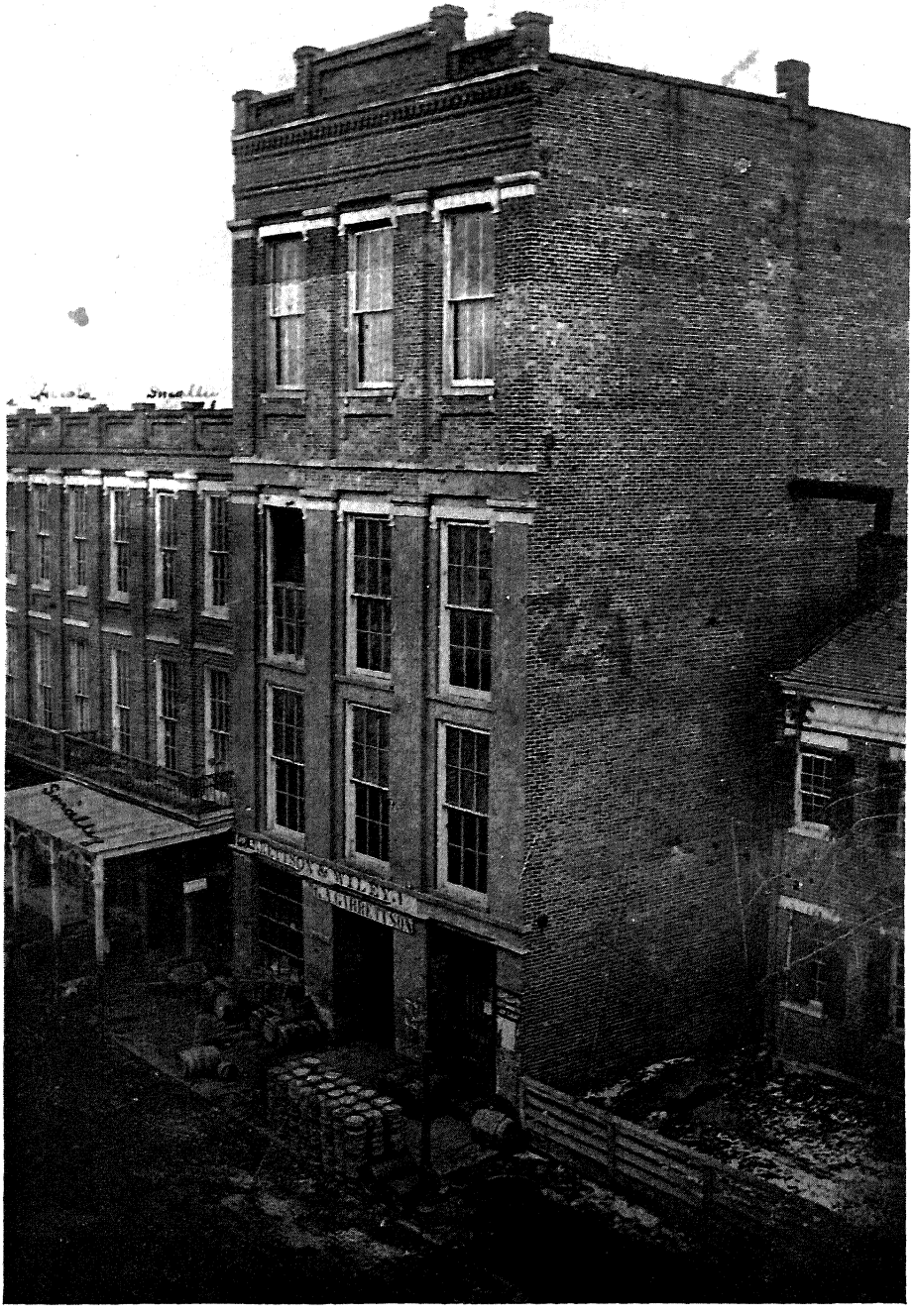
The dynamiting of the John Mahin home, incidental to the liquor wars that waged in Iowa a decade or two before the turn of the century, has been previously told. At least two other incidents as dramatic as this outburst of violence marked the saga of The Journal's more than 107 years.

First is the story of The Journal's struggle to maintain a level head and objective outlook through the pearl button strike, to date Iowa's biggest and most bitter labor war. Through two, long years The Muscatine Journal pursued a course so neutral, and reported developments so factually, that before the strife ended the editor of The Journal was openly accused of being a Socialist by the employers, and Journal carrier boys were sometimes attacked by the children of the districts largely populated by the striking employees, whose distaste for the paper had filtered down into the younger generation.

During 1911 and 1912 The Muscatine Journal was called upon to chronicle the day-by-day happenings in a town of 16,000 people which was torn asunder by labor strife. The fresh-water pearl button industry had sprung into full flower almost overnight in the old Mississippi River town, creating employment for hundreds and fortunes for the owners, some of whom but a few years before had been in financial circumstances closely akin to that of many who were now their employees.

As an old lumber town, Muscatine wage levels were low. In the beginning, and indeed at all times, wages paid in the button industry were ahead of what previous generations of Muscatine folk had been able to earn in the lumber mills. But times were changing and the new employing class was a shining target for the jealousies of former friends and associates. Perhaps, by the very virtue of their newness, the managers lacked the finesse successfully to adapt themselves to the strange facets of their new relationship with their fellows.

Whatever the causes, bitter labor strife broke out in the Cinderella industry. For two years the chasm grew until it affected every circle of



*In the early 1860s, offices of The Muscatine Journal were located in this old brick building, which is still standing on East Second Street. The ancient plant, with its type cases and antiquated press, was located on the third floor of the building*

community existence. Where before there had been harmony and civic pride, Muscatine became divided into two armed camps, with the "haves" and their retainers on one side, and the "have-nots" on the other. Even the most liberal minded of Muscatine's more prosperous citizens and civic leaders, who may have inclined at first toward sympathy with the strikers, were driven by the extremes of the latter into the ranks of the radicals on the employing side. Scarcely a club, church, or fraternal order that was not torn asunder by the bitter differences engendered.

Twice during the two years the governor of the state was called upon to send troops to Muscatine. Violence and disorder, while they actually flared only twice, seemed always impending.

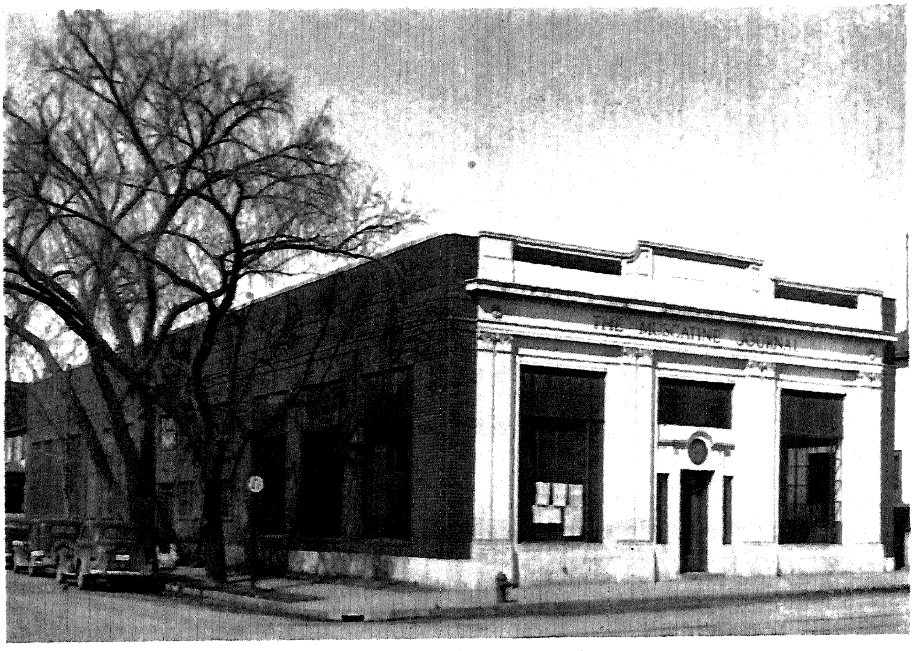
This was the story The Journal in those years was called upon to record. It took no side but that of law and order. So successfully did it maintain a balance as between the radicals of both sides, that it earned the sound hatred of all contending parties.

Once the strike was over and the wheels of industry turning again, The Journal set itself to a studied program of re-establishing community harmony. It was a long and discouraging task but one in which the paper had many allies from all walks of life, and as the years went by the gaping chasms were closed and few if any scars remain today.

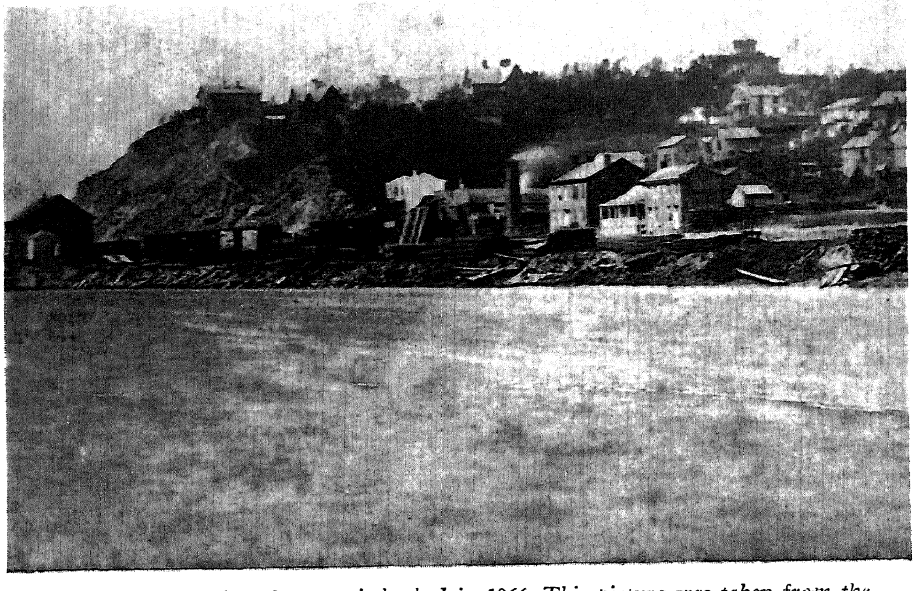
The Journal's second dramatic crisis came in Muscatine's "cancer cure war."

When John Mahin's uncompromising struggle against the liquor traffic aroused his opponents to open, vicious violence, editor and paper headed a large and important section of public opinion. But when The Journal began its warfare with Norman Baker, it fought for an abstract right that in the beginning, at least, aroused little enthusiasm or support in the hearts of the Muscatine public. Baker, a strange and erratic but brilliant character, scion of a substantial and respected Muscatine family, after an adventurous career, returned home and established a "hospital" for the treatment and "cure" of cancer. Sufferers from this malady were attracted to Muscatine by the hundreds, bringing a bountiful income to the proprietor and his associates, and a considerable measure of prosperity to many others in the community.

Suspicious of the valid nature of the so-called cure, The Journal recorded the succeeding steps in the establishment of the "hospital" with conservatism but without open hostility. Then one day the paper discovered that the proprietor or his associates had been tampering with news sources. Numerous deaths of patients in the institute had been hushed up and kept from the reporters' ken. Even then The Journal did not rush into screaming headlines or accusing stories. It merely but damningly printed, one after



*The modern newspaper of today's Muscatine Journal is published in this well-designed and fully-equipped plant, which contains the business and editorial offices and mechanical departments. It is in the center of Muscatine's business area*

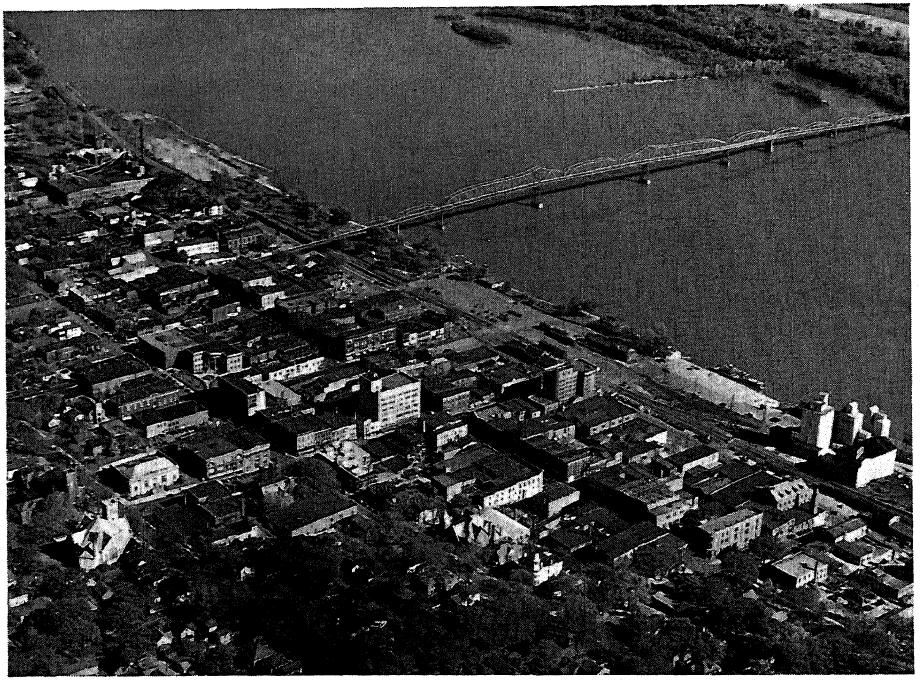


*The Muscatine river front as it looked in 1866. This picture was taken from the ice in mid-stream of the Mississippi River. The old M. and M. Railroad freight house, which may be seen at the left, was at the foot of Locust Street*

another, the customary obituaries of all the patients who had succumbed while under treatment at the local institution.

The fat was in the fire. The proprietor, a pioneer in radio, had used his station to propagandize for his hospital and its alleged treatments. He launched into an unprecedented campaign of vituperation and abuse of The Journal, its publisher, certain members of its staff, and the executives of The Lee Newspapers.

Until this time, The Journal had not campaigned against the hospital or its proprietor. Lacking the technical knowledge and equipment to judge, it was content to leave questions of legality of practice to the constituted authorities, but it did hold violently to its right and duty to print the facts, even though on their face they were damning to this or any other institution. Many residents of Muscatine seemed to have little sympathy or interest in the rights of a free press, or its responsibilities, when these rights clashed with the apparent, material interests and prosperity of the community. But when the proprietor himself declared war, The Journal had no alternative but to fight. It soon found professional and scientific allies. Joint attempts to meet the situation through judicial processes first met



*The present river front of modern Muscatine is a busy center of transportation and industrial activities. This view, taken from an airplane, shows the downtown business area, highway bridge spanning the river, and part of the pearl button industry*

*Another airplane picture of Muscatine as it appears today. This shows the retail business section of the community, the railroad yards with their many tracks, and a portion of the large dock area along the shore of the Mississippi River*

with rebuffs. Eventually litigation, which went to the higher courts, brought about the removal of the hospital to greener pastures, distant from Muscatine. Finally, the proprietor lost his license to operate a radio station. Baker in the end was sentenced to the penitentiary on a mail-fraud conviction in connection with the advertisement of a cancer treatment.

As the battle progressed The Journal borrowed Daniel D. "Red" Mich, now executive editor of Look, from The Wisconsin State Journal to direct its news and editorial strategy. Mich as State Journal managing editor was not new to newspaper wars.

It was reported to Mich that Baker had boasted that he would ride Mich out of town in a hurry.

"Red's" comment was that he was accustomed to faster rides and by better jockeys.

The struggle was not a short one and neither The Journal nor its staff emerged without scars. Those most closely associated with Publisher Clyde Rabedeaux believe that the strain and stress of the conflict shortened his life and usefulness. But a new generation of Journal folk had proved their

steadfastness under fire. Dynamite could not hush John Mahin's accusing voice, nor could vituperation and public misunderstanding drive a modern Journal from its simple duty of publishing the news.

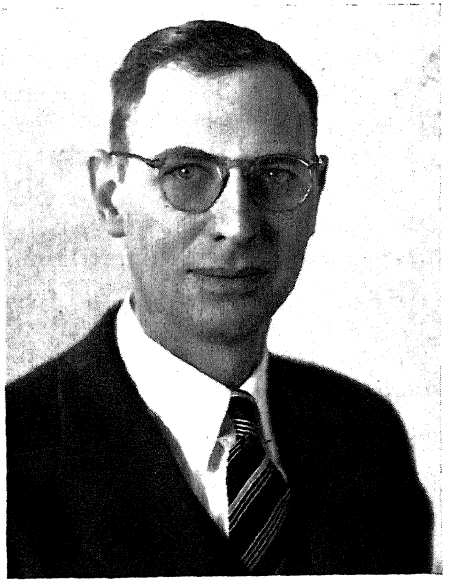
Chronologically, the first of the five Lee publishers was Walter Lane. When, in 1903, the Mahins retired from all active participation in the conduct of the paper and the Lee interests took over entirely, it was Walter Lane who became publisher. Lane, then only 30 years of age, had first engaged in newspaper work in 1899 when he went to work on The Ottumwa Courier as a reporter. Later, he was advanced to city editor, and in 1902 came to Muscatine, first as advertising manager and then as business manager. Lane was a man of tremendous energy whose ability and willingness to work hard proved an inspiration to the entire force. He inaugurated many improvements and sound business policies which prevail in The Journal office today. Shortly after assuming the duties of publisher, Lane set in motion plans for remodeling the publication office and carried them to completion. Modesty was not one of the faults of The Journal of that day. A special "housewarming edition" of November 29, 1904, noted:

> "At a cost of nearly $15,000, The Journal during the past year has rebuilt its office building at 114-116 Iowa Avenue and today has one of the most complete and modern newspaper buildings in United States."

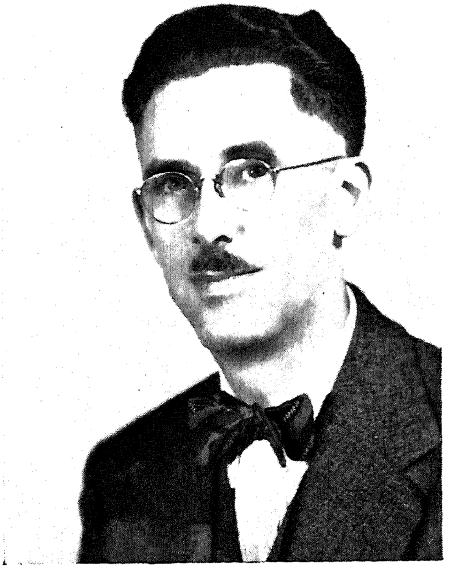
Lane's service with The Journal, which opened with bright promise, was terminated by his death in January, 1907, at the age of 34.

Frank D. Throop, who had been city editor of The Journal from 1901 to 1903, and who had, following the sale of the paper that year to the Lee interests, joined his father in the ownership of a paper at Kewanee, Illinois, came back to The Journal in 1905. The Kewanee venture had failed and Throop was at loose ends when Sheppard's departure for other fields, related in an earlier chapter, left vacant the managing editorship of The Journal. Two years later when Lane died, Throop was the choice of A. W. Lee and his associates for the vacant publishership.

Throop was publisher during a period of brisk activity in Muscatine which saw the flowering of the button industry, the erection of a new county courthouse, which measure had full Journal support, and the establishment of the United States biological station at Fairport, east of Muscatine, for the propagation of clams to insure the continuance of the pearl button industry. Also initiated and completed at about this same time were a city hall and a post office building, as well as the construction of business and industrial improvements including the Hershey and American bank buildings, the McKee Button Company factory, and the seven-story Hotel Muscatine. It was the story of the dedication of this last building



C. LLOYD BUNKER
*He served in advertising and circulation before he was named publisher*



WALTER RUSSELL
*Managing editor who has worthy traditions to guide his direction of news work*

*Managers and editors, standing, left to right: Robert Bauer, circulation; C. C. Dale, press room; Carl Walter, advertising; Fred Van Zyl, composing room; Seated, Cora Stohr, city editor; Edith Garnes, bookkeeper; Margaret Griffith, national advertising*

which The Journal headlined "Muscatine Writes 'Welcome Stranger' in Letters Seven Stories High."

Throop's energy and promotional ability played a large part in the public and private improvements recorded at this time and he bore the brunt of the savage pressure and emotional forces which played about the paper during the long labor struggle.

Throop remained at the helm of The Journal until 1915, when he left to become business manager and later publisher of The Davenport Democrat. It was during Throop's period at The Journal that the greatest news triumph of The Journal's long history was scored. On December 4, 1907, a young couple was found brutally murdered at Fairport, a village 8 miles east of Muscatine, with suspicion pointing toward one Harry Jones who was blamed at the inquest. The Journal that day, including a morning edition which was printed for rural route delivery, scored a complete scoop over the morning competition. But that was "only the beginning," as Captain Henry used to say.

Old files disclose the story remained a local sensation for weeks as the investigation and search for Jones, who had fled before the discovery of the bodies of his victims, proceeded. But the chase was fruitless and in time the excitement cooled down to some extent.

While the authorities seemed to be stumped, Frederick L. Cooper, Journal city editor, whose by-lined story had been the first account of the killing, continued his interest and investigation with the assistance of a group of Fairport residents, including the postmaster. It was ascertained that Jones had a sister living in some southern town and the postmaster there was furnished a sample of Jones' handwriting and instructed to advise Cooper if a letter to the sister ever reached his office bearing an address in that handwriting. Many months passed by. A new county sheriff was elected. One of the issues in the campaign was the failure of the authorities to locate Jones. In the meantime Cooper left The Journal for employment elsewhere.

Then one morning there came to the editorial department of The Journal addressed to The Journal's city editor, a letter bearing the postmark of the southern town where Jones' sister lived. The news department eagerly opened the letter and sure enough, the sister had received a letter from Milan, Kansas, addressed in Jones' handwriting.

Within half an hour, City Editor Tom Brannan was talking to the new sheriff.

"Sheriff," he said, "what would give you more pleasure than anything else?"

"To get Jones," came the prompt reply.

"He's yours," said Brannan, "but it's our story and don't you ever forget it."

The sheriff quickly agreed and the letter was turned over to the authorities. A week passed by. The Journal had heard nothing more from the sheriff.

"Find out what that guy's doin'," ordered Managing Editor Loomis.

Half an hour later the breathless Brannan was back from the courthouse. "I think we've been double-crossed. The sheriff has been out of town for two days. Nobody at the courthouse will say where he is."

"Call Des Moines and find out if he got extradition papers for Jones." snapped the managing editor.

He had.

So far, so good. But what to do next. Milan, Kansas, was a little town. It had no daily paper. Any undue inquiries might tip-off the story to The Associated Press or to other papers. The Journal decided they had to wait to hear from the sheriff. Then dawned Saturday morning. Still no news. The Journal had no Sunday morning edition. The opposition did. That story simply must break on Saturday. As Loomis and Brannan cussed and

*Units of the government lock and dam system, located at the eastern edge of the City of Muscatine. This is an important part of the vast program which has helped to convert the upper river into a navigable stream with a 9-foot channel*

discussed, a Western Union messenger brought a "query" from a county-seat town near Milan, "Harry Jones under arrest here for Van Winkle murder. How many?"

Back went the order, "Send all you have and hurry."

Then began that anxious waiting as the hands of the clock moved slowly but relentlessly on toward press time. At 1 o'clock, with only two hours left, Loomis and Brannan took the bit in their teeth.

"Write the story," ordered Loomis. Brannan agreed and went to work. At 1:45 o'clock Brannan's story was ready and still no word from Kansas. On the hook went Brannan's story. It told in detail of the murder; of the activities of Cooper and the Fairport board of strategy; of the receipt of the letter from the South; of The Journal's presentation of the letter to the sheriff; of the departure of that worthy for Des Moines, and the issuance there of extradition papers; of the trip of the sheriff to Kansas; and the arrest of Jones at Milan. Each succeeding step of the journey of the sheriff was told with hour and date, and still no further news from Kansas.

As the clock hands, racing now, neared 3 o'clock, Loomis and Brannan had to make their decision. Did they dare to let that story go? Both were young. Both had worked hard on that story. Temptation was overwhelming. They dared.

The press was rolling. The first issue was laid on the desk of Publisher Frank Throop. Up the steps to the editorial rooms he raced. "I knew you guys were taking chances," he shouted, "but I never thought you'd go that far; you haven't got a leg to stand on." And then the telephone rang.

"We're getting a long special for you from Kansas," said a bored voice. Down the steps, three at a time, rushed publisher, managing editor, and city editor and they ran the block and a half to the Western Union office. The story was still coming in. They followed it breathlessly as the operator took it from the wire. When it was completed they gave a unanimous sigh of relief. The story in the paper was accurate, with one exception. All the way through, from the place where it recorded the sheriff's departure from Muscatine, it was one day behind the facts.

After the sheriff had returned Jones to Muscatine and had him safely behind the bars, an angry Brannan went to see the sheriff for a showdown. Later he reported to the managing editor, "The poor ignorant so-and-so thought he could go and get Jones and put him in the local jail and then phone us and say, 'I've got your man.' "

But anyhow the story was The Journal's and it remained so throughout the subsequent trial, including Jones' suicide in jail which closed the case. Every single development in the entire sordid story was a scoop for The Journal.

When Throop left the publisher's post in Muscatine for his Davenport assignment, his successor came from the ranks of his Journal associates. Chosen for the post was the managing editor, Lee Loomis, whose ill-starred advent on the staff has already been chronicled. Loomis' term of service as publisher continued until 1925 when he left to go to Mason City to become the publisher of The Globe-Gazette.

Two events of major significance in Journal history marked the Loomis regime. Three years after Loomis took over as publisher, The Journal announced the purchase of the competing Muscatine newspaper, the News-Tribune, and its consolidation with The Journal.

Less than four months after the consolidation of the two papers, it was announced that plans were under way for the erection of a new and modern home for the combined newspapers on property just acquired on East Third Street. The building progressed steadily during the year 1919 and the first issue of The Journal and News-Tribune was issued from the new headquarters on Monday, December 1, 1919. The task of moving had been completed over the week end in the face of a blizzard and during the enforced absence of the young publisher who had been called to Denver, Colorado, by the sudden death of his father, Lewis J. Loomis.

One of the incidents which occurred during the construction of the new Journal Building still stands as a tragic moment in the memory of Loomis. It had to do with the installation of the new 16-page Duplex Tubular press and was recalled by Loomis himself in an article written for The Journal's Centennial Edition of May 31, 1940:

> "I had allowed our new press, of which I was inordinately proud, to be installed in the building before the windows were all in and the combination of this fact together with a very rainy, foggy night had turned that gleaming engine of polished steel into a rust covered hulk. If I, like The Journal, live to be a hundred I shall never forget that day."

Also, it was while Loomis was The Journal's publisher that another event happened about which cluster mirthful memories. This came the morning after the election day in 1916, which pitted Charles Evans Hughes, Republican candidate for the Presidency, against Woodrow Wilson, Democrat, seeking his second term. The Journal, Republican in politics, had supported Hughes in the campaign, with The News-Tribune, a Democratic paper, ardent in the Wilson cause.

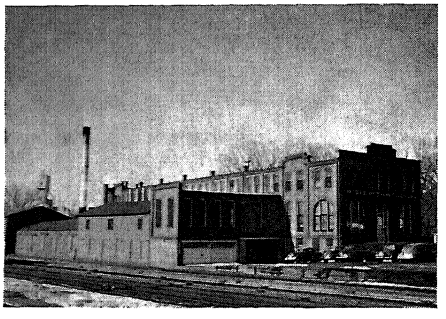
Early returns from Eastern states indicated a sweeping victory for Hughes. This was discouraging to The News-Tribune, so the results at hand were put into type, the paper made up, and the election extra issued.

At The Journal, where election returns were being received over the

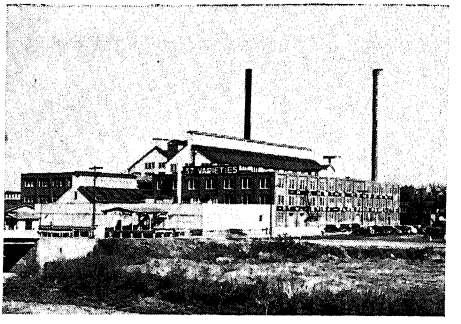
only leased wire service then afforded Muscatine newspaper readers, the early returns favorable to Hughes were received jubilantly. Eager for more good news, Journal editors held their wire open. Then the trend changed as Western returns were received. Doubt of Hughes' success arose. That is how it happened that Muscatine newspaper readers, the next morning received election extras of the Democratic News-Tribune conceding sadly the election of Hughes while similar extras of the Republican Journal grudgingly announced the probable election of Wilson.

The episode provoked smiles. The News-Tribune subsequently was able to announce with evident satisfaction that "Wilson was the nation's choice" as the loss of California proved fatal to Hughes' hopes, and The Journal was too disappointed to derive great satisfaction from its superior service to readers.

It was on Wednesday, April 1, 1925, that a Mason City dispatch to the Journal apprised the staff that The Mason City Globe-Gazette had become affiliated with the Lee group and that Loomis would leave his position as

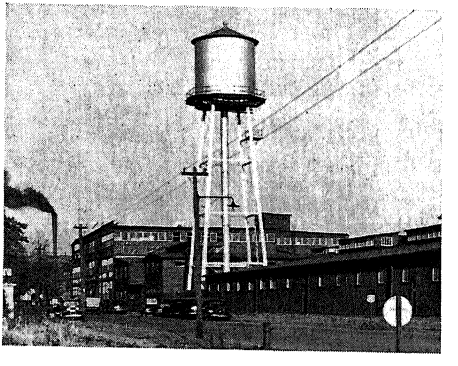


*McKee Company is a major concern in the fresh water pearl button industry*

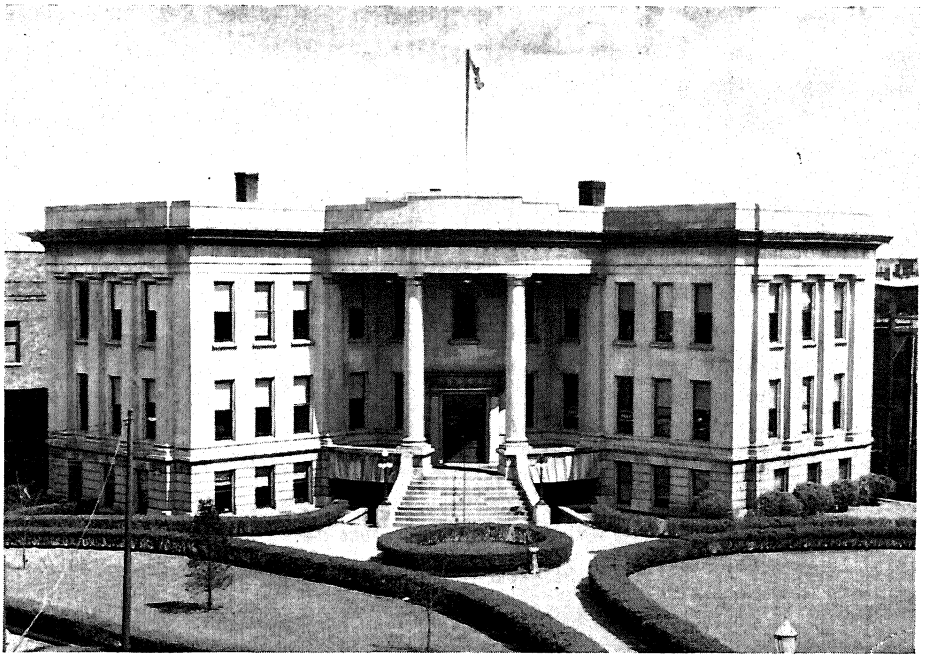


*Food processing is one of city's important industries. This is a Heinz 57 plant*

*Partial view of the Huttig Company plant, large fabricator of wood millwork*



*Plant of The Roach and Musser Company, which manufactures sash and doors*



*Municipal government in Muscatine has its headquarters in this attractive city hall, which was first occupied by officials in 1915. It is located in the block which adjoins The Muscatine Journal's offices and modern newspaper publishing plant*

publisher of The Journal to become business manager of that paper. Clyde Rabedeaux, who had been identified with The Journal for 10 years previously, first as circulation solicitor, then as circulation manager, and then advertising manager, succeeded Loomis as publisher at Muscatine.

Negotiations at Mason City had hung fire for many months. Because of the uncertainty, no announcement had been made of the pending deal to even the top executives at Muscatine, except only Rabedeaux himself. At the close of the week in which the Mason City deal was completed, Loomis returned to Muscatine, cleaned out his desk, and after two days, left again for Mason City. The expedition with which Loomis transferred his activities to Mason City led Norman Baker in a later broadcast to say that the former publisher of The Journal "left town between two days and no one ever knew exactly why."

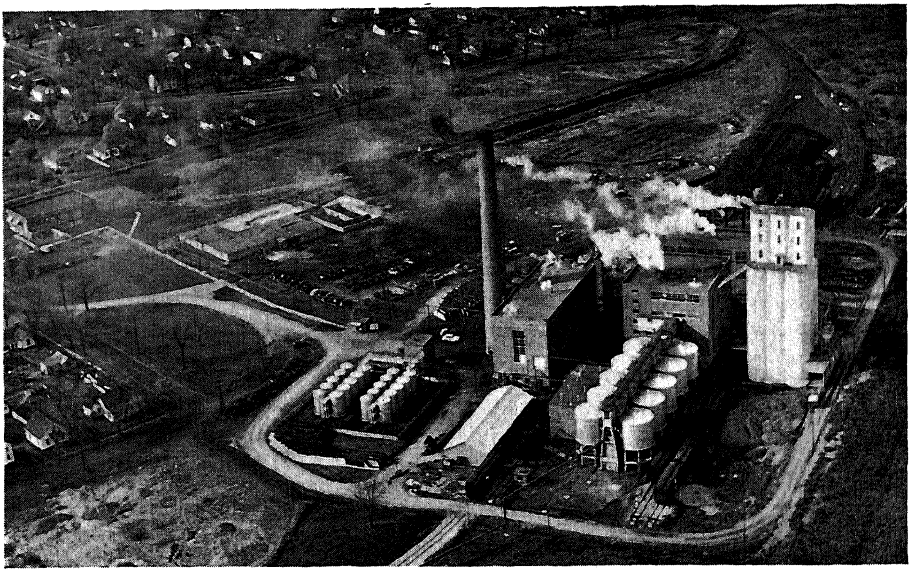
Rabedeaux remained at the helm of The Journal for 17 years until his death December 23, 1942, years packed full of significant events for the community, and the newspaper.

During Rabedeaux' regime the city and county underwent a bank crisis, going without banking facilities for a number of weeks. During this period The Journal maintained a "change" station at which the newspaper pro-

vided a service for the community hitherto performed by the banks, keeping on hand a large supply of coins and currency in small denominations to exchange for bills of larger denominations. When the banks were eventually reorganized and reopened the service rendered by The Journal through the days of uncertainty was warmly praised.

At about this same time Journal "war correspondents" covered what came to be known as the "Cedar County Cow War." Farm sentiment during the dark days of the depression had been inflamed in Eastern Iowa against the enforcement of the state law requiring the testing of cattle as part of the program to eliminate bovine tuberculosis. State veterinarians who sought to complete the tests were greeted by angered groups of farmers determined to prevent the tests. The situation became so tense that eventually it was found necessary to call out the state militia to preserve order and state troops were stationed for some time in Cedar County and at other southeastern Iowa points. Eventually, the tests were accepted as being for the common good and they have continued since that time without incident as the rural public became educated to their worth, a process in which The Journal likes to think it had a considerable hand.

One of the significant and major milestones in The Journal's life was observed during the tenure of Rabedeaux as publisher when under his guidance and direction, the newspaper observed in 1940 its 100th birthday.



*Built under government supervision during the recent World War to help solve the American rubber shortage through synthetic products, this large alcohol plant of the Grain Processing Corporation is one of Muscatine's newest industries*

In noting that event, The Journal issued a 230-page Centennial Edition, containing a resume of the community's history and likewise that of the newspaper itself. It was the largest edition ever issued by the paper and contained more than 700 illustrations, the majority of which were produced by The Journal's own engraving facilities.

Rabedeaux, in the true tradition of the group, encouraged the younger men associated with him in the production of the paper and advanced them as opportunity afforded. It was under his direction that Lloyd Bunker advanced through several successive positions until he was ready to step into the publisher's role upon the death of his chief; and likewise Walter Russell, who had joined the paper as a reporter in 1926, was advanced until he became managing editor, a post he holds today.

Clyde Rabedeaux, too, was publisher when the second World War broke out. The Journal soon felt the impact of strife as young men left the organization to join their country's armed forces. The publisher maintained the closest possible contacts with each of these as he steered the paper's course through the early war years.

He did not live until the day of victory and was not privileged to welcome home those whom he had seen depart for service. Death resulting from a brief illness wrote a sorrowful "30" to his career on December 23, 1942.

C. Lloyd Bunker, advertising manager of The Journal at the time of Clyde Rabedeaux' death, was chosen to serve as business manager and on June 5, 1943, was formally made publisher.

He had joined the paper in 1933 as an advertising salesman and had later served as circulation manager before his promotion to advertising manager.

He was born in Denver, Colorado, on March 24, 1902, and came to Bristow, Iowa, in 1906. Later the family moved to Greene, Iowa, and in 1919 to Waterloo, Iowa, where he was graduated from the West Waterloo High School in 1921.

Bunker entered Grinnell College in February, 1922, and after a year and one-half there transferred to the State University of Iowa, where he received a degree in commerce in 1925. At Iowa City he was affiliated with Acacia, social fraternity, and Delta Sigma Pi, commerce fraternity, After a two-year association with a bond firm in Chicago he returned to Iowa City in 1927 and served as plant superintendent and manager of job printing for Student Publications, Inc., publishers of The Daily Iowan, The Hawkeye, the annual year book, and other campus publications until 1933.

With the end of the war, The Journal launched its post-war program of progress, one of the outstanding features of which was the appearance before the end of 1945 of Associated Press Wirephoto news pictures in

*Food processing is a major Muscatine industry. The Heinz Company plant handles crops grown under contract on thousands of Iowa and Illinois acres. Tomatoes on this rig are inspected on their way to becoming soup, ketchup, and chili sauce*

The Journal. The Journal is one of the smallest papers in the country providing its readers with such service.

Associated with Publisher Bunker in the post-war development of The Journal is Managing Editor Walter Russell. Russell was born at Viola, Illinois, January 5, 1902. He was graduated from Viola High School in 1919 and Monmouth College in 1926, where he served as editor of the college paper in 1925-26.

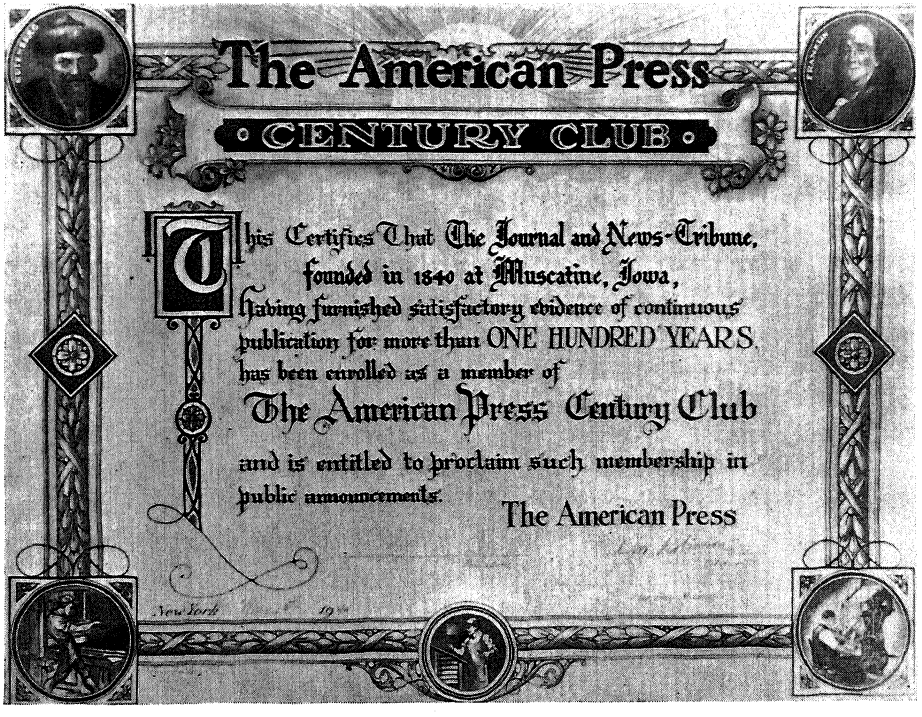
Russell served as a reporter from 1926 to 1930, city editor from 1930 to 1933 and managing editor since then. He, like Bunker, takes an active part in civic and public affairs in Muscatine and under their leadership The Journal endeavors to adhere to the course outlined by John Mahin in a far earlier day "to give the people of Muscatine and vicinity the best and most progressive newspaper that can be produced in the field which it occupies," exercising a vigilant stewardship of a great tradition and looking forward to increased community service.

Rich agricultural land and the Mississippi River were factors in the

establishment of the village of Bloomington, now the city of Muscatine; these factors have been linked in the development of the community from a pioneer settlement on the fringe of the westward migration before the Civil War to a modern city of approximately 23,000 inhabitants.

The Mississippi River was the thoroughfare over which the major portion of Muscatine's early settlers reached the area. In its earlier days, it was an outfitting point for those who pressed on into the interior of the state to take up claims, or to settle upon lands on the Illinois side of the stream, and became a trading center. The river was a major factor in an earlier industrial era, furnishing the transportation for huge log rafts from northern pine forests upon which the sawmill business depended. It was from the sawmill business that the manufacture of millwork, one of the city's present major enterprises, developed.

The river, also, supplied the raw material, in the form of mussel shells, which made possible the manufacture of fresh-water pearl buttons in the 1890s. With the invention of automatic button working machinery by Muscatine men, the city became the center of the industry in the nation, a


The American Press
CENTURY CLUB
This Certifies That The Journal and News-Tribune,
founded in 1840 at Muscatine, Iowa,
having furnished satisfactory evidence of continuous
publication for more than ONE HUNDRED YEARS
has been enrolled as a member of
The American Press Century Club
and is entitled to proclaim such membership in
public announcements.
The American Press

*A certificate of The American Press Century Club, which certifies that The Muscatine Journal has a continuous publishing record of more than one hundred years. Members of this club have recorded in their columns most of America's history*

distinction it still enjoys. Although the Mississippi no longer is the major supply of mussel shells, the industry still centers in Muscatine, and automatic button-making machines are manufactured in Muscatine factories and shipped to the four corners of the globe.

The fertile soil which abounds upon both sides of the Mississippi River adjacent to Muscatine has given rise to diversified agricultural undertakings. The flat, sandy lands immediately below the city, from which the river was crowded out by the erection of levees many years ago, are ideal for truck gardening crops and "Muscatine Island" watermelons and cantaloupes enjoy far more than a local reputation. Large acreages of cabbage and sweet potatoes are grown in this area for wholesale marketing.

Food processing is another major undertaking. Thousands of acres of tomatoes are grown in the area contiguous to Muscatine. The smell of spices from the ketchup bottles of the H. J. Heinz Company's food-processing plant is heavy in the air when late summer sees the ripened tomatoes coming in to the factory at the rate of thousands of bushels daily. Chili sauce, tomato soup, tomato sauce for baked beans, pickles, pickled onions, and other food products are also prepared at the Heinz kitchens. Beans are baked during those seasons of the year when tomatoes are not being processed.

The processing of other farm crops is important in Muscatine's industrial program. When Japanese occupation of rubber-producing areas in the southwest Pacific shut off normal sources of crude rubber, Muscatine was selected as the site for one of the grain alcohol plants which were essential in the production of artificial rubber. A factory with a capacity of 25,000 bushels of grain each 24-hour day was erected, and when the war-time need for alcohol in the manufacture of artificial rubber ended, the capacity was diverted to peace-time industrial purposes and operations continued without interruption.

Residue from the grains which are distilled is a valuable ingredient in the manufacture of livestock feeds, an industry firmly established in Muscatine, utilizing grains which are available in abundance, and meeting the needs of feeders over a wide area. The processing of soybeans, yielding valuable industrial oils and soybean meal, another ingredient for mixed livestock feeds, is another industrial operation.

Even as agriculture in the Muscatine area is diversified, so are the city's industries, more than 50 being represented. The manufacture of centrifugal pumps, pearl novelties, dairy products, building materials, clothing, metal stampings and castings, brooms, precision tools, steel wagons, dry ice, toys, and kitchen appliances is included in today's enterprises.

Known today as the "Port City of the Corn Belt," Muscatine earns the

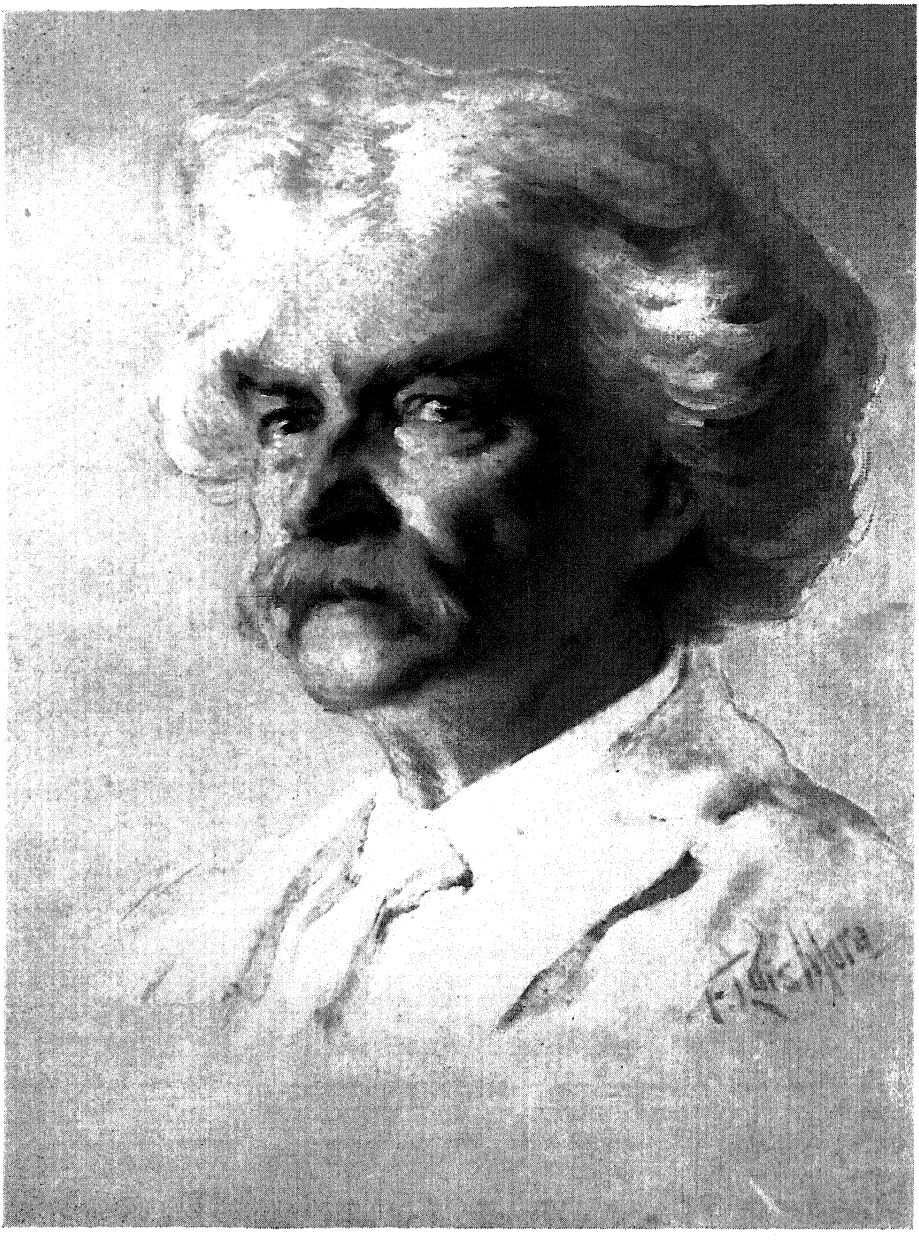
slogan by virtue of the large elevators which have sprung up on the banks of the Mississippi River since the development of waterway transportation in the 1930s. More corn moves into commercial channels by bargeline transportation from Muscatine than from any other Mississippi River city, which serves as a shipping point for a large inland area. These barges, which handle quantities of 100,000 bushels or more of corn each, are moored adjacent to the elevators while the loading is accomplished. Elevators are conveniently located to take advantage of the rail and highway transportation. Cottonseed meal from the South moves upstream to warehouses of feed manufacturers on barge trips.

As the center of a trading area 25 miles in radius, Muscatine has some 350 retail establishments, large and small, able to serve the needs of the region. There are some 40 wholesale firms engaged in the distribution of a wide range of commodities ranging from peanuts to livestock feeds and groceries, catering to the needs of retailers in the area.

# 8. Hannibal

THE HANNIBAL COURIER-POST

AND HANNIBAL JOURNAL



MARK TWAIN

*The immortal teller of boyhood tales, who spent his own youth in the little Missouri village of Hannibal, and whose spirit lives on in this Mississippi River city today*

*

# CHAPTER 8

# *Hannibal Courier-Post*

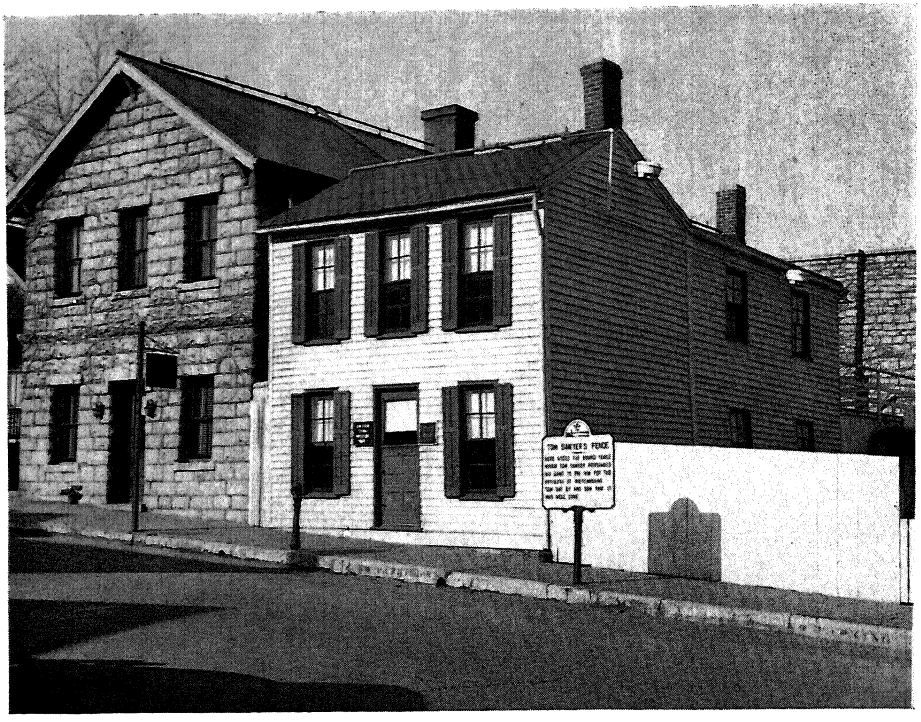
## *MARK TWAIN'S BOYHOOD HOME*

TO THE DEVOTEES OF MARK TWAIN, HANNIBAL IS THE ageless, unchanging town of everyone's childhood, their town, and Mark's through all eternity. "This tranquil refuge of my childhood . . . The white town drowsing in the sunlight of a summer morning . . . The great Mississippi, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-long tide along." Mark wrote that nostalgic description and no one has ever given a better characterization.

Hannibal is Mark's town, all right, as surely as though he had scrawled his signature across it, from Lover's Leap to Cardiff Hill, ending with that familiar squiggle at the end of its semi-illegibility. The arriving stranger is immediately aware of Mark's proprietorship. He bustles in on the Mark Twain Zephyr, takes a Mark Twain cab to the Mark Twain Hotel, perhaps going out of his way to Mark Twain Avenue. At the Mark Twain Cafe, he may eat fish from the Mark Twain Fish Mart or chicken raised from chicks bought at the Mark Twain Hatchery.

If the recurring name of Hannibal's most famous son does not tell the story, the oldsters of the town will. They remember Becky Thatcher and Injun Joe and Nigger Jim, and all the other Hannibalians who stroll through Mark's books to immortality. There is probably not a person in the city able to walk who cannot direct the stranger to the house where Mark lived, point out the window through which he crawled, as Tom Sawyer, to join Huck Finn.

Yet, Hannibal had a history and a personality of its own before Mark carelessly dropped the mantle of his greatness upon the community. There



*The little white clapboard house with its green shutters was the childhood home of Sam Clemens. Adjoining it, at the right, is the Mark Twain Museum. These are a mecca for thousands of sightseers and students of American literature*

was a day when Moses Bates snubbed his boat onto the shore at Bear Creek, where Mark was to swim several decades later; there was a day when old Jonathan Fleming ran back to a tiny settlement, face white and fear in his eyes, cradling a bloody hand from which three fingers had been shot by Indians. A massacre was brewing, and he knew it.

Then, when Mark had gone drifting along as an itinerant printer after that cow had eaten up the rollers in his brothers' paper and he himself was out of a job, the city busied itself with funneling millions of feet of lumber from the North through its railroad to the treeless plains of the Southwest. It built solidly upon the foundation of a river full of logs, the first railroad west of the Mississippi, and the needs of the pioneers. In time it became the fourth industrial city in the state.

To the millions who have read Mark's stories and his biography, The Hannibal Courier-Post is familiar as the paper upon which Mark matched his wit with rival editors, setting the town agog when he penned a poem to "Miss Katie of H------l," and causing "Miss Katie" herself to faint dead away.

Yet The Courier-Post, like the town, is no ghost of a former glory not its own. The story began long before Mark came to its shop. News was swapped for corn and spuds when the Indians were more menace than novelty, and The Courier-Post has gone on to become a power in Hannibal, continuing Mark's policy—tempered in deference to all "Miss Katies" —of "editing the paper in a way to liven up the circulation." It wars with slot machines and parking meters, wards off raids on the well stocked coffers of the municipal light plant, oldest in the nation, and slaps the city council on the wrist when it reaches for discriminatory taxes.

Turbulence is no new story to Hannibal. The town owes its existence to the New Madrid earthquake, to the south, in 1815, when a whole townsite slid into the muddy Mississippi. Owners of the land were granted claims at Hannibal. One of them, Abraham Bird, sold part of his claim to Bates who landed at Bear Creek in 1818.

Edward Masterson came, bringing hogs, and Sam Thompson shot and killed an Indian whose dogs were molesting the hogs one day. The retaliating Indians wounded Fleming in the hand and the settlers, remembering the massacre at the salt creek at the turn of the century when Mathurin

*At the foot of Cardiff Hill in the City of Hannibal, a bronze statue of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn memorializes this famous pair where their adventures began, and where they earned eternal affection in the heart of every American*

Bouvet was burned in his cabin, barricaded themselves for the fight. An interpreter warded off the trouble and Thompson, sent to St. Louis for trial, was permitted to escape.

Hannibal grew to a dozen families in a year, trading at Bates' store. Panthers abounded, and Jack Sims, tracking one to a hole in a hill, discovered the cave that Mark was to make famous. Bates went up the river to Galena, and established a keel boat line from there to St. Louis. Four years later, he brought his General Putnam to Hannibal, and the era of the steamboat had opened.

For its first score of years, Hannibal got along without a newspaper. An occasional issue of The Missouri Courier, granddaddy of the present Courier-Post, drifted in from Palmyra where it had been founded in 1832 by Jonathan Angevine and Robert W. Stewart. But it was not until 1838 that, with Hannibal boasting nearly 500 persons, Angevine came to Hannibal to found The Commercial Advertiser.

His partner was the Rev. S. D. Rice; J. S. Buchanan worked for them. A year later, just why it would be interesting to know, Pastor Rice's friends formed a stock company and bought the paper for him. Papers were delicate creatures in those days, and The Advertiser, despite its pastoral guidance, died later in the year. Not many months later, Buchanan, the layman, brought it back to life, Whig in politics and called The Pacific Monitor. In January, 1841, the name was changed to The Hannibal Journal and Native American, and in March it was made The Hannibal Journal.

By that time, John Clemens had moved his family to Hannibal from Florida, Missouri. He arrived in 1839, the year in which the Presbyterians built the first church in Hannibal, and with the family was four-year-old Samuel, a lively youngster to be known later the world over as Mark Twain.

Those were the halcyon days of Hannibal. The "white town" drowsed in the summer sunlight, its houses clustered about the base of Cardiff Hill near the river landing, waiting for the arrival of a steamer to arouse it from its lethargy. Mark ran with the others to the landing when the lordly steamers swept in and, when he was 9, stowed away for a thrilling trip down the river. He met Laura Hawkins, the Becky Thatcher of his "Tom Sawyer," when, cartwheeling wildly to impress the "new girl," he blundered into her and knocked her out. He treasured dead cats, believed in "ha'nts," and enjoyed himself.

Yet there was an undercurrent of violence. He saw a woman shoot her man before the "Welshman's" house; he saw an abolitionist attacked by a mob; and he saw William P. Owsley kill Samuel Smarr before the building where he later was to become a printer's devil. The measles killed 40 per-

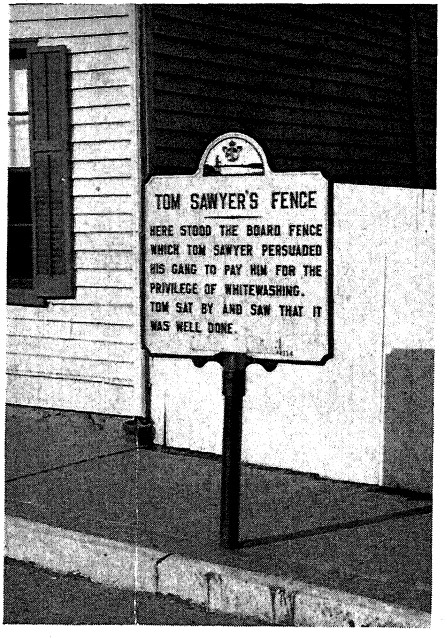
*The old Planters Hotel in Hannibal held the stairway up which Sam Clemens trudged as an apprentice learning the printer's trade. Legend reports that Abe Lincoln stayed here during Douglas debates, and played checkers with friends*

sons in 1844, and Mark climbed into bed with the Bowen boys to get the measles and escape from school, accomplishing both objectives.

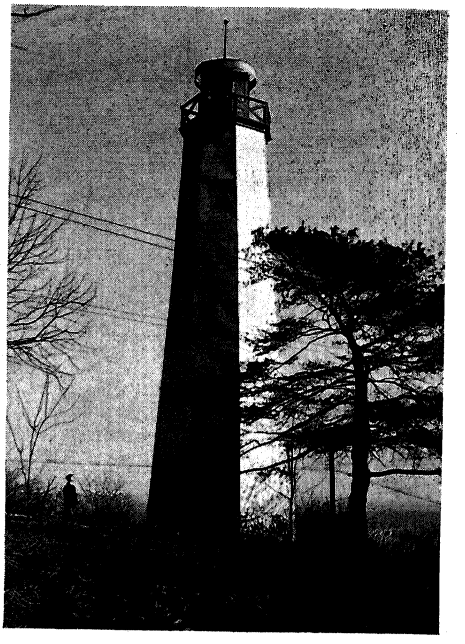
Though Mark gave the town fame, his father helped give it stability. The railroad fever hit the town in 1846, and the first meeting to organize the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad was held in John Clemens' law office. The legislature granted a charter the next year, 1847, in which John Clemens caught cold while riding back from Palmyra and finally passed away.

The Missouri Courier began the first of its wanderings the next year, being brought to Hannibal from Palmyra by Joseph P. Ament; Mark went to work for him in the spring of 1848, as he told Courier-Post Editor W. H. Powell in a letter in his own handwriting December 7, 1907, in which after recalling his fellow-workers, he commented, "Of the group, two survive, viz: The Courier and the undersigned." Mark was to get his board and room and two suits of clothes a year, but he complained that he saw only cast-off clothes of Ament and "his shirts gave me the uncomfortable sense of living in a circus tent."

"I was no stranger to him (the printer of 35 years ago)," he said in an 1886 speech in New York. "I built his fire for him in the winter morning; I swept out his office; I picked up his type from under his stand; and, if he


TOM SAWYER'S FENCE
HERE STOOD THE BOARD FENCE WHICH TOM SAWYER PERSUADED HIS GANG TO PAY HIM FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF WHITEWASHING. TOM SAT BY AND SAW THAT IT WAS WELL DONE.

*Grinning while he munched their apple cores, Tom Sawyer tricked his gang into doing his job of fence whitewashing*



*Mark Twain Memorial Lighthouse stands on the top of Cardiff Hill overlooking the Mississippi River at Hannibal*

were there to see, I put the good type in his case and the broken ones in the hell box; and if he wasn't there to see, I dumped it all with the pi on the imposing stone—for that was the furtive fashion of the cub, and I was a cub."

Yet, for all the drudgery, Mark could not keep from writing. Years later, in a letter to The Courier-Post, he said, "Surreptitiously and uninvited, I helped edit the paper when no one was watching; therefore I was a journalist."

Release from the employer he did not like came in 1850 when his brother Orion bought The Hannibal Journal for $500 and offered Mark a job at $3.50 a week. And then, though he was supposed to be a printer and nothing more, Mark "began to spread himself," particularly when Orion was out of town. "I concluded to edit the paper in a way to liven up the circulation," he said. And he did.

"The editor left yesterday for St. Louis," wrote Mark one day. "This must be our excuse if the paper is lacking in interest." Underneath the readers were horrified to see:

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT!
500 KILLED AND MISSING!
"We had set the above head up, expecting (of course) to use it, but, as the accident hasn't happened yet, we'll say:
(to be continued)

Incomplete files of The Journal and The Western Union, which Orion also published, make it hard to fathom the newspaper controversy which Mark carried on with a rival editor and which rocked the town back on its heels. The first hint that all was not well came when the editor of The Tri-Weekly Messenger lashed out against "the feeble emanations of a puppy's brain" one week and chortled the next about the false wedding announcement and the wedding cake he had received. He had not printed the one or eaten the other.

Mark parried, with a rollicking account of the rival editor's behavior at an art show. Fire had broken out, and the editor made a prodigious leap over nine pews to save his precious skin. The account was signed W. Epaminondus Adrastus Blab.

The next week appeared the first of the famous woodcuts. Under the headline "Local Resolves to Commit Suicide," was a picture of a man with the face of a dog groping his way out of a creek, with a hat and bottle on the bank. The story read in part:

"Local, disconsolate from receiving no further notice from a "Dog-be-deviled citizen," contemplates suicide. His 'pocket pistol' (the bottle) having failed in the patriotic work of ridding the country of a nuisance,

*An airplane view, taken in early spring, shows the business district and part of the residential areas of Hannibal. In the background is the Mark Twain Memorial bridge spanning the Mississippi River and leading into Southwestern Illinois*

he resolves to 'extinguish his clunk' by feeding his carcass to the fishes of Bear Creek . . . Fearing that he may get out of his depth, he sounds the stream with his walking stick."

The next week there were two woodcuts in the "Pictur' Department." One showed "Local," the dog-faced man, laying about him wildly while another man (undoubtedly Mark, the dog-be-deviled citizen) walked cooly away. The other showed Local "determined upon the destruction of the great enemy of the canine race" being blown away in the blast before the muzzle of a cannon loaded with Tri-Weekly Messengers. The story read:

"Local is somewhat astonished . . . and is under the impression that there was something wrong with the apparatus—thinks the hole was drilled in the wrong end of the artillery. He finds, however, that although he missed the Dog-be-deviled citizen, he none-the-less hit the man 'who has not the decency of a gentleman nor the honor of a blackguard' and thinks it best to stop the controversy."

"Mr. Editor: I have now dropped this farce, and all efforts to call me out again will be useless."

Apparently Orion had come back to town, for an editorial absolved the editor of all blame, admitted that "our correspondent" might have been a little rough, but claimed that the articles "originated in a spirit of fun, and without a serious thought. No attention was expected to be paid to them beyond a smile at the local editor's expense."

Mark was stopped, but not for good. Six months later, in March, 1853, Orion had to write, "Rambler and his enemies must stop their stuff. It is a great bore to us, and doubtless to the public generally." But the same issue carried Mark's "To Miss Katie in H------l" which caused the real "Katie" to faint dead away with mortification. The poem was signed "Rambler" and roused the ire of "Grumbler" (also Mark) who claimed two issues later that "Katie in Hell was too much." Mark "laid Grumbler away" claiming that he referred to Miss Katie of Hannibal and added, "Poor fellow, I much fear that some lunatic asylum will have to mourn the absence of a fit subject until you are placed in a straight jacket and sent there."

Peter Pencilcase's son, John Snooks, (also Mark) timidly ventured into the controversy, and was "laid away" with another flourish. You couldn't stop Mark, it seemed. But you could stop the paper. A visiting cow wandered into the shop, ate two of the rollers, and spilled the type. Orion moved the shop to the front room of the Mark Twain house, but sold out later in 1853 to William League, then the editor of The Messenger.

Mark went to St. Louis as a printer on The Evening News and from there to New York, where he got a job as a printer for $4 a week. His foreman praised his work, and he wrote to his mother. "With all this evidence, I believe I do set a clean proof" . . . probably the first time the fame of Hannibal's printers was heard abroad. The era of Mark Twain in Hannibal had come to an end.

By 1855, The Missouri Courier had had enough of Hannibal and went trudging back to Palmyra again—not that it was going to stay there long. The brand-new plank road to New London was opened in 1859, and that same year a first train cruised down the tracks of the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad. It halted obligingly at the wooden trestle over Bear Creek while the timorous scampered over on foot, then felt its tootling way across to pick them up.

The road was a busy one. There were miners, determined to reach Pike's Peak and the mines of Colorado "or bust." There was the mail going through to St. Joe, at the other end of the state, where the pony express riders waited for the mail and the Indians waited for the pony express riders.

But, most important, there was lumber. Up in Wisconsin and Minnesota, on rivers tributary and the mighty Mississippi itself, the "timber beasts" were slamming down the big trees, whipping them through the freshet

W. A. CABLE
*A managing editor who wins campaigns on slot machines and city managers*

E. L. SPARKS
*Publisher, he came to the paper in answer to an advertisement for bookkeeper*

*The Courier-Post advertising manager, C. R. Munson, at the left, is here in a conference with other business office department heads. Delorise Vark is in charge of the newspaper's circulation department; B. E. Emerson is chief accountant*

swollen rapids of a dozen rivers, binding them into great rafts to float the river. In 1863, Capt. George Winans started his "Union" for Hannibal, pushing a raft ahead. The trip was a failure, but later ones weren't. With the West crying for lumber, sawmills sprang up in Hannibal and the screech of saw meeting log and the clean scent of pine were ever in the air.

Perhaps it was the mills and the railroad that brought the peripatetic Missouri Courier back to Hannibal in 1863, and here it consolidated with the paper that Orion Clemens had sold to League and which he in turn had sold to Frazee, Ebert and Company. It was first called The North Missouri Courier and, two years later, became The Hannibal Courier, a pure line in the family tree of the present Hannibal Courier-Post and Hannibal Journal.

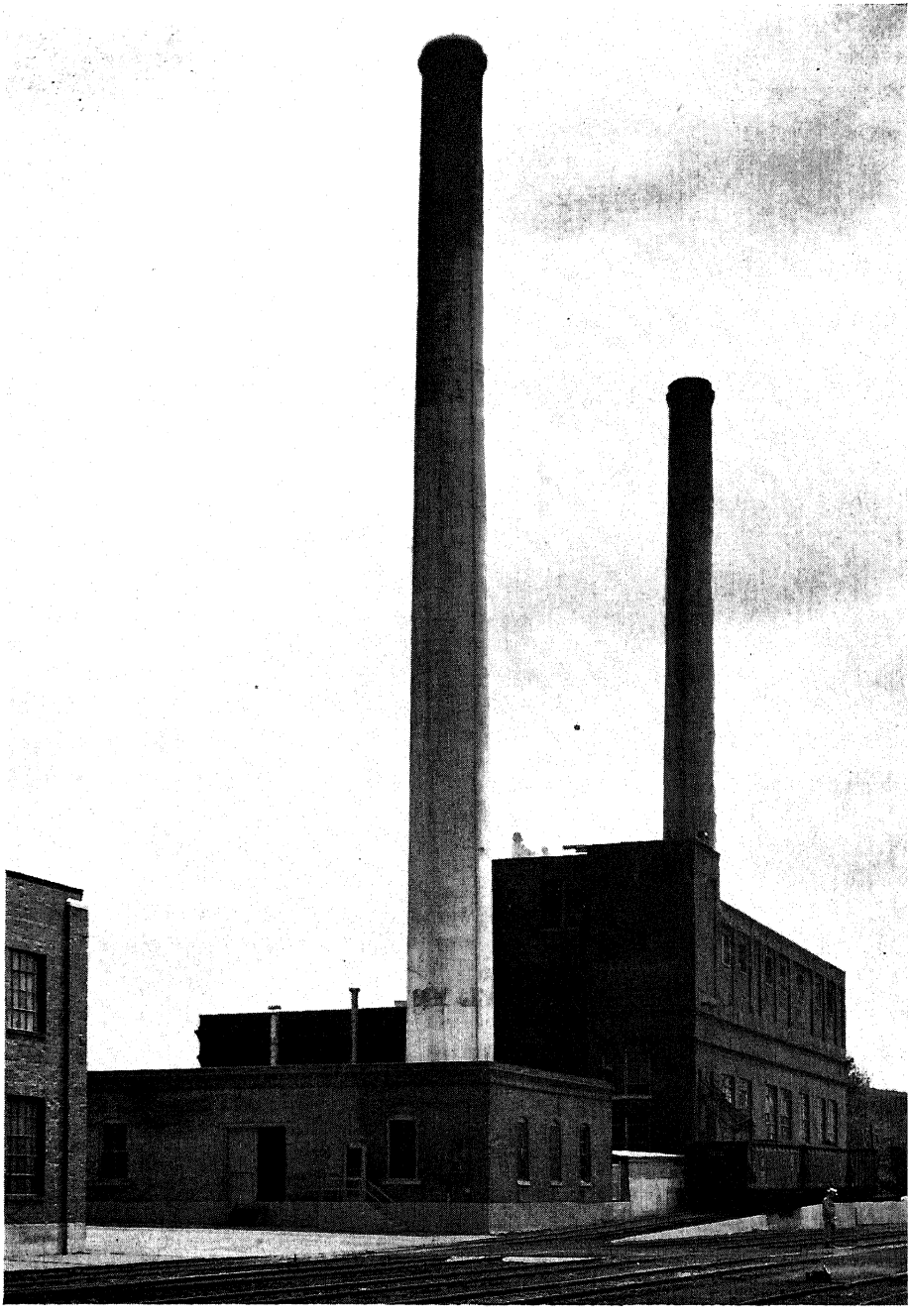
By that time, Hannibal had passed the 6,000 mark and the Civil War was raging. The congregation of the Presbyterian Church, like many a family, had split over the question of slavery. Northern troops were thick in the town to guard the railroad, and the newspapers were stepping quietly, remembering how the Federals had suppressed The Evening News earlier in the war for alleged disloyalty.

The war ended, and, one Sunday, the seceding Presbyterian congregation marched back down the street in a body to the parent church, and the great log rafts came floating down to Hannibal again. In 1870, Hannibal handled 200,000,000 board feet of lumber, and David and William Dulany and A. W. Pettibone were emerging as the big names in sawmill operations. Lumber rafts, too, were arriving, 1,200 feet long, and 64 feet wide, and 20 inches thick, handled by men with 100-foot oars who had dared the rapids of the North where cribs shattered on rocks in foaming white water that pounded the life from men's bodies.

The first street car system in Missouri was operating in 1878, and the driver of one of its Missouri mule teams was a stripling by the name of Robert E. Coontz, later to become a full admiral in World War I, and to serve as chief of naval operations during the latter part of that conflict.

The heyday of lumber came in the 1880s and 1890s, when the railroad sent its tracks under the river's surface so that lumber could be floated above the cars and, dripping wet, be pulled from the river to the washing yards. There couldn't be too much lumber, it seemed, as more and more funneled through to meet the incessant demands of the settlers of the West. But other roads cut in behind the Hannibal and St. Joe; the boom slowed in the late 1890s and came to a grudging halt at the turn of the century.

A new vitality was brought to the Hannibal newspaper world in 1885 in the person of T. B. Morris, who established The Hannibal Evening Post in that year, the same in which the city fathers established the municipal light plant, the first in the nation, at a cost of $1,870.



*One of the institutions of greatest pride to Hannibal citizens is the light and power plant, the oldest municipally-owned public utility in the United States. This has given good service to the city of Hannibal since its purchase in 1895*

In 1891, Morris consolidated The Evening Post with The Hannibal Courier, and the merger of the two "pure lines" of the family tree was called The Hannibal Courier-Post. Another paper destined to merge later with The Courier-Post was then in existence, The Hannibal Morning Journal, founded in 1841 and edited for a long time in its later period by the colorful Democrat, John A. Knott.

On November 25, 1893, The Courier-Post had the first of its "Saturday fires," and, as it was to do again, missed no issues. Though the building on South Main Street was destroyed, a tabloid edition was printed that night, and the regular issue on Monday.

Ten years later, The Morning Journal had its own difficulties when the Mississippi rolled up a floodstage of 22 feet, 6 inches. The Journal put out a "Rubber Boot Edition" one day and a "Skiff Edition" the next, for by then a skiff was the only means of transportation for reporters who tied up at the second story level where the paper was put out on job-printing equipment.

*Flying directly over the western approach of the Mark Twain Bridge, the aerial camera sees a smoke-filled scene of industrial Hannibal in late winter, a part of the business section of the busy city, and a glimpse of "Old Man River", himself*

The city council got tired of running the anemic light plant in 1903 and voted to entrust its destinies to a board of two Republicans and two Democrats. The board arranged a transfusion in the form of a $100,000 bond issue and started the light plant on its way to a phenomenal success which has had the council wondering since.

And, in the same year, the Atlas Portland Cement Company built its big plant near the cave where Mark played at panning gold. Mark, who lost his money in every financial gamble he attempted, hadn't realized that a unique combination of shale and limestone occurring together was more valuable than the 50 cents he pretended he was panning every day.

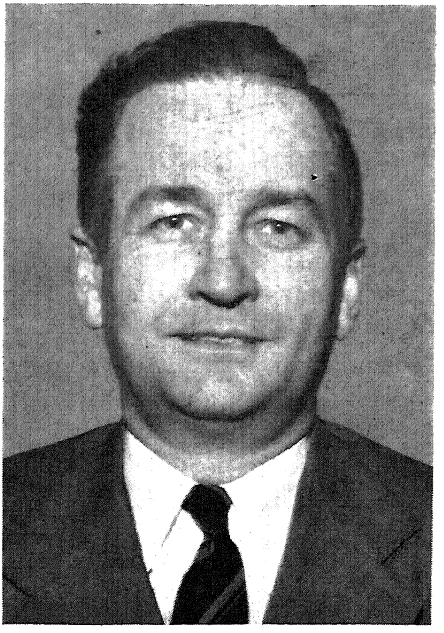
There were other industries a-building then, to take the place of the vanished lumbering era. The first shoe company was established in 1863, operated by eight employes. The owners of several small plants formed the Bluff Shoe Company in 1900, and the Roberts-Johnson-Rand Shoe Company began operations in the same year. Later it consolidated with other shoe makers of St. Louis under the name of the International Shoe Company, which absorbed the Bluff City plant, today one of the largest industries in the city.

But the newspapers of the city steadfastly refused to prosper. In 1907, the public-spirited attorney, George A. Mahan, who later bought the Mark Twain home to keep it from being converted into a butcher shop, went to A. W. Lee, founder of The Lee Syndicate. A Democrat, he said that he felt that Hannibal deserved a better paper and he felt that Lee, a Republican could give Hannibal that paper. At that time, the Lee associates owned The Ottumwa Courier, The Davenport Times, and The Muscatine Journal. The Courier-Post Publishing Corporation was formed on February 1, 1907, with a capital stock of $40,000, half of which was paid to meet state requirements.

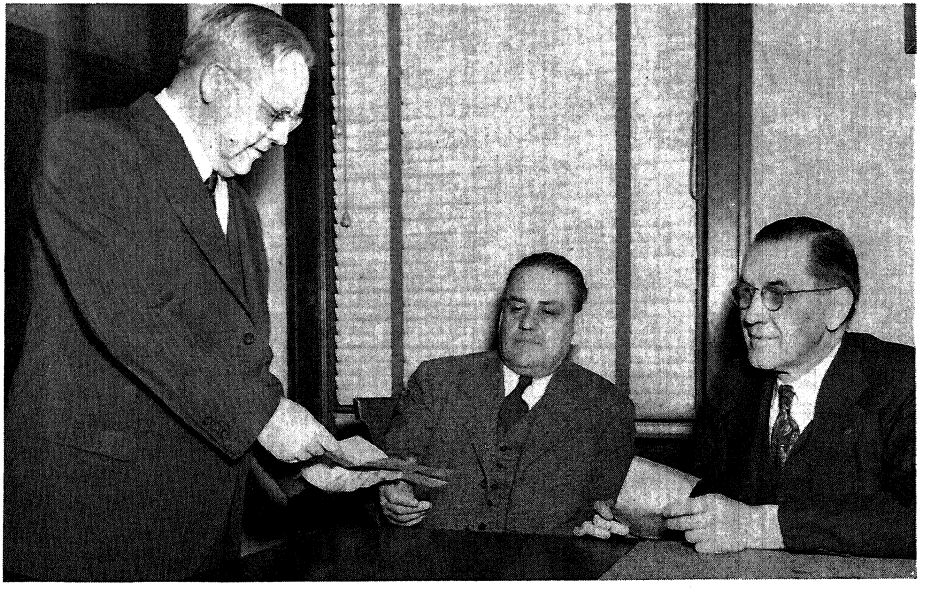
The corporation bought The Hannibal Courier-Post from Morris for $19,000, of which $7,000 was represented by a note signed by Lee, E. P. Adler, and W. J. Hill. At the first stockholders' meeting, Lee was elected president; W. H. Powell, vice president; and Adler and Mahan directors.

The new owners bought the present building at the corner of Third Street and Broadway for $12,500, and moved in. Tentative arrangements had been made by which Frank H. Burgess, then in charge of the Rock Island office of The Davenport Times, was to be the new publisher and business manager. But, because of Hill's financial interest, it was decided to make Hill, then advertising manager of The Muscatine Journal, the publisher and business manager. Burgess was sent instead to La Crosse where he became business manager of The La Crosse Tribune and Leader Press, purchased shortly before by the Lee group.

MRS. EVA C. HUEBSCH
*Mrs. Huebsch has been personal secretary to Publisher Sparks for 29 years*



WAYNE W. CRIBB
*General manager of Hannibal Courier-Post radio enterprise, Station KHMO*



*The Courier-Post publisher and his editors meet often to shape the policy of the newspaper, and to determine programs for a better Hannibal. Left to right: Publisher E. L. Sparks; J. G. Jeffries, city editor; W. A. Cable, managing editor*

W. Hall Powell was the first editor, Royal D. Wolfe the circulation manager, D. W. Rhino the composing room foreman, and H. M. Devine the press room foreman. In April, the paper sold its commercial printing equipment, and, to strengthen its news position, joined The Associated Press. Later that year, Lee died in England, and Adler became president.

The newspaper, frankly, was not much. It had high hopes, but the circulation was only 1,800 and the gross income only $16,500 the year before the purchase. Wolfe went to work, and the circulation climbed to 2,280 the first year and the income mounted to $22,560. The expense exceeded the income by $4,459, but everyone figured that the paper would steady down with organization out of the way.

A circulation contest in 1908 boosted the circulation to 4,215 but after a second a year later, it was only to 4,359. By 1910 it was up to 5,654, and then it began dropping. The capital stock had been increased from $40,000 to $60,000 and the stockholders were worrying. Though it was not warranted, a 3 per cent dividend was paid in 1910.

It was while The Courier-Post was in the financial doldrums that young E. L. Sparks, present publisher, came to the office to see Hill. Married only three months, Sparks was answering an advertisement for a bookkeeper. Fifteen minutes later he had the job at $15 a week, and was making out the first payroll. He discovered that J. B. Jeffries, the editor, got only $18 a week and Hill himself only $25.

That was, for Hannibal, a period of personal journalism which reached new heights of vindictiveness and vituperation. The opposition paper, The Morning Journal, was edited by Knott, a powerful figure in state Democratic circles. The Courier-Post was independent politically, but both Hill and Jeffries were Republicans. The papers—and the town—took sides and the fight was on.

In 1917, the battle reached its peak when the city administration switched from Democrat to Republican and the new council gave the city printing to The Courier-Post, even though The Journal had submitted a lower bid. Knott was furious. He brought a mandamus suit against the city and The Courier-Post, but able counsel delayed the case until, when Knott won the contract, it had expired.

"We got the printing and you got the contract," chortled The Courier-Post, but by that time the two publishers had reached the place where they could walk down neither the same side nor the opposite sides of a street. Each had to have his own.

The battle was an interesting one, but it did business no good. It culminated June 1, 1916, with the resignation of Hill. Jeffries was made publisher, a wise choice, for he was a man whom the town liked and trusted. He

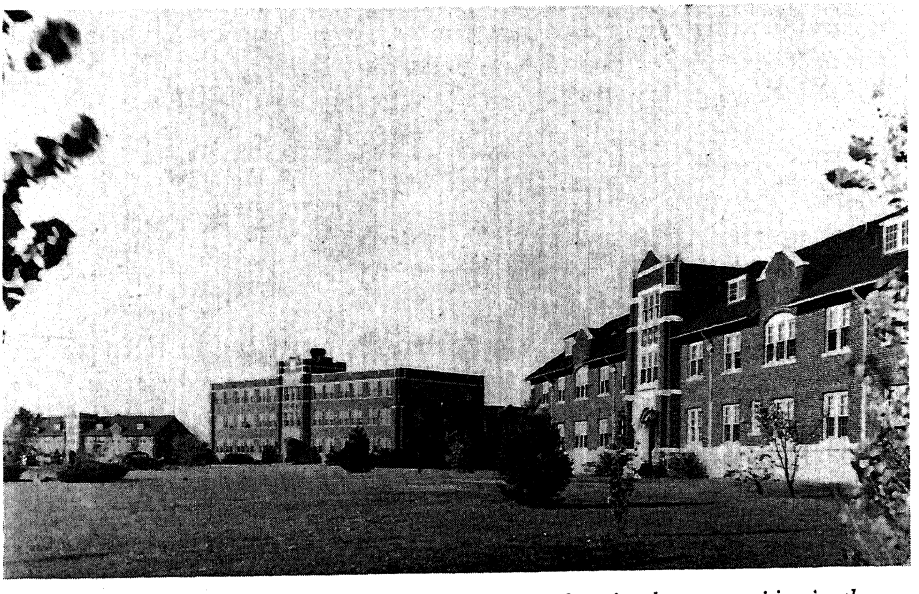
knew his way around in political circles, and he could and would make an impressive address to any civic gathering on any subject at the drop of a hat.

Sparks had wondered who would be his new boss, as business manager; the decision surprised him. Adler, with whom he had talked only in passing, stopped at his high desk and asked him to take the job. Sparks' pleasure was tempered somewhat by the rest of the conversation. The Courier-Post had proved a disappointment, Adler said, and it was a heavy financial drain on the owners. It was being offered for sale and, if Sparks would stay until it had been sold, one of the other papers would take care of him.

But the change in control brought a change in the attitude of the city. The merchants liked Jeffries, and Sparks was a young man from their own area and they had nothing against him. Within a few weeks, the advertisers returned to the fold. By the end of 1916, the decision to sell had been revoked and the first warranted dividend had been paid on the capital stock, which had been raised to $75,000 the year before.

Knott died in 1918, and with him died the last of the enmity between the two papers. Harold Stillwell, son-in-law of Mrs. Knott, met Sparks on the street one day and asked him why The Courier-Post didn't buy The Journal.

"We're trying to sell ourselves," retorted Sparks; this was not quite true,



*Young people are offered varied and excellent educational opportunities in the facilities offered in this community. Hannibal-LaGrange College is an effective part of this. These are the school's administration buildings and the dormitories*

but he relayed the information to Adler and Jim Powell. "See what he'll sell for," returned Adler. Stillwell, sounded out, seemed ripe for a deal. Adler and Powell went to Hannibal and the deal was closed in an hour. The new owners paid down $500 in cash and agreed to pay the remaining $12,000 at the rate of $100 a month with no interest.

The deal was a singularly fortunate one. The next week The Moberly Monitor-Index burned out, and The Courier-Post sold The Journal equipment to the Moberly paper for $6,500. A year later, Adler told Sparks to see if Stillwell would discount the remaining payments. Stillwell was agreeable, and a deal was made for $7,700. The total cost of The Journal, thus, was only $2,000.

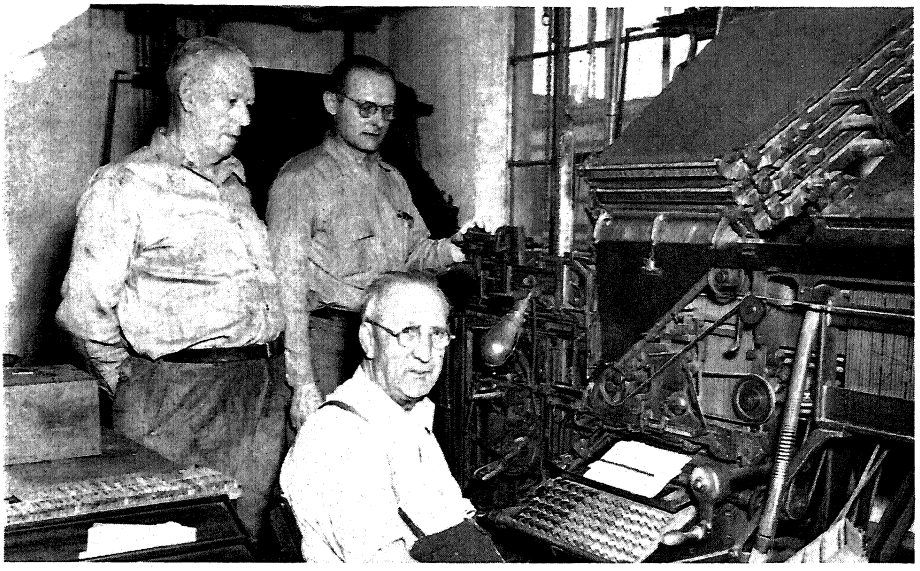
All of this gave rise to Adler's famous quip, "Some folks are mean enough to ask me where I was the night The Moberly Monitor-Index burned down."

From then on The Courier-Post prospered. In February, 1924, the capital stock was increased to $125,000 and an extensive remodeling job done. The job was completed on a Friday night in February, 1925, and the next morning the plant was ablaze in the second of its "Saturday fires." The damage exceeded $22,000, and ink, vaporized by the heat, settled upon the walls and equipment, making even the typewriters unusable. Workers scoured the town for every barrel of alcohol that could be found, and began cleaning the plant. As in the previous fire, a tabloid edition was put out in a local job shop, and on Monday, after a week end of scrubbing and scouring, the regular edition went to press.

Jeffries died in 1933, with a record of having attended every national Republican and Democratic convention since the first decade of the century, and Sparks became publisher as well as business manager. Will Cable went from the city editor's chair to the editor's, and John Jeffries, son of the former publisher, became city editor. Both Cable and the younger Jeffries had been with the paper since World War I, in which both served. The paper sent eight men to that war.

In the second World War, 38 men from the paper and its radio station were in the service. By the war's end there were two gold stars in The Courier-Post service flag: One for Ensign Harry A. Sparks, son of the publisher, killed in a training crash in Florida as he prepared for overseas duty as a naval pilot; and one for Sgt. William Gunn, who died while flying the hump in Burma.

The radio station dates to 1936, when The Courier-Post made application to the Federal Communications Commission. The favorable report was reversed, and the case was taken to the appellate court in Washington where, in 1941, permission was granted. The station, KHMO, came to audible life



*Mechanical department foremen: At left is the late Herbert M. Devine, press room veteran; seated is D. W. Rhino, former foreman and oldest Courier-Post employee in point of service; standing at right, B. A. Troutman, composing room foreman*

August 22, 1941, and proved that it could do a job. Application was made for an increase in power from 250 to 5,000 watts on October 31, 1946. the commission tentatively authorized a change from 250 watts, unlimited time, to 1,000 watts night power and 5,000 watts day power. Manager of the station is Wayne W. Cribb, who has been with KHMO for four years.

The staff of The Courier-Post is a blend of the old and the new. Rhino, composing room foreman under Morris and under the new management, now operating a linotype, is a veteran of 37 years' service. B. A. Troutman, the present composing room foreman, has been with the paper 25 years. Charles R. Munson, advertising manager, 26 years; Cable, managing editor, 36 years; Jeffries, city editor, 33 years; B. E. "Bert" Emerson, accountant, 30 years; and Mrs. Eva Huebsch, secretary to the publisher, 29 years. H. M. "Herb" Devine, press room foreman, who had trained some of the best pressmen in the nation, died early in 1947 after 40 years with the paper. He was succeeded by E. L. Sparks, jr., son of the publisher.

A second generation Devine is now working with The Lee Newspapers. When Adler asked for a pressman some years ago, Sparks sent Herb's son, Ross, to The Davenport Times. Adler said that Ross was "all right, but too damn cocky," but last fall (1946) made him mechanical superintendent.

Not all of the staff are old timers. Delorise Vark came to the paper as a reporter eight years ago. When Wolfe, the circulation manager, became

ill about five years ago, she came "downstairs" to aid Sparks in carrying on until Wolfe came back. Wolfe was never able to come back, and she took over the job as one of the best circulation managers in the business. The boys tag her around, and the mothers swear by her.

Probably the only edition of any newspaper in the world devoted to a literary figure was the Mark Twain issue of The Courier-Post of March 6, 1935; 7,000 copies were sold in addition to the regular circulation, and a second printing of 6,000 was required.

The Courier-Post was one of the first, if not the first, paper in the group to have its own engraving plant. Adler gave the go-ahead signal one day years ago, and Sparks and Herb Devine set out for Aurora, Missouri, where a one-man engraving plant was being made and sold. They watched a cut being made and were invited out to lunch.

"You go out and eat," retorted Sparks. "We'll stay here and, if we can make a cut while you're gone, we'll take the outfit."

The owners of the factory were gone a suspiciously long time. When they returned, the Hannibal pair, publisher and press room foreman, had made a creditable cut. They took the plant. For the next two weeks, they confess that they barely spoke to each other when they tried each day to make another cut and couldn't. Another trip to Aurora, however, brought the answer to their troubles. A youth who "came down off a rockcrusher"

*Dairying is an important industry in Northeast Missouri. This is part of the producing herd of the Hatch Experimental Farm at Hannibal. This institution is jointly operated by the United States and the Missouri College of Agriculture*

developed into a bang-up photographer-engraver in his new job. More recently, the paper has installed a new engraving department equal to that of far larger papers and, as a final service to the readers, added AP Wirephoto service.

Mark's resolution to "edit the paper in a way to liven the circulation" has been adopted as the motto of the newsroom. It makes an interesting life for a reporter, and a better city as well.

For example, there are no slot machines in Hannibal. There were, at one time. A former sheriff made the mistake of telling newsmen the city was free of the one-armed bandits. Later that day, two newsmen were ducking out of one establishment in the city with a picture of a slot machine in operation. The owner of the shop, brandishing a knife, was close behind them. When they had slowed up, they called on the sheriff. The sheriff saw the error of his ways.

The city council tried to bring in parking meters, thinking to hold the story from The Courier-Post until too late to organize resistance. Reporters ferreted out the story and the council members sucked scorched fingers as they reluctantly gave up the idea which, it was believed, would have alienated farm trade in a city dependent upon farm trade and farmers' good will.

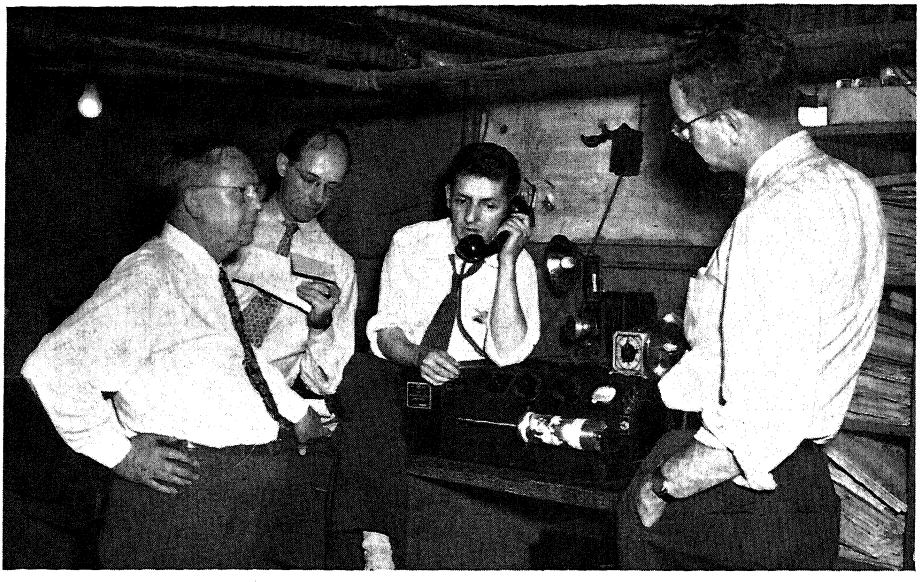
The council has been hesitant to raise a tax rate which is one of the lowest in the state because of the success of the municipal light plant. The plant in 1913 bought out the privately owned water plant, and the two properties are now valued at $3,000,000. Each year they pay $100,000 to the city plus free street lighting and water plug service, valued at another $60,000 to $80,000. As a result, the city has no bonded indebtedness and has not had for many a year.

Recently The Courier-Post has taken on the council again. With expenses mounting, the council again went into secret sessions to develop new and discriminatory taxes. It advocated a 2-cents a pack city tax on cigarets; 2 per cent gross levy on motion-picture receipts, and extra levies on the bus company, and adjustment on merchants' licenses, but, according to the mayor, "didn't want to say too much about it in advance for fear of opposition," such as that which had smothered the parking meter scheme.

The Courier-Post thought otherwise. One of the dandiest brawls that a newspaper could wish to see was brewing early this year with citizens storming the council chambers and merchants, bus company, and movie operators taking big Courier-Post advertisements to bring their protests to the public.

In another battle during the spring, the Courier-Post flexed its editorial muscles in a campaign to convert the city government to the city manager form. Again the paper reflected and gave force to the desires of the people,

*Floods are a recurring part of the history of any Mississippi River city, but those of June, 1947 were among the worst on record. This picture shows inundated business section of City of Hannibal, with the railroad tracks under water*



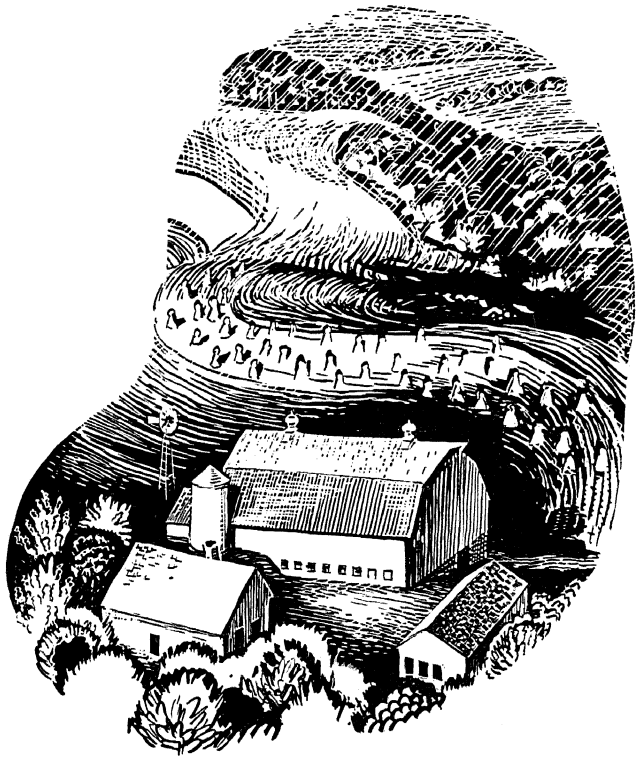
*Many Courier-Post subscribers had to get their newspapers by rowboat, but the paper did not miss an edition. Here is Publisher E. L. Sparks, and an AP Wirephoto team sending news pictures of the Mississippi flood to rest of the world*

who at the spring election voted in the new form of government. The election was carried by a 3 to 2 vote, culmination of a heated two-year campaign to bring the city manager form of government to Hannibal.

The fury of flash floods in Iowa and Nebraska late in the spring of 1947 sent the Mississippi swirling through Hannibal's downtown streets and low sections. For three critical days, the business district was isolated by water. Levees leading to backwaters were blown and thousands of sandbags were piled at strategic places to relieve flood pressure. On June 10, 1947 the river crested at 24.1 feet, receded slowly, only to threaten again before danger to Hannibal passed.

Surrounded by water, the municipal light plant grimly held out and the flow of power was undiminished. The silt-filled waters of the Mississippi swept within a half-block of The Courier-Post building, but publication went on. Engineers carried on emergency programs over KHMO even though flood waters lapped the steps of the downtown studio building. Like a Notre Dame team with its back to the goal line, Hannibal fought the river day after day, and through many a long night. When the flotsam and jetsam was cleared, Hannibal went back to work with the conviction that it had won a victory but by an all too uncomfortable margin. The flood cost Hannibal between $2,000,000 and $3,000.000.

The Courier-Post starts a new century more fortunate than the usual centenarian, somewhat moth-eaten by time. It has a new voice in its radio station, new eyes in its engraving plant, and a new body in a new building which awaits only a favorable time to start construction.



## 9. La Crosse

# The La Crosse Tribune

FRANK H. BURGESS

*A dapper little chap with a whimsical smile, whose belief in the future of La Crosse and The Tribune helped them become a thriving city and a good newspaper*

# CHAPTER 9

# *The La Crosse Tribune*

## *HEART OF THE COULEE REGION*

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE BRIEFEST AND MOST TERSELY worded business deal in the history of the newspaper business, that transaction in January, 1917, in which The La Crosse Tribune bought out its robust competitor and opened the way for The Tribune's expansion.

After playing a cat-and-mouse game for a period of years, officials of The Tribune and The La Crosse Leader-Press brought together E. P. Adler, president of The Lee Syndicate, and Philo M. Gelatt, publisher of the opposition paper, in a small hotel room in La Crosse.

On the train to La Crosse Adler had said to Jim Powell, vice president of the syndicate, "Jim, those fellows are going to ask $100,000 for The Leader-Press. They'll ask for it in bonds and we'll pay it."

Powell was aghast. "Mannie," he exclaimed, "we'd be crazy to consider such a figure! The Tribune could never retire such a debt."

It was almost with awe that A. M. Brayton, editor, who, with Business Manager Frank Burgess, witnessed the deal and described the scene of two competent businessmen at work, a scene that went exactly as Adler had predicted.

There were no preliminaries. Gelatt said, "We'll sell."

"How much?" asked Adler.

"$100,000."

"On what terms?"

"Bonds."

"Sold."

In three minutes there was accomplished a thing that should have been done years before.

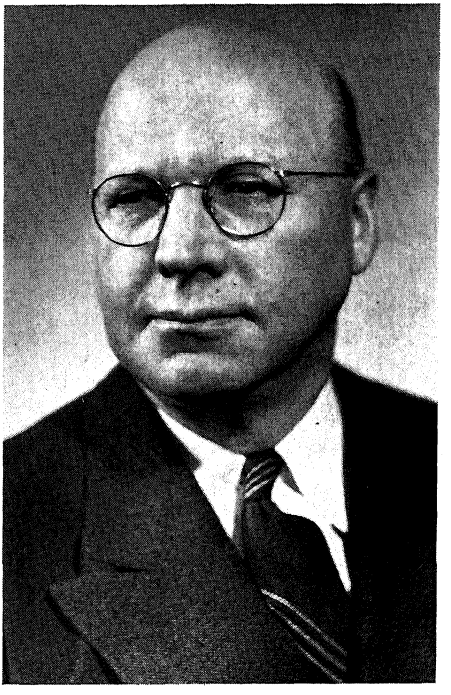
Thus came to an end an era too long drawn out. It had been obvious for years that La Crosse was too small to support two newspapers, but the acrimony and cut-throat competition between them had continued. Now this was at an end and The Tribune could concentrate on expansion for community service. E. P. Adler's prescience was vindicated, for within a decade that which was then a staggering sum of $100,000 was paid off. The Tribune went ahead at an unforeseen pace. Twice after the consolidation it remodeled and expanded, and in 1938 it moved into its new building which still is a model of functional planning and design for newspaper plants.

Built under the supervision of William T. Burgess, eldest son of Frank Burgess, at that time business manager, the new building proved to be a challenge and an inspiration to the staff. In 1939, after the death of Frank, son Bill became publisher and has directed and guided further growth which has persisted despite the restrictions of the war years.

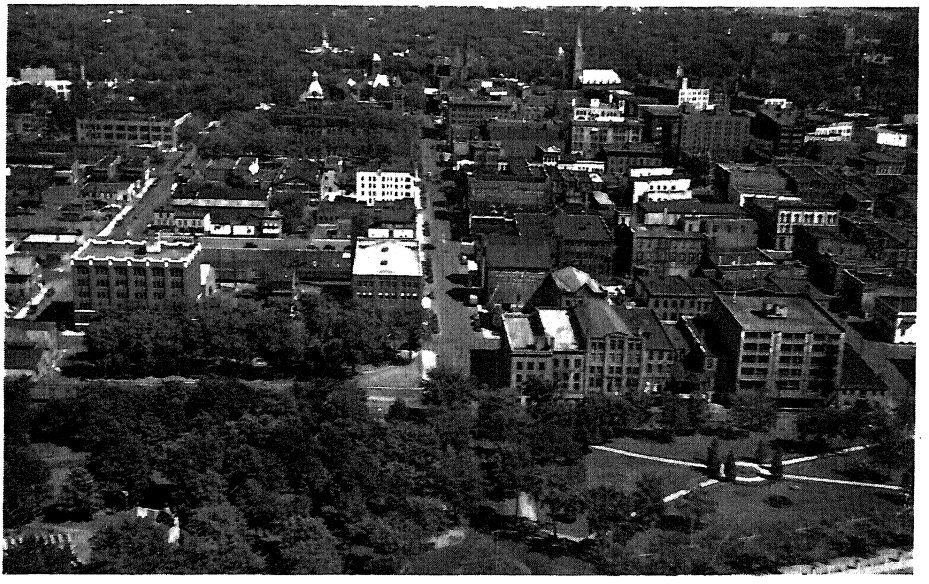
All this came about through faith, faith of the newspaper group, the publishers, and the staff, as well as the faith of the community.

"It has been said that what we purchased was 'blue sky' when we came

WILLIAM T. BURGESS
*Publisher of Tribune, he follows father's tradition, builds a few of his own*



ROY L. BANGSBERG
*Managing editor who supervises a growing staff and writes Tribune editorials*



*An airplane view of the downtown business area of modern La Crosse. In the foreground of this picture may be seen a section of the municipal Riverside Park along the Mississippi River. This is a popular summer recreational area*

to La Crosse in 1907," Frank Burgess wrote in the edition dedicated to the new building. "But what we really bought was an opportunity, and it was faith that sold us the idea."

But to go back to the beginning. The Tribune was born in 1904, out of the confusion, dissatisfaction, and distrust that grew out of a light and power company fight. When a consolidation of two competing companies took place without a word of the deal being printed in the city's three daily newspapers, suspicion and resentment stirred up a demand for another paper. A. M. Brayton, a lawyer who preferred to use his talents for expression in writing rather than in speaking before juries, was managing editor of The Morning Chronicle, and, with three other Chronicle executives, left that paper to found The Tribune.

The capital stock was $10,000, half paid in; the debt was $14,000, but there was youth and enthusiasm to partly overcome these drawbacks. The equipment consisted of one linotype and a few type cases. Printing was done on the press of a German newspaper next door, reached through a hole knocked out in the basement wall between them.

Immediately The Tribune began to crusade for a competing light and power company, and one day its staff awoke to find that its aim had been gained. Up went the new poles and wires, and the disastrous history of all attempts of competing power companies in small towns began to repeat

itself. Meanwhile The Tribune began to realize that it had bit off more than it could chew. Competition in its own field was too much for it. It was ready to be choked off years before the power company gave up.

The fortuitous circumstance that brought together Adler and Brayton and led to their joining forces in the development of The Tribune was the latter's disembarking at Davenport on a return trip from a vacation journey to Hannibal in 1905. Naturally, he went to the town's newspaper, The Davenport Times, where Adler took time to show him about. It was here that Brayton, familiar only with the editorial end of newspaper work, received his first insight into business office procedure, circulation management and cost accounting.

Two years went by. The young Tribune, under slow strangulation by its competitors, was gasping for breath, but still able to bite at its enemies, who were described in an earlier history as "predatory parties whose shrieks of protest had first attracted the interest of A. W. Lee to the carnivorous infant of the Gateway city."

The Lee interests, with three newspapers, The Davenport Times, The Ottumwa Courier, and The Muscatine Journal, were in a position to add new papers to their string. Brayton's earlier contacts with Adler, and his paper's national advertising representatives, who also were employed by The Tribune, started the negotiations for rescue.

*The modern city of La Crosse stretches out for more than 7 miles along the banks of three rivers, the Mississippi, the Black, and the La Crosse. These streams have played an important part in the history and economics of the thriving community*

Sale of The Tribune to the Lee interests early in 1907 for $15,000 brought Frank Burgess to La Crosse, a dapper little chap, wearing a whimsical smile, suggesting one who took the world understandingly with a light heart. He had represented The Chicago Herald-Examiner from Chattanooga to the western wilds, and later was circulation manager in Rock Island and Moline for The Davenport Times.

A quirk of fate sent Burgess to La Crosse instead of to Hannibal, where negotiations had been completed for the purchase of The Courier-Post before The Tribune deal went through. Plans had been to place him in Hannibal as manager, an arrangement pleasing to the Burgess family because they loved the Mississippi Valley. However, when it appeared that W. J. Hill, advertising manager of The Muscatine Journal, had something Burgess didn't have, $1,000 of capital, a switch of managers was made. Investing money was a scarce item in those days, and an important factor in making such decisions.

From the beginning, Burgess and Brayton, on whose shoulders rested the task of making The Tribune a success, had an affinity for each other. Hardheaded and aggressive, willing to fight for their beliefs at the drop of a hat, both were gifted with keen intellect, a sense of humor, genuine sentiment, and understanding.

Through the years their compatibility grew, aided by the deep attachment their wives developed for each other. Seen in retrospect, the struggles and grief of The Tribune's early days seem to be buried under the fun and satisfaction these people enjoyed together. No matter how serious the cares of the day, they could cast them aside and find merriment in everything. "The day was never too long for the things of work and play we had to do," Brayton once said.

"Our baby was sold, and to strangers at that," was the doleful comment of the one and only reporter on The Tribune staff at the time of the sale to the Lee group. But Frank Burgess could not be a stranger to anyone very long, and soon he captivated the staff and ingratiated himself into the good will of the citizens.

When Burgess came to La Crosse he found himself in charge of a publication which had progressed to the status of a first-class newspaper, but which was unable to make payments on its new press or even keep up its rent. Every Saturday night there had been a scurrying among banks, friends, and the stockholders to raise the payroll, and sometimes when this failed, the executives took a long walk, only to find upon their return a little group of faithful employes sitting around the door with pleading looks in their eyes.

With characteristic zeal, Burgess started many things, and sad to relate,

*A. M. Brayton and Frank Burgess constituted an effective and a happy team. Between them, they made The La Crosse Tribune a lively and a prosperous newspaper. In 1938 a new building brought them together for old-times reminiscence*

in the opinion of some of the staff members, stopped many others. Among the latter was the system of wheedling advances out of the tender-hearted bookkeeper, beginning on the Monday after the Saturday pay day. But when, on the first Saturday after the hated order went into effect, some of the staff received their first full week's pay in one sum for the first time, they began to see its advantage.

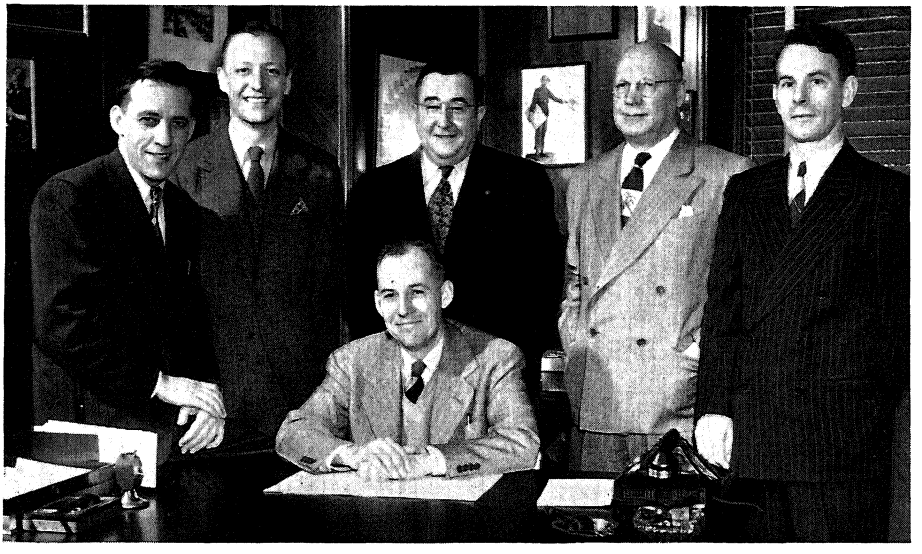
A transfusion of $40,000 and first-class equipment into the physically anemic property made it possible for the alert business manager to prove the slogan he had adopted, "Getting better all the time." Raising money for improvements usually was done by selling more capital stock, yet few Lee executives had money to invest. To buy a few shares of Tribune stock, Burgess once borrowed from a friend in Ottumwa, Iowa. Before the principal was repaid, the amount of interest equalled the loan.

One of the first improvements was to cut the deadwood from the 2,500 circulation, reducing the total to 1,500. Then there was a campaign for new subscribers. Despite the fact that the competing Leader-Press, dating to pre-Civil War days, had the support of the pioneers and sons of pioneers who were slow to desert no matter how provoked they became, within four or five years The Tribune's circulation shot ahead of its rival. Advertising rates were increased and the publisher went out to get more customers.

"He gave no thought to the conservation of shoe leather, nor the aphorism that little people should be seen and not heard," Brayton said of him. "He walked Tribune, and thought Tribune, and talked Tribune. He rubbed Tribune and Tribune circulation into the merchants until they liked it and bought its space.

"Office routine he handled with a swift and accurate flourish, for he had the unusual ability to delegate details to others and insure their performance. Shortly he made of The Tribune an almost fool-proof organization from a business standpoint, and bound all departments to him with ties of lasting friendship."

Frank Burgess' belief that experience teaches best was unshakable and was borne out in the results of his placing responsibility on those coming up through the ranks. One day in later years his son, Bill, then advertising manager, sought advice about changing from flat rates to a sliding scale. After asking his son how he felt about the plan and receiving the answer that it seemed the right thing to do, Frank refused to commit himself, saying only that Bill should try it if he were sold on it himself. With his father away in Tucson, the advertising manager put the new scale into effect and was forced to face a mass meeting of indignant merchants. But the storm passed, the new rates were accepted as the senior Burgess no doubt knew they would be, and his son gained confidence in his own judgment.



*Department heads meet with Publisher William T. Burgess. Left to right, standing: E. L. Burgess, assistant business manager; Ed Keefe, circulation manager; Arthur Teachout, local advertising; R. L. Bangsberg, managing editor; Fred Ristow, comptroller*

In the early years while Frank Burgess was burning up shoe leather and talking himself hoarse to further The Tribune's business, Brayton, the other half of the "Busy B's," had his fertile mind at work, thinking up features to promote reader interest.

"Brayton had the background of common interest, lit by the steady glow of an idealism that declares human imperfections where to the more partisan eye they would be invisible," one of his colleagues said of him. "Yet this expert swordsman of the public lists, swinging lustily the sword that knows no brother has a rare genius for friendship. He counts his friends by the hundreds, and to be once admitted to his intimacy is to join a circle that is never broken, regardless of misunderstanding and misfortune."

Although The Tribune took a new lease on life with its joining the Lee interests, making ends meet still was a difficult process, one which could not have been attained without the help and counsel of E. P. Adler. He was a frequent visitor to The Tribune, always bringing promotional ideas, new methods of increasing revenues, and encouragement to the business manager and the editor when their spirits were inclined to droop.

Less than a year after the purchase, came the blow of the sudden death of A. W. Lee in England. The news was given Adler and Jim Powell as they stepped on the dock at La Crosse from a river packet. Even with his added burdens as president of the group, Adler did not lessen his efforts to put The Tribune ahead in its race for supremacy in La Crosse. There were times when he had to arrange loans for the paper and others when he had to help the executives with their personal finances. When the great struggle finally was over and The Tribune became the single paper in La Crosse, Brayton wrote:

"Naturally The Tribune family has deep appreciation of all these things which have made The Tribune an outstanding paper and which have given its officers a part in the development of the third largest newspaper organization in America.

"The old fights are over. E. P. Adler does not have to come to our rescue almost constantly as of old. But there has grown up between him and The Tribune family a deeper feeling, finer than business and its quandaries. The news that E. P. is coming sends a thrill of pleasure throughout the institution."

The stream of correspondence and telegrams that kept flowing between Davenport and La Crosse in both calm and troubled times always held a note of humor and affection, typical of the relations of The Tribune executives with their chief. With clock-like regularity, on the first of the month, E. P. would wire his reactions to those important business figures which

had to be, and still have to be, on his desk on that day. "Wonderful showing," he would say. "It appears that the worse you behave in New York the better they work at home."

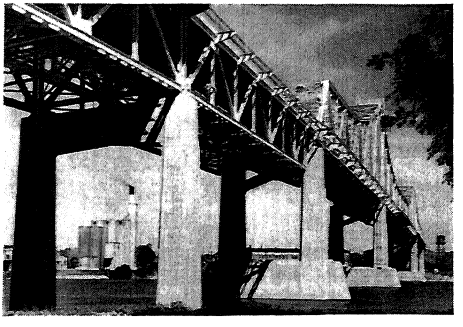
An Adler letter would say:

"I cannot consider your application for the position of business manager of The Tribune for an entire year. That is too long a time to take anybody in these days of barnyard hooch and international uncertainty. I am willing to say now, without giving the matter any further thought, that we will give you 60 days more trial instead of the usual 30 days."

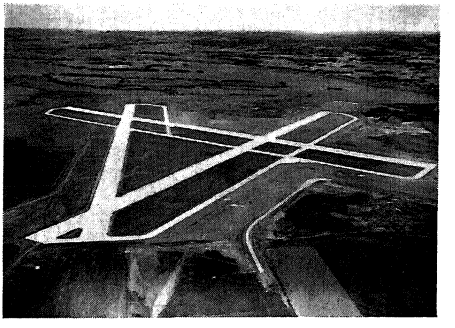
The 30-day trial, a standing joke, even after 20 years, appeared regularly. On one occasion Adler wrote to Burgess:

"We have some idea of selling on account of the decadence of the publisher but he managed to make a better showing in September and we have given him 30 days more to see if he can make good. If not, we are going to sell the property and turn him out to pasture as they do all the old horses."

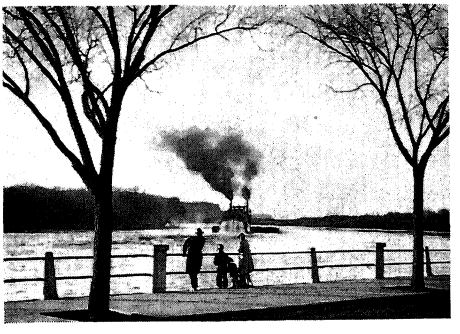
Appreciation and gratitude for a trip to New York with other news-



*This $1,000,000 bridge linking Wisconsin and Minnesota is near Tribune plant*



*Completion of Municipal Airport on French Island puts city on world airlines*



*A steamer pushing a barge-load of coal up Mississippi River at La Crosse*

*Nine-foot channel dam, one of which that make Mississippi a great waterway*

papermen to attend a meeting of the American Newspaper Publishers Association, with side journeys to Washington and Atlantic City, once prompted Brayton to write a glowing picture of its highlights to Adler, just in case, perhaps, that his memory might not be clear:

"No wonder you mistook the aquarium for the natatorium and examined the game laws to learn whether you were in season. You even imagined you were the fish commissioner. You understand now that it really wasn't true, don't you. How vivid those hallucinations! Days later when we had reached the Boardwalk your amphibious instincts had not subsided, for never a sucker, but more of that later.

"Do you remember the morning we started for Atlantic City? After innumerable trips to the Mississippi docks, with Jimmy ballyhooing imaginary Lusitanias, that lone pilgrimage to the Boardwalk was strangely restful. How the spirit of speculation seized you! The goddess of commerce looked into your eyes and you stayed to buy and bought to stay. How John the Junkman must have laughed at this stage of our junket. Be not impatient with this effusion. With men, levity ever covers emotion. What the able and generous founder of The Lee Syndicate was to you and Jim Powell, you have become to us. You have taken us into your life and have helped us live ours."

A plant "such as has never before been seen in La Crosse and to be the finest in the State of Wisconsin outside of Milwaukee" was in the plans for The Tribune, announced in the edition of February 9, 1907. A few days later came the news that The Tribune had signed a 10-year lease on the Trane building at Fifth and Jay Streets, which was to be its home for 31 years. Two double-deck linotype machines, a big Goss perfecting rotary press, and other machinery, including a complete stereotype outfit, had been purchased by Lee and Adler for the rejuvenated Tribune. Bids were let for the remodeling of the building and by the first week in April the paper was ready to move into its new home.

Throngs of visitors fascinated by the mechanism and speed of the press, crowded about the building the first days of its opening. Newsboys and carriers had the paper on the street within two minutes after the white paper went into the press. "Perfect and up-to-date in its appointments," were the comments of experts. The Tribune was on its way.

Always alert for an excuse to publish a special edition, the incomparable editor and business manager team in 1910 thought up the "End of the Decade Edition" and astonished not only the citizens of La Crosse but also their associates and other midwest newspapermen.

"When I saw 112 pages I nearly dropped dead," Adler telegraphed The Tribune. "Magnificent job. Buy the whole force a dinner. Charge to me."

*From the top of Grandad Bluff, overlooking the City of La Crosse, one can see the three states of Wisconsin, Iowa, and Minnesota. On New Year's Eve the Skyrockers, an organization of business men, shoot fireworks from the bluff top*

As if this accomplishment were not enough, the next year the two human dynamos promoted a 140-page "Trade Area Edition," a feat proclaimed as one seldom, if ever, equalled by a newspaper plant in a city of 30,000. This jumbo edition of 980 columns had 19,600 inches devoted to the story of La Crosse and its neighbors.

By September 1915, The Tribune was steady enough in its finances to permit the purchase of the building it occupied for $15,300. Now the competition between The Leader-Press and The Tribune increased in ferocity. Hints were spread by the former that within three years there would be only one newspaper in La Crosse. In 1916 it became known that The Leader-Press was trying to smoke out the Lee interests. "Sit tight and say nothing," was Adler's advice. Burgess sat tight, with the result that Leader-Press officials finally sought the meeting with Adler. On January 20, 1917, The Leader-Press announced that beginning on January 22, "this paper, The Tribune and The Sunday Chronicle would be published under the name of The La Crosse Tribune."

Said The Leader-Press as it gracefully bowed itself out:

> "The owners face the backward step of cheapening their publications to the level of divided income or the forward plan of joining forces for the production of a single newspaper more ample and of better quality. An amicable agreement has been reached."

Now it was Burgess' task to make the two factions existing in the city feel that La Crosse's only newspaper belonged to them all alike. A man of strong opinions, freely expressed, softened by friendliness and understanding, he went ahead to open the paper to the opinions of everybody, of all classes, parties and creeds. He never deviated from A. W. Lee's sound fundamental principles for the management of the Lee Newspapers.

> "To be fearless, straightforward, and fair; to fight steadily for the best interests of the community; to print news without favoritism, coloring, or bias; to prefer peace to conflict, but to fight for the rights of the people and good order."

In 1918 the daily contacts so stimulating to both Burgess and Brayton were disrupted by the latter's leaving La Crosse to take over the publication of The Wisconsin State Journal. They could no longer hold those regular long conversations about all the subjects that popped into their fertile minds and in them parry the rapier thrusts of each other's wit. But letters and frequent visits continued to bind them in their rare friendship.

Mark R. Byers, a boy who had grown up in The Tribune from his days of knee-breeches, stepped into Brayton's position as editor. Like many other beginners in the earlier days, he had started out as a reporter on the

*Newest of the buildings in the splendid school system of La Crosse is the Longfellow, completed and occupied just before the last war. The city has 24 schools, including a State Teacher's College, which features physical education course*

north side of La Crosse and had successfully filled the position of telegraph editor and city editor. During World War I, as he followed the day-by-day progress of events, he became a student of foreign affairs, an interest he has continued through the years. Today, his sound interpretation of world happenings in his weekly column "Foreign Affairs" reflects the sharpness and intensity of his observations.

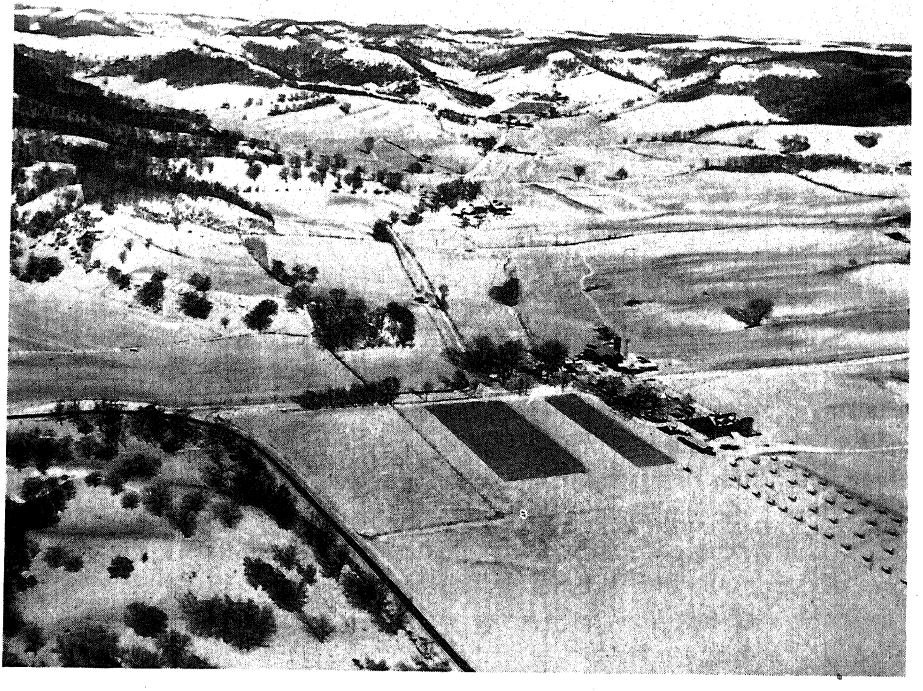
Byers left La Crosse to become editor of the weekly Two Rivers, Wis., Reporter which he turned into a daily. Later he went to The Manitowoc Herald; now he is managing editor of The Wausau Daily Record-Herald.

By 1924, having outgrown its quarters in the basement and on the ground floor of the Fifth and Jay Streets building, The Tribune began plans for a five-month remodeling process which was quite accurately described as being adequate to handle any possible increase in its service for 10 or 15 years. On June 27, 1924, newspapermen from four states came to inspect the plant, along with thousands of La Crosse residents. A huge 48-page multi-unit sextuple press and a new stereotype plant to

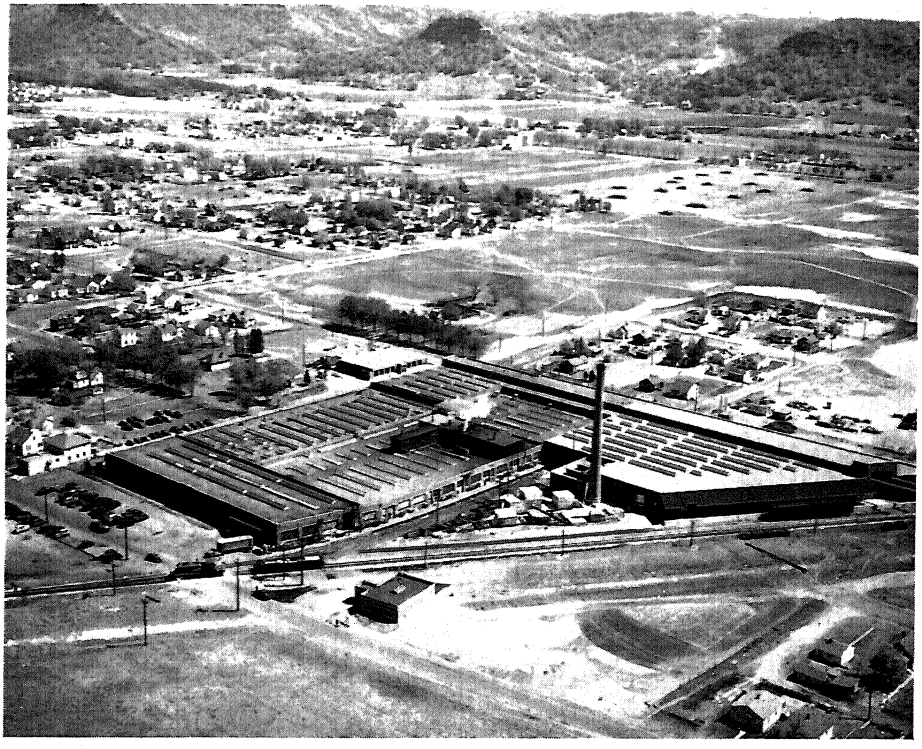
produce semi-cylindrical plates had been installed. Editorial and composing rooms had been moved upstairs. Business office space and other departments had been increased in size.

As the paper progressed, Burgess' work became easier and he devoted more and more time to civic activities and to newspaper affairs of a state, regional, and national scale. He was president of the Inland Daily Press Association for two terms, 1922 and 1923, and active in the Associated Press, the American Newspaper Publishers Association, member of the committee in charge of the Bureau of Advertising for many years, Wisconsin Daily Newspaper League, and Northwest Press Association. He was perhaps the best known small city publisher in the country. His earlier nickname of "Shrimp", one that was called even by ex-President William Howard Taft, gave way to "The Insect" by which he was known all over the country.

On his 50th birthday, September 4, 1925, a special edition of The Tribune printed for the occasion had a half-column cut in five columns of white space and a banner head, "Insect Studied by Distinguished Scien-



*The rolling area of La Crosse County embraces more than 100 colorful coulees. It is from these that The Tribune gets its slogan. This photograph shows an aerial view in winter of the prosperous farm land in "The Heart of the Coulee Region"*



*Factory of the Trane Company, manufacturers of heating and air conditioning equipment. Unusually good transportation facilities by railroad, river, and airplane have made the city an attractive site for a number of large industrial plants*

tists." The scientists, who made a trek to the Burgess cottage, "Bazzazazz," near Trempealeau, the scene of many similar happy doings, included many staff members of the Lee papers.

In 1928, Frank Burgess accepted with his usual courage the verdict of his physician that he must go to a sanitarium. He submitted to being put to bed to conquer the tuberculosis "bugs," but his spirit of fun was not subdued. A constant stream of letters and telegrams flowed to him from persons of all groups, creeds, and business; on his birthday and on holidays, the stream became a deluge. After eight months he returned to La Crosse to pick up his many interests with renewed vigor.

Again, in 1934, he was forced to go to Tucson for the winter months. When he and Mrs. Burgess returned in April of that year, they were met at the station by a combined band of the two city high schools, the top-hatted fun club called The La Crosse Plugs, The Tribune staff, and a Tribune extra in his honor. The same year he was elected life member of the La Crosse Rotary Club, and was chosen to head a Plug delegation to

meet President Franklin D. Roosevelt in his private car at a Rochester, Minn., celebration. In 1937 he was selected by unanimous vote of four La Crosse service clubs as member of the Hall of Fame, a distinction given to one person before him and none since.

As early as 1923 Burgess began to design his own Christmas cards, and as the years went on they continued to be unique interpretations of his personality, cherished by all who received them. One of his favorite stunts was to dress up as a ragged, forlorn-looking newsboy selling papers, an act he repeated over and over again at conventions, weddings, and other affairs. A picture of him in this guise was used on his 1937 Christmas card, outlined against the background of the architect's sketch for the new Tribune building, with the accompanying words, "When dreams come true." By the next year, the dream had come true and he was seen on his card perched on top of a picture of the new building, "I'm sitting on top of the world!"

After his return from Tucson in 1939, Burgess went to a La Crosse hospital where he died on July 7. At his funeral were persons representing a cross-section of the life of the community and of all his contacts outside. "A great one has been taken from us whose greatness is measured by his humanitarianism, wide enough to include the whole of his fellow men, deep enough to be of help to all with whom he was associated," said his minister in the funeral sermon.

He had done more than his share in helping to awaken La Crosse from the lethargy into which it had lapsed after the old sawmill days and to develop it into a modern municipality as he made The Tribune a potent force in the community.

At the helm of The Tribune now, to carry the paper through a new phase of its progress in its modern quarters are William T. Burgess as publisher, and Roy L. Bangsberg as managing editor.

Bill Burgess joined The Tribune's advertising department in June, 1929, after being graduated from the School of Journalism at the University of Wisconsin. In high school he had been a member of a state championship basketball team. At the university he turned to track. Although he had had no previous training in this activity, the Burgess spirit of determination evidenced itself as he spent grueling-hours on the cross-country paths. He ran merely as a hanger-on to the varsity team in his sophomore year; was a member of its Big Ten championship team in his junior year, and captain in his senior year.

After working as national advertising manager, he became advertising manager in January 1937, and business manager in June of that year. Although his problems were not the same ones that faced his father exactly 30

years earlier, his task was not easy. His first job as business manager was to supervise the construction of the new building of which he had complete charge. During the months of planning and construction he interviewed salesmen, selected materials, conferred with the architects again and again, made trips and attended to innumerable details.

"Bill no longer talks in dollars and cents; it's hundreds and thousands now," his associates said of him. He conferred with heads of departments on their needs, about the huge press and other equipment, arranged for its transportation and installation. Finally, he had the problem of moving The Tribune to the new home at Fourth and Cass Streets without missing any editions of the paper. This he did, figuring it out as systematically as he had the entire undertaking.

Some humorist once fathered the rumor that Frank Burgess was fond of fish and game, but that he was not given customarily to the pursuit of these himself, preferring to encourage their capture by others with loud outcry and other forms of indirect assistance. If this was true, then perhaps the

*The Trane building at First and Jay Streets was first occupied by The La Crosse Tribune in 1907, and was headquarters of the newspaper for 31 exciting years. It was here that the foundation for today's successful enterpise was laid in early years*

*Present home of The Tribune, dedicated on July 21, 1938, is a modern and model newspaper plant in design, equipment, and functionalism. By careful planning it has enabled the newspaper to grow and give good service to the Wisconsin community*

present publisher's regular disappearance into the duck blinds before dawn when the birds begin flying over the Mississippi Valley is the result of such encouragement. When "Bill the Builder" becomes invisible during the summer, his staff knows that between spots of fishing, he is living up to the title by practical application of hammer, saw, and nail to his cottage at Hayward.

On July 21, 1938, the new Tribune building was dedicated and there was a repetition on a much larger scale of the fanfare that accompanied the remodeling dedication in 1924. Again visitors from near and afar came, crowding through the modern structure, admiring its new equipment and appointments, marveling at the Goss high-speed press, and repeating the verdict, which still holds true, "Perfect and up-to-date." The dedication edition, 120 pages in six sections with color printing on the first pages of each, was the work of Roy L. Bangsberg, who planned every column, every picture, and every layout in endless hours of work.

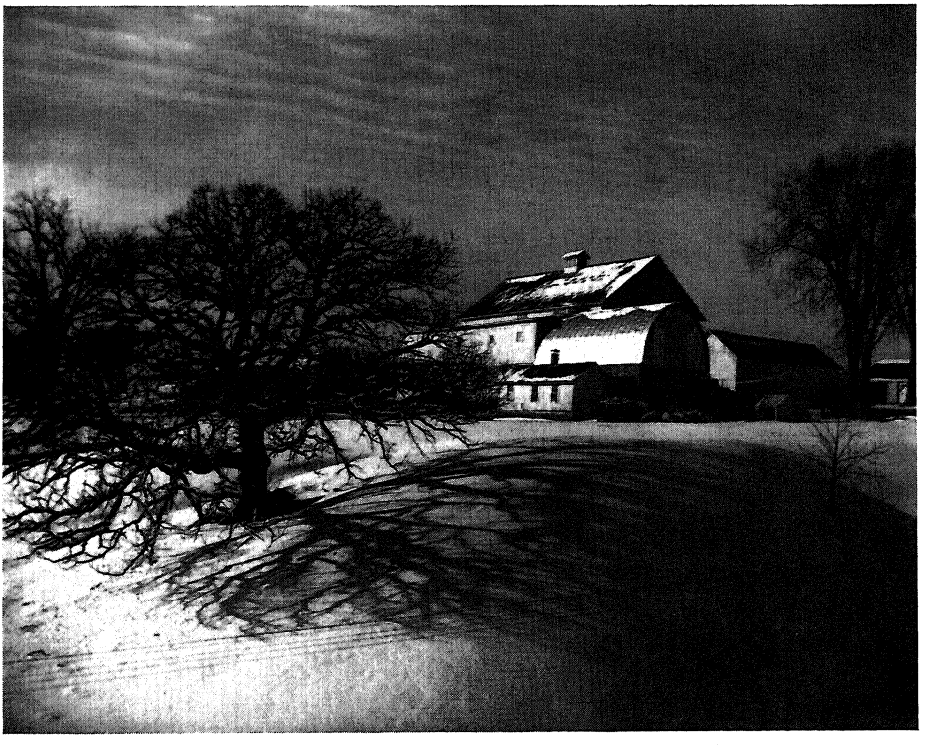
Bangsberg began work with The Tribune while attending La Crosse State Teacher's College after his return from 18 months overseas in World War I. La Crosse born, he had been reared on a farm near Viroqua, Wis., and had been a student at Lawrence College before entering the service. In 1920, he was given the assignment, "Handle all sports," with a list up to his elbow, and began building up a page with more and more local coverage. In 1926 he became city editor and in 1930, managing editor.

With Bill Burgess, he has followed the example set by the earlier "Busy B's" for activity and leadership in community enterprises. Like his predecessors he, too, can express himself trenchantly in the heat of conviction or controversy, or charm his readers with his observations of the

northwoods in the colorful autumn or the white peacefulness of winter. In the spring and summer he joins that braggart clan, bound by a common interest and spurred by competition for the production of the first and largest tomato, and in November he is found patiently and hopefully watching at the deer runs. When the managing editor bags a deer, that's news. When he doesn't, there's a story anyway.

Established in the new building, The Tribune staff, much larger than ever before, but still a family, applied itself with enthusiasm to the slogan, "Getting better all the time." Service in the trade area, comprising a radius of 60 miles, was extended and a state editor was hired to direct the activities of its correspondents which now number more than 30. From 1940 through 1946, the number of full-time employes increased from 60 to more than 100, supplemented by 11 part-time workers. Still on the staff are two who were with The Tribune in 1907; 12 have been members more than 25 years.

During the decade since 1936, circulation doubled and it is expected to



*This photograph by a Tribune staff photographer of a La Crosse County farm is entitled "White Silence", and has won awards in several newspaper contests. The paper strives for pictorial beauty, as well as news value, in illustrations*

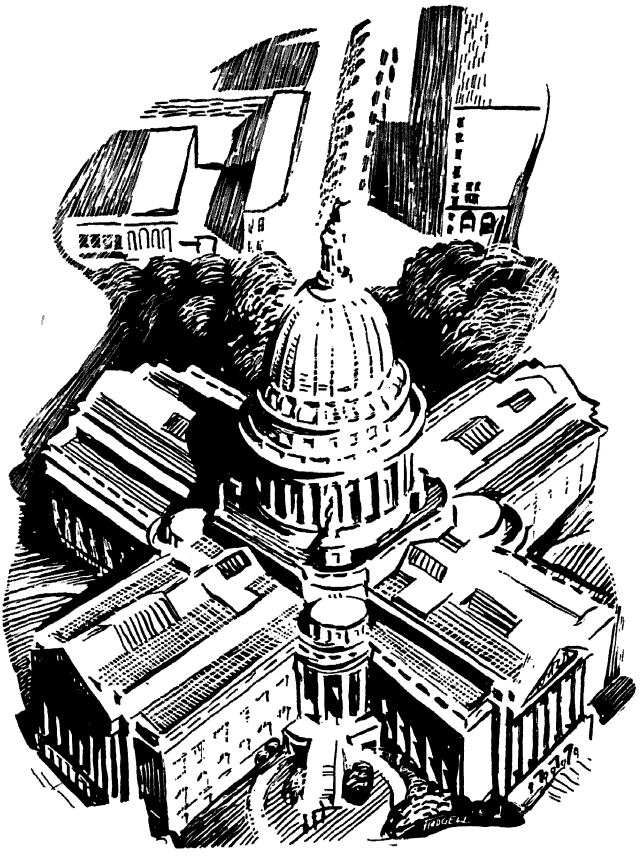
exceed 27,000 in 1947. These ten years of careful planning and improving resulted in a thorough distribution system, offering delivery by 100 carriers in the city and 100 in the area, reaching 95 per cent of the subscribers within a few hours after press time. Greater local, national, and world news coverage, complete with pictures; continual improvement in layout technique, attractive and more readable type faces; up-to-the-minute advertising; added news and feature columns; all these helped to extend The Tribune's service.

In January 1941 the first "Tribune Photo" appeared, and in March the space reserved for a complete photo-engraving department was utilized with the latest equipment for newspaper and commercial work. The new departments won immediate and enthusiastic response from the public. Four staff photographers and two writers trained in the use of the camera today cover the Coulee Region for shots of news and feature interest with results that received recognition when The Tribune received eight out of the 16 awards, with two firsts, given to newspapers in cities under 50,000 population at the spring 1946 Inland Daily Press convention.

Other forward steps in 1945 and 1946 were the employment of a staff artist, the microfilming of files extending back to 1905, and the addition of a Sunday colored comic section.

The pace has quickened in recent years, but play has not been left out any more than it was in the old days. Although The Tribune family now counts its members in the hundreds, with wives and children, they meet when Publisher Bill is host at the annual picnic and again at the Christmas party. Between these times, bowling, roller-skating, and other special events enliven the workaday world.

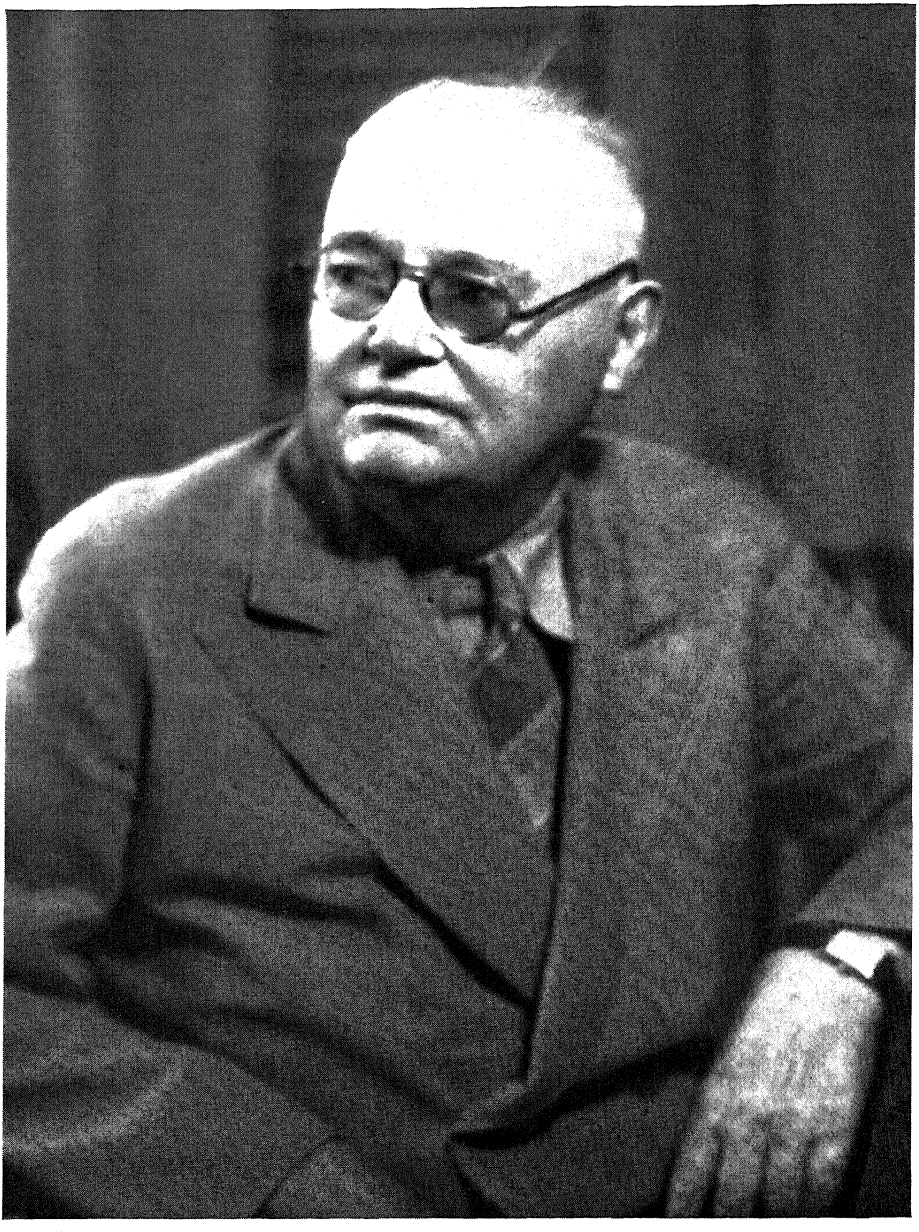
Looking back over the development of the paper, its executives find that the faith and the traditions of its founders have persisted. Looking ahead, they foresee continued expansion of service from the heart of the Coulee Region.



# *10.* Madison

The Wisconsin State Journal

A fact-finding Newspaper



AARON M. BRAYTON

*Editor-emeritus, he was publisher and directed The Wisconsin State Journal's policy 23 years before 1942 retirement. Earlier, he founded The La Crosse Tribune*

# CHAPTER IO

# *Wisconsin State Journal*

## *MADISON: A CITY THAT'S DIFFERENT*

BACKSTAGE AT A CHICAGO VAUDEVILLE THEATER THERE hung for many years a sign which said:

"If you think you're good, wait until you get to Madison."

This not-too-subtle warning of a critical audience might serve as an appraisal of the civic spirit of one of America's beautiful cities. Its skeptical philosophy can be found in almost every phase of community life, be it in city government, schools, churches, or newspapers. The ventures and innovations which other cities might accept at face value usually are scrutinized in Madison with an attitude of "Prove it!" The process often bewilders the newcomer to the scene or the observer from the outside, but the result is an altogether wholesome and healthy community frame of mind, under which Madison has flourished.

Just what went into the creation of this unique atmosphere is a many-sided story. Part of it is a heritage from the pioneers. They were mostly New England Yankees, who had migrated west after brief stopovers in upper New York State, or immigrants from the British Isles, Germany, and Scandinavia. They came because of either a pinching economy or a political oppression at home, and they carried a great hunger for better living and freedom in politics and government. All this has been reflected in Wisconsin's liberal political philosophy, in its point of view on public education. Nowhere is it better seen than in its press, which not only is free, but also is lively and contentious. Mixed together it reaches agreement in the thought that "Madison is different."

From the first, Madison was different. Examine the foundation of most

American cities and you find a uniform pattern of accidental good fortune. A trading post on an advantageous river location was responsible for many. A railroad through a rich area gave birth to others. This one was a power site for a frontier mill. That one was first a mine or a lumber camp. Almost without exception there was first a resource, then a town.

Madison, like Washington, D. C., was a city-on-paper, made to order and planned in the mind of a skillful politician long before there was any economic reason for its existence. It was selected as a capital city, and money was appropriated for the erection of its capitol building while what was to be Madison was complete wilderness. Of the representatives who voted the location, few had ever seen the site. It had no streets, not a single building, no mines, and little water power. It was on no trade route. Agriculture was not practiced save in a desultory way by Indian tribes.

Reaching territorial status, Wisconsin first became a separate political entity in 1836. Before that it was part of Old Northwest, or the Northwest Territory, that vast area of land out of which Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, and part of Minnesota were later created. It was discovered and first exploited by the French. In 1634 Jean Nicolet landed somewhere in the vicinity of the present city of Green Bay and claimed the land for France. For 200 years after Nicolet, a great procession of soldiers, adventurers, trappers and priests traveled down the Fox River, across a narrow portage only about 30 miles north of Madison to the Wisconsin River, and thence west to the Mississippi. One year it would be Joliet, Father Marquette and other great Jesuit missionaries striving for the glory of God and the soul of the Indian. Another generation would bring the trappers and fur traders of John Jacob Astor in their quest for pelts.

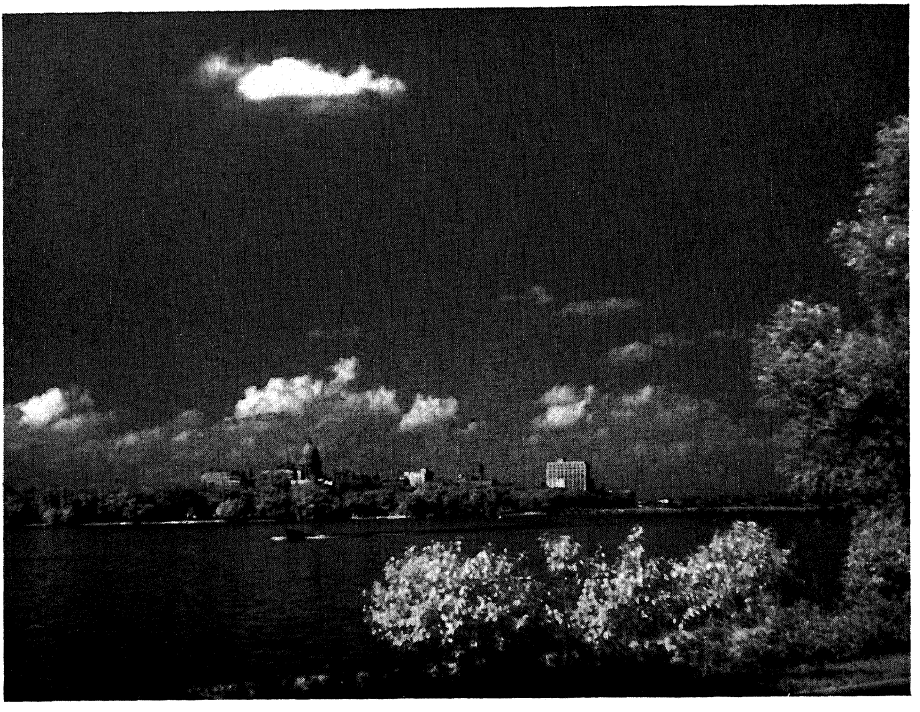
In between and all around were the soldiers of France and the soldiers of England, both lending a hand toward a rapidly changing set of boundaries, a changing of flags, and fighting with the Indians or against the Indians in a struggle that didn't end until England finally gave up her American colonies in the New World in 1778. It was a colorful cavalcade, and the Fox-Wisconsin waterway was a busy one for two centuries, but despite all of this activity there were not 200 white settlers in the entire Wisconsin area before 1800. The traffic did not touch the Four Lakes area of later Madison just 30 miles to the south of the two-river portage.

Lead mines were opened in Southwestern Wisconsin in the early part of the nineteenth century. It was at Belmont in this area that the territorial legislature met in 1836 to draw up the articles of government, and, more important for this story, to select a capital city. The principal contenders for this plum were Dubuque, now in Iowa but then part of Wisconsin Territory, Mineral Point, Milwaukee, and Green Bay. None of them could

*Wisconsin's capital, like Washington, D. C., was planned on paper and legislated into existence before a street was surveyed or a house built. The impressive marble State House is located in the center of an isthmus between two beautiful lakes*

muster a majority. Then appeared James Duane Doty. He had been a judge in Michigan Territory. He was thoroughly familiar with the Four Lakes region. The year before he had entered at the government land office in Green Bay, 1,300 acres of land within the present city limits of Madison. He had surveyed the area and had the necessary information for a town plat. It was a happy compromise, located somewhat in a geographical center between the extremes of the other contenders. More convincing than the logic of a statesman was the practical argument that the advocates of the other locations lacked. To reluctant legislators went gifts of title to choice corner lots, and Madison, the paper city, won the race.

Doty was moved by aesthetic as well as practical considerations. His community was located in a rolling country, timbered with hardwoods, and the whole dominated by a series of lovely lakes. Influenced, no doubt, by the plan for Washington, he selected a hill on a narrow isthmus between the two largest lakes, and there located the capitol building in the center of a large square. Diagonal streets led from the four corners of the square. At the opposite end of the longest of these diagonals, and on another hill,



*Although he had never visited Wisconsin, the poet Longfellow immortalized Madison with a pretty verse about "Four Sylvan Lakes". This picture shows the capitol and main business section as seen from across Monona, one of the four*

the magnificent campus of the University of Wisconsin developed. From the beginning these two institutions, government and education, have been dominant in most of the things that have happened in the 111 years since the city's founding.

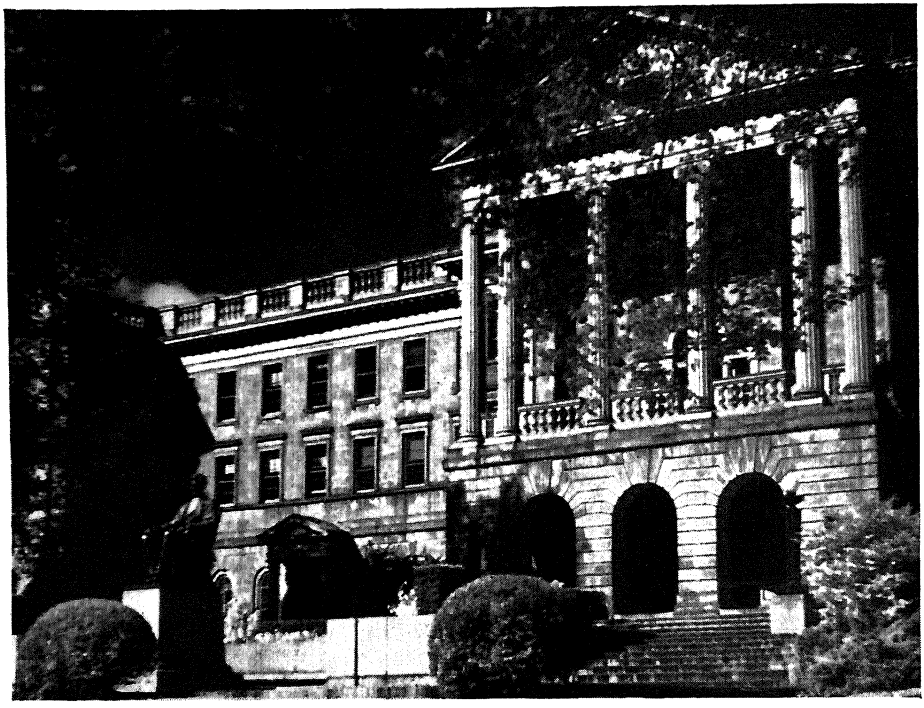
In the spring of 1837, Rosaline and Eben Peck arrived to become the first permanent white settlers and to erect a hotel to house builders of the first capitol. In 1838 the first school was established and the legislature opened its first session in a temporary structure, whose floor was so far off the ground that the hogs rooting around the foundations often disturbed deliberations in the sanctum above.

The year 1839 saw Episcopalians founding the first church parish, though there had been preaching before that. The first sermon is credited to a Methodist circuit rider. Arriving at the settlement the night before services, he indulged in a little horse trading, and came out second best on the deal. He took for the text of his next morning's sermon: "I was a stranger and ye took me in." In 1839, also, there was published on December 2, the first issue of The Madison Express. This weekly newspaper was the forerunner of The Wisconsin State Journal, whose history will be told later in this chapter.

Ten years after its founding, Madison was incorporated as a village with a population of 626. Four years later, 1850 marked the beginning of an important period of the city's growth. The population then was 1,672. By the end of that decade, Madison was a city of 6,611 population. In that time a daily newspaper was established, hundreds of houses were built, the first train arrived, a courthouse and a city hall were constructed, plans were made for a new capitol building, and the university began growing toward its place as one of the great state institutions of higher learning.

The nearly 100 years since 1850 have seen that growth and development continue with never a stop, and never a loss. In 1900 the population was 19,000, by 1940 it was 67,000. In this year of 1947 it is estimated that 100,000 persons live within the corporate limits and in contiguous suburbs. In addition, it has a university student community of 20,000, most of whom are in addition to the census population.

At the century and ten mark one finds Madison in many respects as it was visualized by its pioneer politician and land promoter. The natural setting amidst its lakes and rolling hills generally has been capitalized by the men who developed the city. The state capitol is a classic structure of white granite, and has the third highest dome in the world. It stands in a park of four square blocks at almost the narrowest isthmus of land between Lakes Mendota and Monona. Around this capitol park square is the main business section of the city, but even commerce in Madison thrives in the



*Old buildings of native stone and in classic design, hills, green trees and a long lake shore have helped make the Badger campus the setting for one of the most beautiful university environments in the Middle West and the United States*

midst of rolling, green park lawns, maples, and oaks, and within a walk of a few blocks, the shimmering waters of two magnificent lakes.

The natural beauty of Madison is enhanced further by the campus of the University of Wisconsin which lies a mile west of Capitol Square. In the beginning this campus was 'way out in the country. Today the university is in the heart of the city, breaking up what would otherwise be a compact business or residential area with public buildings and more green lawns and stately trees.

Where other American cities have sought either new industries, or expansion of existing ones, to give them population growth and business prosperity, Madison long remained predominantly a white-collar community. There were in 1945 approximately 9,000 city, county, state, and federal employes with an annual payroll of about $20,000,000. This has helped to attract other office-type industries. Seven insurance companies have their home offices here. A number of national organizations maintain their headquarters here. It is a great research center in many fields. Here the federal government operates its huge Forest Products Laboratory. It

was in this laboratory that analyst Arthur Koehler traced the wood in the Lindbergh kidnap ladder and sent Richard Bruno Hauptmann to the electric chair. Two wars saw hundreds of American and Allied scientists here studying the military secrets of wood usage.

Such a research center inevitably has caused the foundation of some industries. Others have come in, attracted by the fact that it is a good home city for workmen and officials. In 1945 all industry had 9,000 workers, exactly the same number as employed in government, and providing a sound division between industrial and office employees. The industries are in the fields of meat packing, machine tools, dry cell batteries, hospital supplies and a large number of small, highly specialized factories.

This diversity of occupation has created a stable balance in the social and economic structure. There are few families of great wealth, but there is no large group of the very poor. There are no slums, and the industrial worker, who in the main is a skilled craftsman, often lives in a house much like that occupied by the university professor. The result is a high buying power, a high standard of living, a high civic consciousness. A recent

*For many years before 1904, The Wisconsin Journal plant was located on East Washington Avenue in a building at the rear of the present First National Bank. The broad street in front of the building was a popular market place for farmers*

(1945) federal survey of 38 American cities comparable in size showed that Madison had the highest per capita income tax returns. The 23,400 income taxpayers had an annual net income for tax purposes of $64,500,000.

The surrounding country is a highly productive agricultural area. Dane County, of which Madison is the county seat, is one of the 10 richest farm counties of America. It produces more milk than any other county in America. It is a producer of high-quality tobacco. Its cheese is world famous.

Most dominant of all institutions is the University of Wisconsin, only 12 years younger than the city itself. Conceived and nurtured as a great university whose spiritual campus should be the far boundaries of the state, it is not strange that university thought and example should permeate every Madison home and offer leadership and support to every civic venture. The Wisconsin Board of Regents was created in 1848, and the first university dormitory was completed two years later. In the beginning its growth was slow, but its early faculties contained brilliant scholars who built a sound foundation. The Madison city directory of 1875-6 said of the University:

> "It has 20 professors and instructors, a good law department, and a department for females, with a building expressly for them.".

The autumn enrollment of 1946 was 18,700 students; thousands more clamored for admission but were refused because there was insufficient housing for them or the necessary additional faculty and administrators. The university has become a sizable urban area in its own right.

Through the years there has been a constant parade of students and faculty who have made their contributions to American life and thought, and many have made important donations to the life and thought of Madison. John Muir was a competent naturalist even while a student at Wisconsin and before he became America's foremost conservationist. Dr. Stephen M. Babcock developed here his famous test for butterfat which made possible the development of the American dairy industry. Frederick Jackson Turner, whose frontier hypothesis on *The Significance of the Frontier in American History* has been declared one of the most clarifying ever offered by an American historian, was on the faculty from 1892 until 1910. Richard T. Ely and John R. Commons served long careers at Wisconsin and here helped mature the new academic view of economics. It was out of a sensational attack on Dr. Ely for his views on labor unions and his progressive doctrines that there emerged the famous declaration on academic freedom which now in bronze letters on Bascom Hall informs the world that:

"The University of Wisconsin should ever encourage that continual and fearless winnowing and sifting by which alone the truth may be found."

In 1903 Dr. Charles R. Van Hise brought to the presidency a new idea of a state university's work: A conception that a university should be the servant of the state to which it belongs, and that it should apply all of its facilities and resources in an effort to help solve the day-to-day problems of the people of the state.

There are men, whose names are more familiar to moderns, who have used Wisconsin as a proving ground for new ideas, new movements. This process usually creates good newspaper copy. One professor's excuse for rejecting a better job at another university was that "every morning we awaken to find a brand new fight on our doorstep. It makes life so much more interesting."

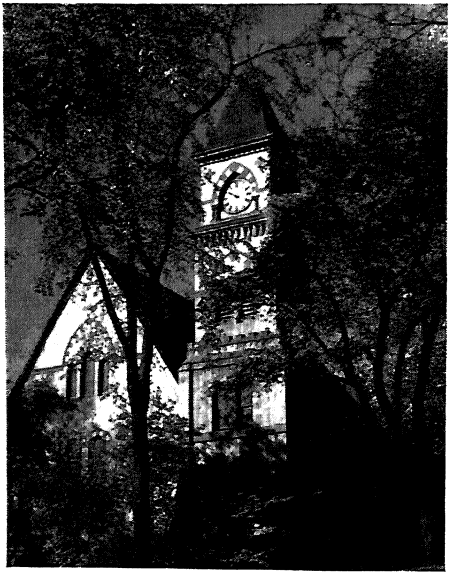
The early university presidents were classic scholars or great scientists. Thus, when in the 1920s Regent Zona Gale lured Glenn Frank away from the editorship of Century Magazine and gave the school its first publicist for president, a new era started. Under the sponsorhip of Dr. Frank, Alexander Meiklejohn started his Experimental College on the Wisconsin campus, and it was an educational storm center during its entire existence.

William Ellery Leonard was a professor of English and one of America's great modern poets, but there's little newsworthiness in these qualities. What put Dr. Leonard continually on the front page was a queer mental quirk which kept him bound to what he called his "phobic prison." For many years he never left a small area of a few city blocks, which included his home and a small part of the university campus. Outside that self-imposed "prison yard," he was a terrified and panic-stricken man.

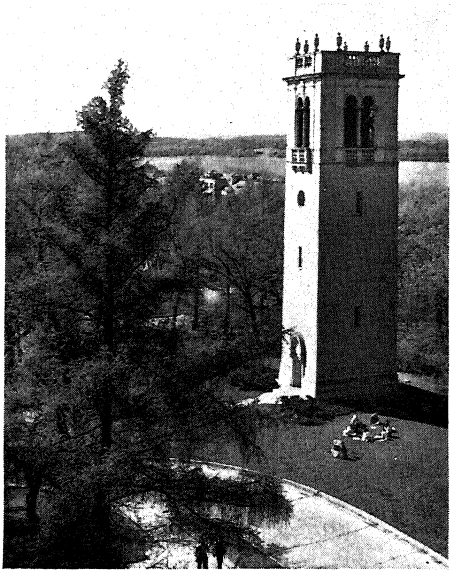
Frank Lloyd Wright attended the University of Wisconsin briefly as a student. In later years he has lectured often at the school, and his nearby home of Taliesin is a mecca for teachers and students. Probably the most controversial figure in the history of architecture, this strange genius has made news for 50 years both in his profession and his personal life.

These are only a few of the men who have brought leadership and color to Wisconsin, and have helped make its university one of the world's great institutions of higher learning. Almost as a by-product, they have helped make its capital a splendid and different place.

Such a vignette should include a city's cultural advantages, its hundreds of acres of parks and playgrounds, the unsurpassed recreational facilities its lakes provide. There is, for instance, a good civic symphony orchestra and chorus, whose expenses come out of the school budget, and whose Sunday concerts are free. Good music at no admission price, and thousands attend



*Clock Tower on old Music Hall, originally built in 1879 as university library*



*Carillon Tower bells, cast in England, play their angelus for Midwestern students*

the concerts every year! With leisure time a reality for most people through a steadily shrinking work week, Madison believes in its vast recreational program to offer leadership in this field both for youth and adults. The lakes offer sport to thousands—fishing, boating, and swimming in the summer, skating and ice-boating in the winter.

As the state capital, Madison is the headquarters of Wisconsin politics, but that branch of the arts is too involved to discuss in a paragraph or a chapter. Here again is something that is different. At Ripon, just north and east of Madison, the Republican party was born. Here is the family La Follette where father and sons held public office—house of representatives, governor, United States Senate, almost continuously from 1884 until the summer of 1946, and occupied positions of political leadership that went far beyond state boundaries.

Politics here is no part-time occupation as it is in so many other commonwealths. In Madison, at least, it's a year 'round sport at which most of the populace plays with enthusiasm. It is exciting and tense and noisy, but by the rules of the game as they follow it elsewhere, it is clean. Confusing as the issues may be, the visitor reading the Madison press at almost any time perceives an idea of the color of the political kaleidoscope where the editors believe that "great issues require strong language."

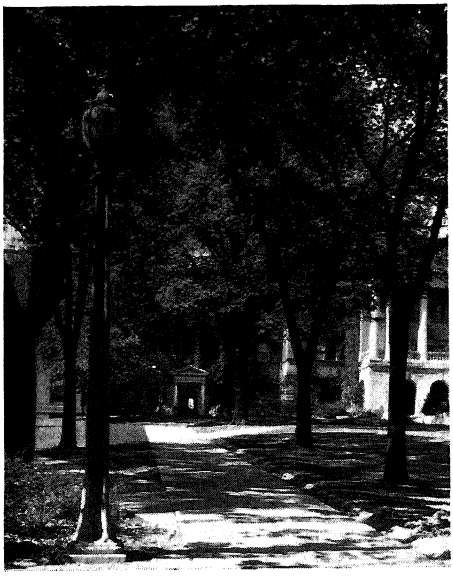
Ray Stannard Baker, commenting on the Badger political technique in 1917, said:

"In Wisconsin, when two citizens meet, one instantly heaves a tough political argument at his neighbor, and the other responds by belaboring his friend with a wholly contrary idea. Then one of them mentions La Follette, at which they grapple, pull hair, and roll over in the bushes. When completely exhausted, they get up, shake hands, and go home feeling it has, indeed, been a profitable meeting, and that Wisconsin is the best of states to live in."

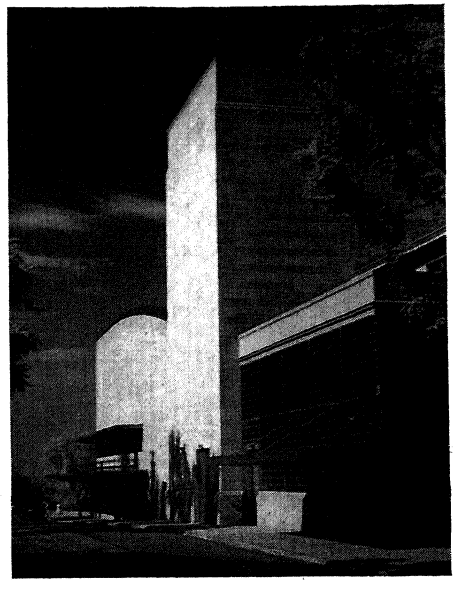
This, then, is the atmosphere in which The Wisconsin State Journal and its weekly predecessor lived, thrived, and played their part in giving public information and molding public thought for more than 100 years. Like most newspapers it has had its ups and downs, its good times and its poor ones, but it has survived the years though many others failed, and today it is "going strong" and growing up with its community.

The reasons for the success of one institution and the failure of another always provide an interesting study. In the case of The Wisconsin State Journal its early survival was partly the fortunes of politics plus the skill of its editor in writing obituaries. Later, it was because the paper was guided by a long line of able, and often brilliant men. The names of its editors, reporters and business executives over the century are those of men who were not only leaders in their craft, but also men who often later became leaders on the national and international scene.

William W. Wyman, the first publisher, went west and became first



*Administration office in Bascom Hall, first unit of which was erected in 1859*



*Student and professional Thespians have a modern workshop for the theater*

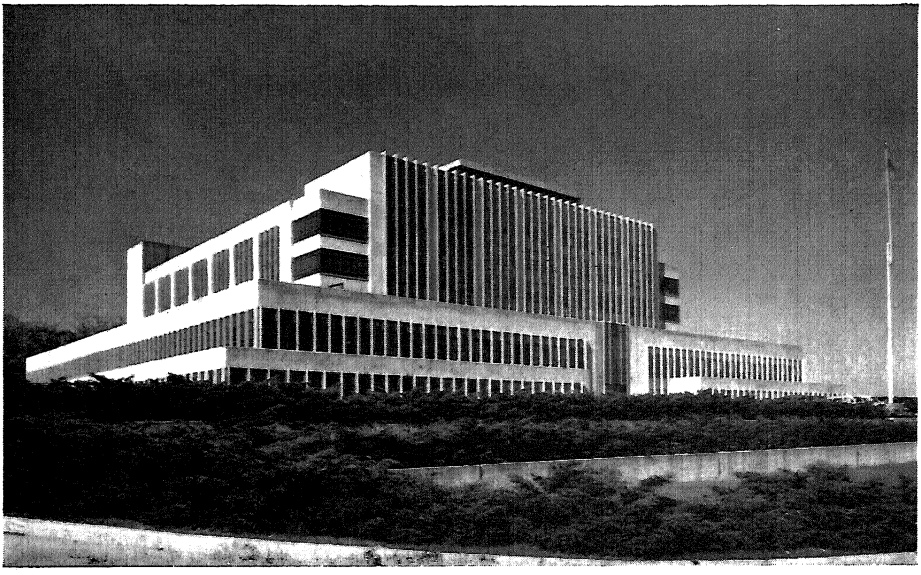
treasurer of Nebraska Territory, and the first postmaster of the city of Omaha. A brother, A. U. Wyman, was a treasurer of the United States and for many years all of the paper money of this country bore the signature of a former State Journal compositor. George W. Peck, the humorist and author of the *Peck's Bad Boy* series that made grandpa chuckle, later mayor of Milwaukee and governor of Wisconsin, was a one-time staff member. William F. Vilas, postmaster general and secretary of the interior in the Cleveland cabinet and a United States Senator, worked on The Journal. Frank Morrison, for many years national secretary of the American Federation of Labor, was a Journal printer. The first poems of Ella Wheeler Wilcox to see print were in The Journal's columns. Harrison Reed, a pioneer reporter, went south and became a "carpetbag" governor of Florida during the Reconstruction.

Reuben Gold Thwaites, a news editor, became secretary of The Wisconsin Historical Society and one of America's most eminent authorities on frontier history. Thwaites was a prolific editor and writer; his work is today indispensable to research in Western history. Tom Brahany was newsboy, printer, and reporter. He entered political life and for years was on the secretarial staff of President Woodrow Wilson.

Amos P. Wilder was in editorial charge in the closing years of the last century, and the early years of this one. He had bought an interest in the paper from owner Horace ("Hod") Taylor in 1894, and later purchased the balance. His active career with The State Journal ended in 1906 when President Theodore Roosevelt appointed him Consul General to Hong Kong, and later to Shanghai.

Wilder was a greater scholar and writer than he was a news man, but he had the faculty of attracting to his staff brilliant young men and women who later became famous in larger fields. Few newspapers of its size had as a staff a more capable group of promising youngsters, many of whose names are well known today. His own son, Thornton Wilder, distinguished author and playwright did odd reportorial jobs for his father. Robert Pinkerton, novelist, and Thomas Dreier, the publicist, were Wilder proteges. On his staff, also, were Horatio Winslow, Leslie Quirk, and Lucian Cary, novelists; Berton Braley, the rhymster; Ned Jordan, founder of the old Jordan Automobile Company; William T. Evjue, now editor of the rival Capital Times. Zona Gale, whose *Friendship Village* sketches of Portage, Wisconsin started her on the road to literary fame, wrote many of her first stories for The Journal. Their chief trained them in the craft of reporting and writing, and they left their mark on the newspaper of his period.

Life never was dull on the staff at this time. The scholarly editor taught his young men to write. Also, they learned lessons in humility by helping



*The United States Forest Products Laboratory, the only one of its kind in this country, has helped America win two wars. Its scholars also helped solve the Lindbergh kidnap mystery. This institution has brought city fame as research center*

with the family chores. Fred Holmes, Fred Sheasby, and Louis Bridgman had the regular job at times of delivering the Wilder family laundry. Other reporters were expected to shine the editorial shoes. Fred Sheasby once was sent on an assignment to write a series of stories on rural Dane County villages. When his reporter failed to communicate with the office for several days, Wilder put a bold-face notice on the front page: "Sheasby, come home!" Sheasby came.

The best of the graceful writing of old school journalism came from the pen of the editor himself. It is almost a lost art in the terseness and tension of today's newspaper. Those who worked under Wilder were fond of quoting an article by him entitled: "He Gave Her a Lily." It is an interesting example of the news-writing style of 40 years ago. It is interesting also because it has to do with circuses, more of which have been born in the Madison area than any other spot in America. For years Ringlings maintained winter quarters at the birthplace of the show in Baraboo.

The locale of the story was at a Ringling circus parade, which was passing down Pinckney Street in Madison. A bespangled and painted equestrienne looked down from her horse into eyes of awe and wonderment in a typical country urchin. He stretched out his hand and offered her a flower. Leaning over she accepted his humble offering. Around this pretty incident, Dr. Wilder wove a story of enchantment that lingers in the memory. His concluding words were these:

"Somewhere on the lake shore in Dane County tonight is a boy to whom a hayfield will never seem quite the same. A lady from the marvel-world smiled on him and took his modest gift, and her gentle voice thanked him.

"And somewhere in the confusion of wagon wheels and ghostly mountains of canvas and gilt and gold that looks best at a distance—somewhere in that gay scene of Jerusalem and the Crusades is a woman whose heart quickened today because a barefoot boy was proud to toss her a water lily, and because its fragrance wafted into her dusty, tired life memories of some quiet spot where she dreamed and perhaps loved, and where there was no tread of elephants nor noisy blare of bands, but only green trees and a brook, and the sweet memory of the wind through the trees."

When Wilder went to China he left the paper in charge of August Roden. From 1906 until 1911 Roden was general manager. In the latter year The State Journal was sold to Richard Lloyd Jones. He presided over another colorful, but much more strenuous, era from 1911 until 1919 when it was purchased by men and women of the Lee group of newspapers.

The first newspaper in Madison was The Wisconsin Enquirer. Josiah Noonan was publisher and the first issue bore the date of November 8, 1838. The Madison Express, a Whig weekly, was first published by William W. Wyman on December 2, 1839. This is the date to which The Wisconsin State Journal traces its beginning. In 1848, the year Wisconsin became a state, The Express was purchased by David Atwood and Royal Buck. Atwood landed in Wisconsin from New Hampshire and negotiated his newspaper purchase before he located a hotel room for the night. The co-owners continued the weekly paper for four years. In 1852 there was a consolidation of all Madison newspapers, and on September 30, The Madison Express became The Wisconsin State Journal, Madison's first daily newspaper. When the Whigs were succeeded by the Republican party, The State Journal was one of the first newspapers to take up the cause of this new and liberal Midwest political unit.

Through the early years of the daily, Atwood was the dominant personality of both newspaper and community. However, much of its prestige came from the literary ability and editorial integrity of Horace Rublee. He was its chief editorial writer and policy maker from 1854 until 1869. His strong anti-slavery editorials attracted national attention. He was daring and emphatic in his support of Sherman Booth and the others who had rescued the slave, Joshua Glover, from federal officers in Milwaukee.

Rublee sold his Journal interest to Atwood in 1869 following his appointment as minister to Switzerland by President Grant. After leaving his

EXTRA! The Wisconsin State Journal
VICTORY IN EUROPE!
EXTRA! The Wisconsin State Journal
WAR IN PACIFIC OVER!
V-J
BY TELEGRAPH.
SUNDAY NIGHT'S DISPATCHES
VICTORY!
GLORIOUS NEWS.
LEE'S ARMY SURRENDERS
ON TERMS OFFERED BY GRANT
THE MEN TO BE PAROLED.
ARE TO RETURN TO HOMES
ALL ARMS ARE TO BE GIVEN UP.
The End Approaches.
APRIL 15, 1865.
TO-DAY'S DISPATCHES.
HORROR! HORROR!
ASSASSINATION
Pres. Lincoln Shot
HE DIED THIS MORNING
SEWARD STABBED
HE DIED THIS FORENOON
THE TWO SONS BADLY HURT.
PLOT TO KILL STANTON
Borrowing Details of the M
THE ASSASSINS ESC
EFFORTS TO SECURE
Vice President at W
Has Been Sworn In
JOURNAL
ON, AUGUST 13, 1898.
The Wisconsin State Journal
TRUCE TERMS REVEALED
Wilson Tells Crowder To Stop Draft
GENEVA OR BRUSSELS TO GET PEACE MEETING; QUIET GRIPS FRONT
ARMY OF 100,000 MEN
All Other Soldiers to be Returned to Private Life as Soon as Possible.
CUBANS ACCEPT PEACE AND STOP FIGHTING.
Military Censor Relaxes Restrictions
Rutherford Hayes to Have the Treaty of Peace Signed by Thanksgiving.
Washington, Aug. 12.—A dispatch

*This montage of headline stories shows a few of those through which Wisconsin State Journal has told its readers of world events over a span covering 108 years. These include the victory stories of Civil, Spanish-American, and two World Wars*

diplomatic post in 1877, he was for a time an editor of The Boston Transcript. In 1881 he returned to Wisconsin to found The Milwaukee Republican, which later absorbed and assumed the name of The Milwaukee Sentinel. He was publisher of The Sentinel until his death in 1896.

From 1869 until his death in 1889, Atwood was The State Journal. Physically, he was a big man, handsome in the flowing beard of the period. Albert O. Barton, a Journal alumnus and an authoritative historian of the Madison scene, told of the paper's early days in a centennial edition published in 1939:

> "In some respects The State Journal was not the best newspaper of its time. It had not the 'nose for news' that some of its rivals had, as Atwood was not trained particularly in news gathering and editing as a youth, and was conservative by nature. Small was the town at the time, and the newspapers at first had no staffs to gather and report local news. Typical of their treatment of such is an item found in one of the papers in the '50s that it was rumored a man had been burned to death in the third ward, but as the coroner had made no such report the truth of the rumor was doubted.
>
> "Unfortunately, most of the editors of the time, in Madison as elsewhere, were not real newspapermen, but were political editors, seeking to promote political gain and often political advancement for themselves rather than serving the public as reflectors of the news and its significance. Most of them simply could not see the news. What an admirable service to posterity they would have done had they reported fully all the throbbing life of the new and growing community about them! How much more intriguing and complete, for instance, would be our mental picture of early Madison! Instead of filling their columns with clipped matter from Eastern political organs, of ephemeral and often trivial interest, they might have left us arresting pictures of a rising and teeming community and of which they might later have said: 'All of this we saw. Much of it we were.' "

The State Journal of that period, however, was a fairly good newspaper, it maintained a well-balanced and conservative attitude and it won and held public support. It covered the legislature completely and well, and it printed in full many of the learned papers then presented by university professors, ministers, judges, and lawyers. Another reason for its hold on a pioneer audience was the skill of General Atwood in writing obituaries. Says Barton:

> "When a prominent citizen died, or one not so prominent, he was thoroughly written up and sent out of the world with a wealth of tribute much appreciated by relatives and friends."

*Nature's kindness has given to Madison a lovely setting. Its lakes provide a recreation for thousands of residents and visitors each year. Fishing is good, and the sporty, inland scow-type boats are the world's fastest inland water sailing vessels*

Entrenched strongly in an appreciative community, The Wisconsin State Journal marched down the last half of the nineteenth century, growing as fast as the city grew and watching a variety of competitors come and go. It covered the first of its big wars as a daily newspaper should. David Atwood frequently sent a correspondent to the Civil War to supplement the meager reports that came by telegraph, and he himself visited the camps of Wisconsin troops. In April, 1926, there was a reunion of old-time employees. The aged Stanley E. Lathrop told of writing news for The Journal from Camp Randall, then a Union army and Confederate prison camp on the outskirts of Madison. The same evening former printer John Corscot told of setting Lathrop's stories in type in the stirring '60s. The non-Republican papers of Civil War Madison often were charged with Copperhead sentiments, but The State Journal stoutly defended the policies of Abraham Lincoln.

About a month after Atwood's death in 1889, ownership passed to Horace Taylor, who for many years had been active in Wisconsin politics.

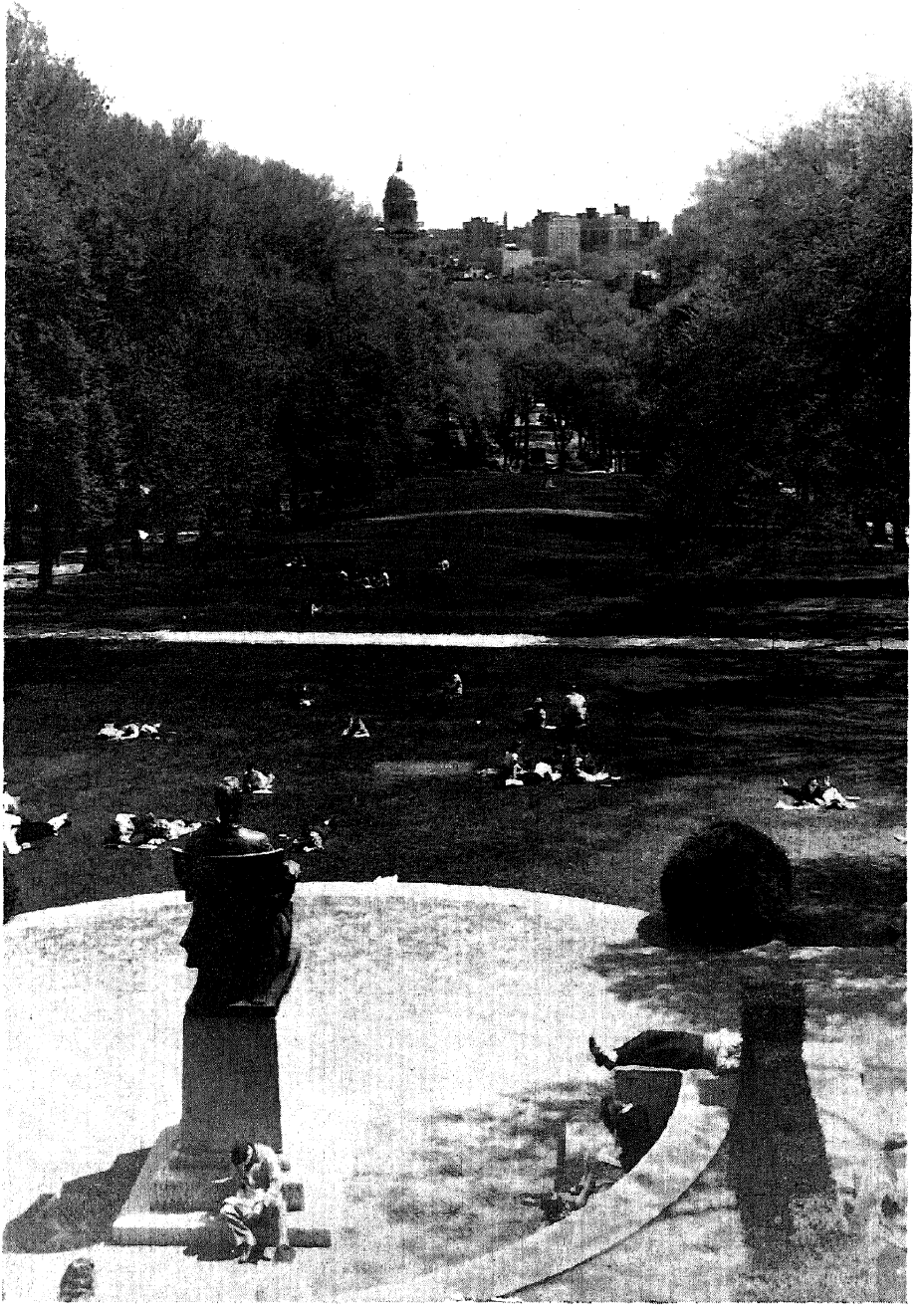
Associated with Taylor, when he took possession on February 1, 1890, was Arthur J. Dodge, whose connection with the paper lasted only a few months. Taylor wanted to be governor of Wisconsin, and had bought The Journal to achieve that goal. Failing, in 1894 he sold a half interest to Amos P. Wilder, and left Madison to live in Washington, D. C. Several years later he sold the rest of his interest to Wilder.

The first decade of this century was a period of low ebb for The Journal, but it marked the beginning of its transition from a small town daily to a modern newspaper. There was difficulty in meeting its small payrolls, and in earning a three per cent dividend distributed once in two years. After Wilder left for China in 1906, August Roden became his general manager. A brilliant student and a keen business man, he was the builder of the plant the newspaper occupies today. He set for himself the job of making the paper pay as a newspaper alone, standing on its own feet and divorced from outside support. Both Wilder and Roden appreciated the importance of good coverage of local events, and the staff was expected to get the news by personal contact, still the mark of good reporting.

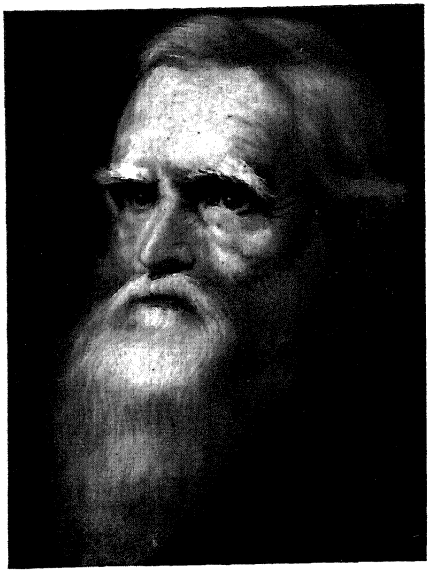
The good management of Roden soon had the paper on the upgrade. However, when Wilder left Madison he gave power of attorney to his lawyer, Emerson Ela, with authority to sell his 80 per cent stock ownership whenever he could get $95 a share. In 1911 Ela cabled Wilder he had sold his stock to Richard Lloyd Jones for $125 a share, the total property selling for approximately $100,000. It was not all cash, and several years elapsed before Jones had paid in full his debt to Wilder.

Dick Jones had attended the University of Wisconsin in the '90s. He had been editor of The Stamford, Connecticut, Telegram, editorial writer for The Washington Times, editor of Cosmopolitan magazine, and for eight years an associate editor of Collier's Weekly. The Progressive faction and its leader, Robert M. La Follette, wanted a newspaper to help fight for the cause in Wisconsin. Jones long had craved a newspaper of his own through which he could carry on his crusades. Purchase of The Journal gave the opportunity, and a new era of journalism opened in Madison.

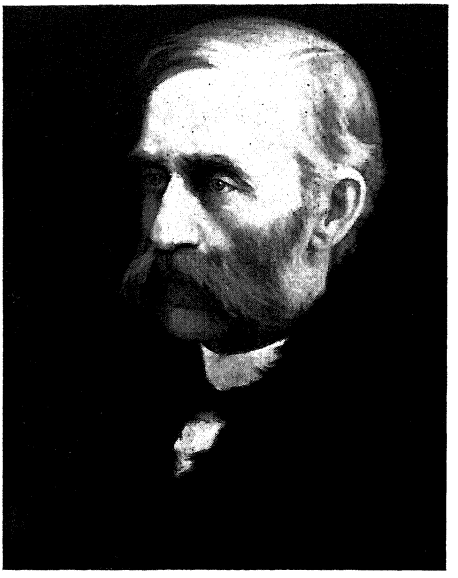
Jones was the son of the great Unitarian minister, Jenkin Lloyd Jones. The Wisconsin woods were full of the members of this Welsh clan which had made so many contributions to American life. Frank Lloyd Wright, who has stirred the architectural world for 50 years, is a cousin and lives in nearby Taliesin. To the dynamic Dick Jones, this was a return to the place where he had deep roots, and he made the most of the opportunity. The State Journal had been quiet in tone and appearance. The new editor at once shook up the bones of the town by dressing the old lady in great



*At opposite ends of a mile-long street stand the state university and the state capitol buildings. Over the years these two institutions have had much influence on the life of Wisconsin's capital, and have given the nation many of its great leaders*



DAVID ATWOOD
*Founder of The Daily Journal and dominant personality of paper for 40 years*



HORACE RUBLEE
*His editorial skill and courage brought prestige and circulation to newspaper*

AMOS P. WILDER
*A first rate literary craftsman, he trained many men in art of newspapering*

RICHARD LLOYD JONES
*He introduced crusading journalism to a somewhat startled Madison audience*

and lurid headlines, and changing her voice into a shouting partisan organ. It carried the banner in the La Follette presidential boom of 1912. At a big community dinner given in Madison, Jones and Dr. Willard G. Bleyer, head of the University Department of Journalism, were to speak on the press. Dr. Bleyer derided the shrieking, blatant journalism which would make a world-shaking event out of every neighborhood lapse, and denied that a man biting a dog was necessarily news. Jones defended the louder press as a real public servant, and said The Christian Science Monitor, for all its virtues, had never brought down the price of gas anywhere, as had The State Journal.

Despite the new vitality pumped into the paper, life was far from serene. Jones was all editor, and he argued that the problems of the counting room were for his subordinates to solve. His attacks on conservative forces, capricious attacks, many argued, alienated many sources of advertising income. Reader interest and circulation grew rapidly, but always there was the difficulty of meeting notes and payrolls. When Jones broke with the elder La Follette during the first World War, his paper lost the support of most of the Progressives who had backed him at the start. To too many people, the paper was neither fish nor fowl. Its trained business executives had followed Evjue to The Capital Times. By 1919 The Journal's resources were too slim to allow time to work its way out of the dilemma.

A. M. Brayton was safely and pleasantly ensconced at La Crosse. The Tribune, which he had founded, was safe in The Lee Syndicate harbor. The steady hand of Frank Burgess was at the business helm, and all was well in the little city on the Mississippi. Brayton, however, was restless. Newspapering was his business, but his hobby was politics. Like poker, he played it with great skill. The rules were necessary and important, but the fun was in the finesse, the bluff, the straight face that covered a good hand, or a poor one. Long had he desired to try his luck in a bigger political game than La Crosse offered. If only he could sit a little closer to the capitol in Madison and watch the wheels go 'round, and perhaps help turn them! Then he heard that Dick Jones wanted to sell The State Journal. There was an exchange of letters and telephone calls between La Crosse and Davenport, and before long E. P. Adler and Jim Powell were on their way to Madison to cruise the field and run down the rumors.

Adler never had indulged in a subtlety in his whole busy life. No one ever has any trouble finding out exactly what he thinks about anything, and if he doesn't know, he says so. By the same rule, if ever he wants to know what anyone else thinks about something, why there is a simple way to find out. Ask him! And so, Adler and Powell were at the office of

Richard Lloyd Jones in The State Journal building on Carroll Street waiting to ask him if his newspaper was for sale. The secretary said:

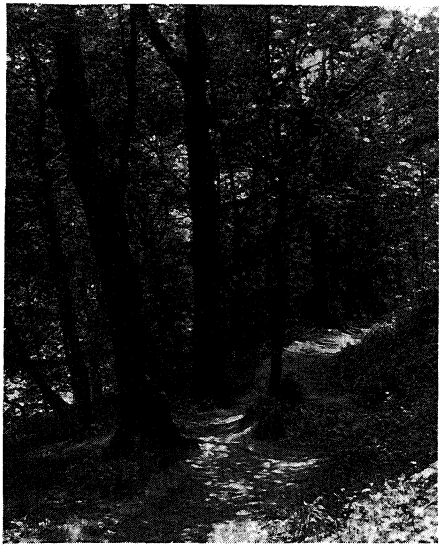
"Mr. Jones is in conference."

Adler turned to Powell with a grin and commented:

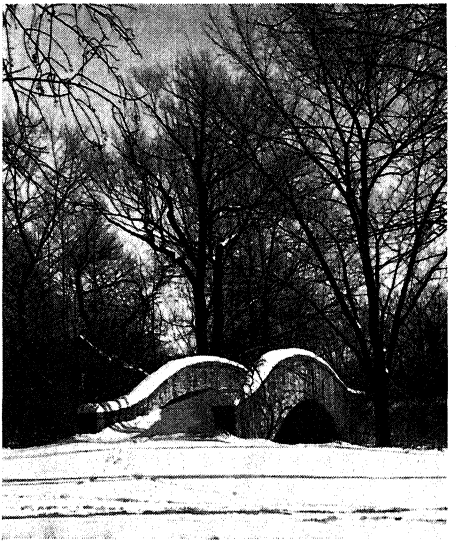
"Jim, I've learned a new one."

The meeting proved the rumors true. Tentative terms were agreed upon. Emerson Ela, the attorney representing Jones, went to Davenport and when he returned he had a check for $25,000 in his pocket. There was another changing of the guard on the ancient property, and the Lee associates owned The Wisconsin State Journal. The price was $200,000. Following tradition, the members of the other papers were given a chance to buy stock in the new venture. A representative group of Madisonians were offered stock, and when the deal was finally completed, the total amount was paid in cash. It was a lot of money for the men who, only a few years before, had been buying newspapers on a shoestring and bringing them to a paying basis by hard work and faith. However, the Madison purchase included a good building and fair equipment. Too, Adler recognized the opportunities in the rapidly-growing Madison, and to him that always was more important than building and equipment.

On August 1, 1919, the new management took charge. Brayton moved down from La Crosse as editor and publisher. I. U. Sears, a veteran from The Davenport Times circulation staff, was named business manager. It



*Within city limits, are parks, playgrounds, virgin forest, and wilderness trails*



*Winter's snow gives an oriental touch to the arched bridge in Vilas Park*

was the start of an exciting period in Madison's newspaper history. The decade of 1920 to 1930 was to see a population growth of 20,000, and it marked the development of a small town into a medium-sized city.

When Brayton and Sears took over there were three daily newspapers. The State Journal and The Capital Times divided the afternoon field, and The Democrat was a morning publication. The latter was merely a by-product of the large commercial publishing house of the Brandenburg family. The Democrat seldom paid its own way, but had continued publication, however, partly to satisfy the professional pride and skill of Publisher O. D. Brandenburg, and partly because it was easy to absorb its small losses through the profits of the printing plant. F. S. Brandenburg, the publisher's son, was active head of the company and he welcomed a chance to get rid of the money-losing end of his business. Morning newspapers seldom flourish in a town of this size, and Madison was hardly large enough to support two papers, let alone three. The Journal bought the circulation list. The Democrat's files went to the State Historical Society, and on March 1, 1921, the morning Democrat went out of business.

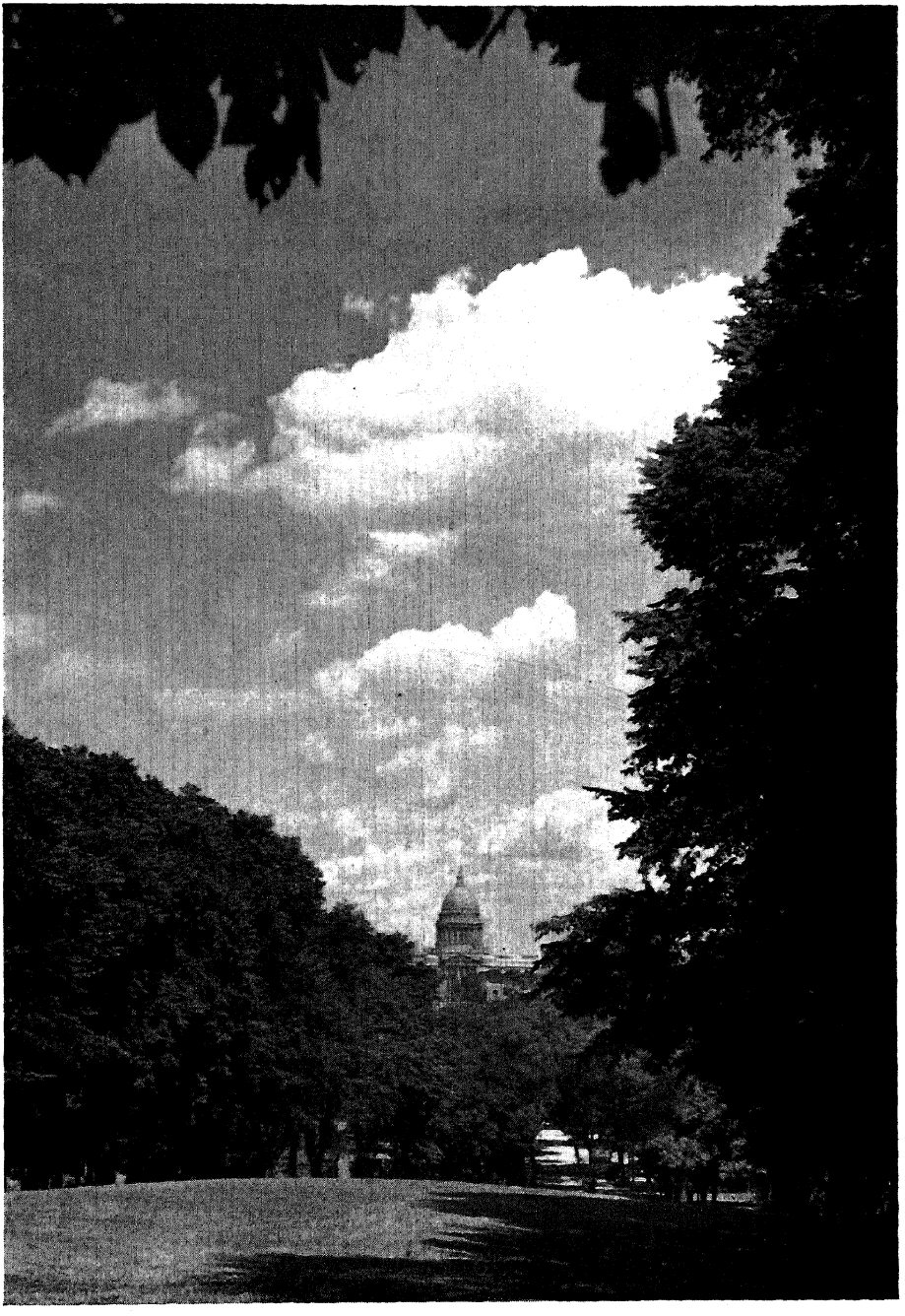
The history of The Capital Times is a publishing saga all its own, too long and too important to be told in detail here. William T. Evjue had come to the University of Wisconsin, and had started work as a student reporter on The State Journal under the tutelage of Amos P. Wilder. He had worked in Milwaukee on The Sentinel, and was back on The State Journal in the Richard Lloyd Jones regime, eventually becoming business manager. He was a devout admirer of old Bob La Follette. When Dick Jones broke with La Follette over the issues involved in the first World War, Evjue resigned and in 1917 started The Capital Times. Its resources were few, but the idea it represented had many friends. An important part of the population came from German and Scandinavian stock, and did not have much enthusiasm for the first World War, especially in its early period. Then, too, Evjue was a competent and courageous news man who was not afraid of the cars. He pursued a technique of crusade which brought him a large rural and small town circulation, and his willingness to speak out and hit hard gave him a growing audience in Madison itself, even among many people who did not agree with him, or his methods.

Thus, the new management launched The Wisconsin State Journal on one of its most lively periods. Competition was sharp. The city was growing so fast it could hardly keep up with itself. The activities of a state capital and a state university made it one of America's best news centers, a condition which prevails today. Between 1919 and 1930, there was never a lull in the tumultuous newspaper tussle, which everyone in Madison enjoyed, and no one more so than the participants.

Following the Wilder technique, Brayton proceeded to surround himself with a staff of bright youngsters. Many of the men on those staffs of the early 1920s have gone far in the profession. Carson F. Lyman, a news editor, is associate executive editor of The United States News. James W. Irwin, one of the youngest managing editors ever to serve a daily of this size, is public relations director of the Ford Motor Company. Daniel D. Mich, sports editor and later managing editor, is executive editor of Look magazine. Alfred Willoughby, reporter and news editor, is executive secretary of the National Municipal League. Robert S. Allen, a fiery redheaded political reporter, left The Journal to become Washington correspondent for The Christian Science Monitor, was fired at the insistence of President Hoover for co-authoring with Drew Pearson the now-famous "Washington Merry-Go Round." Allen continued his incandescent career as a Washington correspondent, but went to the wars in 1941, became a colonel, a member of General Patton's staff in Europe and lost his right arm in action a short time before V-E day. Marquis Childs, also a Washington political observer, was a member of the United Press staff, and therefore closely related to The State Journal family. Ruby Black, one of the first women to succeed in newspaper work in Washington and biographer of Eleanor Roosevelt, was a summertime employee and later The Journal's Washington correspondent.

The economic depression following the stock market crash of October, 1929, did not hit Madison quite as fast or quite as hard as it did other communities. A white collar town has a reserve of jobs and a wage stability that wholly industrial centers lack. However, by 1934 both Madison newspapers were closer to being broke than ever before in their history. Competition had compelled them to turn out a good product, and both readers and advertisers got a good newspaper, but costs were going up and income was slipping.

Under favorable conditions Madison could support two afternoon newspapers, but it could not do it under the terms which existed previously. An unusual corporate realignment was effected. New publishing companies were formed and there was an equal transfer of the non-voting stock. Through this device, which permitted elimination of many wasteful practices on the part of both, each company had a mutual interest in the combined revenues. What was more important, competition in the news and circulation departments was preserved and is today a genuine and active reality. Each paper sets its own advertising and circulation rate structures independently and without conference or knowledge of the other. A scoop remains a scoop and is fought for and coveted as much as in any newspaper in the country. The two papers have sincere beliefs in



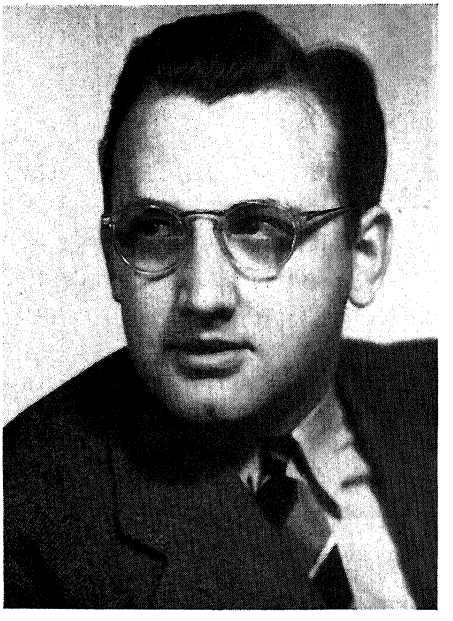
*Beyond this shaded sweep of University of Wisconsin campus looms the stately dome of the Wisconsin state capitol building, a symbol of the close relationship that has linked these two institutions. The dome dominates every Madison vista*

widely divergent points of view on almost every subject under the sun, and the two editors belabor each other lustily with few holds barred. The business deal kept both papers solvent, but also it gave the Madison audience the privilege of reading both sides of every story.

Through all this turmoil and change, A. M. Brayton sat in the driver's seat. He drove with a light rein, but he drove. His gregarious nature drew to the editorial sanctum a varied assortment of unusual and interesting personalities. Too kindly to bar the door even to the visionaries, he spent hours listening to their dreams. Once in awhile his patience struck gold, and an important news story or editorial campaign resulted. Dr. Wilson Gill, who had devoted his life and fortune to a crusade for a better teaching of citizenship in American schools, sewed the seeds of his *School Republic* in Brayton's mind. The result was an important change in teaching techniques in Wisconsin schools. Father Hausner, a parish priest, started a nation-wide observance of Good Friday through the columns of The Journal and the enthusiastic support of its editor.

Brayton was an effective writer. His editorials had polish, charm, and good literary style. He knew the exact meaning of words, and indulged himself in one of his few tempers when his men misused these tools of their craft. "I'd rather see Hell in headlines an inch high," he once shouted

DON ANDERSON
*The publisher who got to his position by a climb through jobs in two departments*



ROY L. MATSON
*The fast-moving editor wears the mantle of many distinguished predecessors*

at a hapless copyreader who had used "affect" instead of the correct "effect." Along with his love for politics was his love for poetry, and his newspaper reflected his affection for both. Poets are a plague to editors. Let down the bars for one little verse, and the next mail brings a flood. Most editors meet this dilemma by banning it all, the good with the bad. Not Brayton. He encouraged all the poets, and, with rare judgment, printed the best in his Sunday Rambler column. Every so often an anonymous little gem would appear, and the boys in the news room would know the boss was modestly giving ink to one of his own furtive efforts. One of these appeared in The Rambler following the 1926 reunion of old-time employees. It is a good example of Brayton's poetic style, and it is appropriate to the anniversary which prompted this volume:

ANNIVERSARY

The sails are set, the anchor's weighed. The Sea,
Into the Unknown, calls You and Me.
A night in Port, with Memories and Tales
Of Elder Voyages — suns, reefs and gales.
Of many Ports we've sung, old Loves, old Nights;
Of Silence and the Stars, strange Folk and hasty Flights.
The Past, our Guest of Honor, yawns and goes.
Tomorrow rides the East in Robes of Rose.
The Dawn breaks through. One goblet e'er we part!
Touch glasses, Friends!—and so, you touch My Heart!
The sails are set, the anchor's weighed. The Sea,
Into the new Unknown, calls You and Me.

In November, 1933, I. U. Sears retired as business manager, and Don Anderson left the news room to succeed him, and to serve as associate publisher. Troubled for years by cataracts and a heart ailment, in February of 1942 Brayton finally bowed to the inevitable and retired to spend his winters in Southern California where his two sons live. Anderson became publisher, and Roy L. Matson, editor.

Don Anderson was born on a ranch near Bozeman, Montana, on August 27, 1900. He had his grade and high schooling in Montana, and also his first smell of printer's ink in the weekly and daily print shops of the small Western town. After the first World War he worked a year in the circulation and news departments of The St. Petersburg, Florida, Times. After two years at Montana State College, he came to the School of Journalism at the University of Wisconsin in February, 1922. The necessity of earning most of his college expenses brought him to The Journal in the fall of 1923, where he landed a part-time job as a columnist. The column was not a howling success, but Editor Brayton persuaded the young man

to stick around as a student reporter. In 1924 he gave up school in behalf of a full-time job as reporter, growing into a variety of posts as city editor, Sunday editor, and in January, 1926, succeeding Irwin as managing editor.

Although Anderson's major responsibility is in the business department, his news training has given him an understanding and sympathy for the problems of that unit of the paper. That sympathy, far from passive, extends into activity embracing the newsgatherer's high tradition of violence; rolling out of the publisher's silken sheets to wade in mud and snow with his old camera and pencil, when the night crew gets hard pressed; standing up with both fists behind his staff in the fell clutch of outraged readers; and even, as old-timers of today's staff remember with sporting relish, unbuckling his wrist watch over two fist-swinging reportorial bullies of a rowdier era, and at least winning a draw out of the encounter.

This publisher believes, and keeps the belief in practice, that the counting room should not interfere with news department procedure. Advertisers get the best possible service the paper can provide and a chance to offer their merchandise to an important circulation audience, but they do not dictate news or editorial policy. In fairness to an oft-maligned group, it should be reported that modern Madison advertisers do not attempt such tactics, and the relationship between them and the newspaper is one of mutual respect.

*Journal editors in this picture are, left to right: Harold E. McClelland, state; Lawrence Fitzpatrick, city; Joe Caposella, telegraph; Louise Marston, society; William L. Doudna, music, radio, and special events; Henry J. McCormick, sports editor*

*Business office and mechanical department heads plan today's newspaper. Left to right: John Canny, circulation; John Holm, local advertising; H. L. Luloff, press; H. D. Abaly, stereotype; Don Roth, composing; J. M. Wolman, office manager*

The Journal publisher likes to keep a hand in upstairs by writing an occasional editorial, and probably wishes he wrote more. Major policies sometimes are determined by conference between publisher, editor, and staff. Sometimes the editor goes it alone, to the publisher's consternation and against his personal conviction, but always without protest or interference.

Anderson has filled his quota of civic offices. He was the first president of the Madison and Wisconsin Foundation, has been active in the Community Union and the War Chest, and is now a vice president of the Wisconsin Academy of Science, Arts, and Letters. He is a past president of the Inland Daily Press Association, and during the war served on the Editorial Advisory Board of the Office of Censorship.

Roy L. Matson came to the paper down a path trod by scores of young journalists before him. He came to the university to study and eventually drifted to The Journal where management welcomed his contributions of youthful intelligence and vitality.

Matson was born June 26, 1908, in Cloquet, Minnesota, and spent his boyhood in Minnesota and Wisconsin. He attended high school in Minneapolis and started his newspaper work on school publications. In 1925, he came to the University of Wisconsin, and the next year began haunting The Journal for odd jobs of reporting. In the summer of 1927 he filled a

vacation assignment as state editor. In 1929, he joined the staff as full-time reporter and feature writer, and covered everything from murders to concerts.

From the start he was one of the alert boys destined to go far. He knew how to dig out news when the digging was hard, and he wrote with understanding and a keen perception for solid news values. His career has been characterized by his energy, courage, and willingness to work long hours. In 1937 he followed Mich as managing editor, and upon Brayton's retirement in 1942 was placed in full charge of the editorial department.

Matson keeps up a continual study of his community, and he runs his editorial program under a full head of steam. No clipped editorials from syndicate sources fill Journal columns. He believes an editorial should be as timely as a news story, and that big issues call for strong words. No one ever accuses him of straddling an issue, and, right or wrong, State Journal readers always know what their newspaper thinks about things. In the five years of Matson's editorship, the paper has come out on top of most of its campaigns. These have ranged from a bitter battle over municipal ownership of a public utility, to the establishment of a community and youth center, and the inauguration of city manager government. The State Journal of today is a constant refutation of the contention that newspaper editorials have lost their ability to influence public opinion.

Pearl Harbor brought The State Journal, as it did to most American institutions, its greatest challenge. For 40 years three successive ownerships and managements had prided themselves on their young staffs, boys and girls who were comers in the craft and who made up for their lack of experience with their initiative and ambition. This is the age group that fights its country's wars. Before it was over, 37 boys from The Journal were in uniform. One, Lt. Robert Smith of the circulation department, was killed in the air over Sicily. The others served out their careers in all parts of the world from India and Iceland to Europe and the Southwest Pacific.

Each major administration of The Wisconsin State Journal has had its war. The Mexican conflict of 1848 touched its weekly predecessor lightly. Atwood published during the Civil War, Wilder the Spanish-American, Dick Jones in World War I, and Anderson, Brayton, and Matson in World War II. This historic old newspaper came out of the last war firmly established in the community, facing its greatest period of growth. Madison was bursting at the seams with thousands of new residents, new business firms, new problems. The Journal's net paid circulation increased more than 5,000 in the year 1946, passing the 35,000 mark. In 1947 it was pushing 38,000 paid subscribers. Only the international newsprint shortage kept it from going further and faster. In each of these years more than $100,000

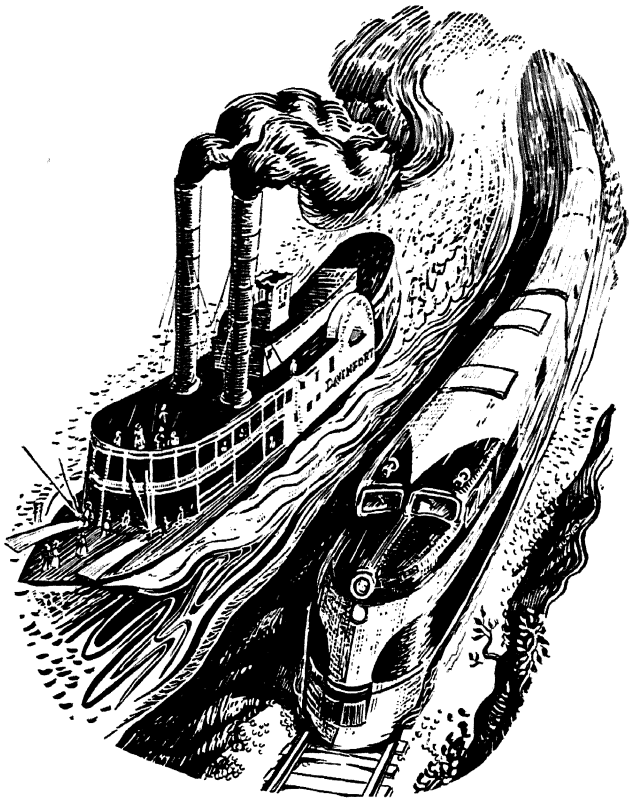
in advertising, submitted by eager merchants, was rejected because of paper shortages. That was half of what had been paid for the entire property 28 years ago!

The American newspaper system has its critics, and each unit has plenty of them in its own back yard. The State Journal is no exception. Nevertheless, a large audience in the Madison area looks to The Journal for leadership in civic and political affairs, and the paper tries hard to live up to its responsibilities.

Observers from the outside usually are amazed at the vigor of a journalistic controversy in Wisconsin's capital city. That is part of the pattern of a place where things are different. A population brought up on a diet of red meat, as prepared by a Dick Jones or a Bill Evjue, is in no mood to savor a bland diet. It is not considered good form for a Madison editor simply to express an opinon and let it go at that. First, there's choosing up of sides. Then everyone takes off his editorial coat, rolls up his sleeves, and gives battle. Once in a great while, and much to the embarrassment of both, the editors find themselves fighting on the same side of an issue. This coincidence is a rarity. The result of all this is a furious flurry of strong words, sarcasm, impugning of motives. The citizenry, which enjoys the show, approves the technique.

Today, the paper has a well-balanced staff. There are news veterans of many years of service, like Henry Noll and Russell Pyre, who bring to their work a background of accuracy and stability. There is a large group of smart, young people full of zest for the art of newspapering. Betty Cass and Roundy Coughlin are columnists who have large followings in widely separated fields. For nearly 20 years Betty has written a daily column of personal interest items, and she is widely quoted. Roundy is the friend of sports fans the world over. An old bush-league ball player, he writes the "king's English to the queen's taste," and his eccentric copy is printed exactly as it comes from his typewriter. All of these have more than a professional interest in their jobs. Nearly a third of all employees are stockholders, and own slightly more than 20 per cent of the company's capital stock.

The Wisconsin State Journal attempts to publish a decent, spirited product which will be welcome in any home. It rejects the stereotyped. Eight years along on its second century, the paper is youthful in its point of view, and always is ready to experiment with any new method or machine which will help make a better newspaper. In this same spirit, any cause which will lead to a better Madison and a better Wisconsin finds The Journal an enthusiastic advocate.




## II. Davenport

# THE DEMOCRAT

AND LEADER

LELAND M. TURNBULL

*Publisher of The Davenport Democrat, he is now serving with his second Lee newspaper. Before this post he was the advertising manager of The Daily Times*

# CHAPTER II

# *The Davenport Democrat*

## *A GOOD PAPER FOR 90 YEARS*

BY STAGECOACH AND POST ROAD IN THE 1850s, A GROUP ON horseback jogged overland, across the prairie from Davenport in the direction of Peoria. They rode with the spirit of men on a mission. Their object was to persuade a young printer on The Peoria Morning News that Davenport needed a Democratic paper and that he was the man to be the publisher. Henry F. Mitchell made the acquaintance of this young typesetter in Peoria and reported to have found him extremely intelligent, aggressive, advanced for his years and, above all, a staunch Democrat. His name was D. N. Richardson.

These Democratic spokesmen for Davenport laid before Richardson the opportunities in this rapidly growing city. Davenport at that time had become the gateway of Western settlement. River packets which steamed down the broad Mississippi discharged cargo and visitors at the wharf for Colonel Davenport's new hotel. And there was the fabulous LeClaire House, built in 1839 by Antoine LeClaire, social center for far around. Lastly, they assured him, that should he come to Davenport and buy the weekly Democrat Banner, he could count on party support, patronage, and a bonus of approximately $1,000 as a beginning.

With what doubts young David Nelson Richardson regarded this summons, no one today knows, but the fact remains that shortly afterward he was installed as publisher of The Iowa State Democrat, issuing his first number on October 15, 1855. Afterward, he wryly admitted that the bonus which had beckoned him to this publishing venture was entirely illusory, but the patronage did make it possible for him to keep his Demo-

crat alive and carry the gospel of the party of Thomas Jefferson deep into Whig and Republican territory.

Out of this humble beginning, Iowa's oldest and most consistently Democratic newspaper, The Davenport Democrat, was born.

The Democrat shared the field with The Davenport Gazette, a worthy Whig stalwart, founded by Alfred Sanders and Levi Davis in 1841. Later Edward Russell took over. The Democrat Banner was a peripatetic upstart when Richardson arrived in Davenport with his type sticks to take up the trade. But The Banner represented the party in power. In fact, the Democratic party had dominated the national scene, with a single four-year exception, from Jefferson to 1860. Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan were the only strangers in that period. It was natural, therefore, for Davenport to want a militantly Democratic paper.

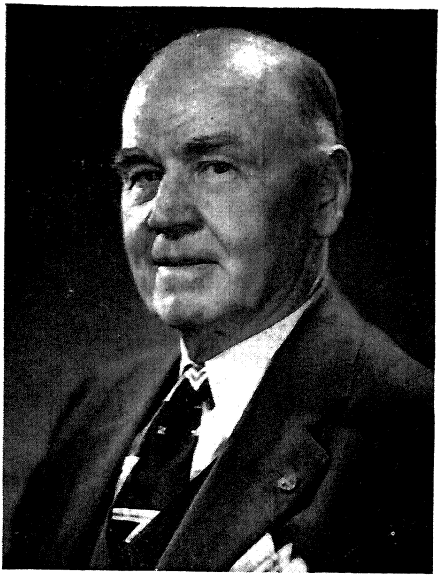
The era of western expansion was opening as The Daily Democrat made its bow. The Mormons, after a period of persecution at Nauvoo, had left Illinois on their historic pilgrimage into the Western wilderness and settled around Great Salt Lake. In 1848, the discovery of gold in the mill race on Sutter's ranch near Sacramento had sent an endless procession of covered wagons westward through the Mississippi gateway at Davenport. By 1850, California, which had been a foreign state with a few Spanish missions and ranch owners only a few years before, teemed with a frontier population of more than 100,000.

In the East the New York Central opened its line from New York to Albany, and Greeley's Tribune brought news with each post of the westward advance of the rails. Commodore Matthew C. Perry had opened a Pandora's Box in Japan; the first Atlantic cable to Ireland had by then reached from Cape Breton to Newfoundland; and the fall of Sevastopol had brought to a close the Crimean War.

The Democrat made its debut in Davenport in historic times in the central West. Sen. Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, caring less for the rights of the Red Men than the prospect of a transcontinental railroad, had pushed a bill through Congress to organize in Indian territory the state of Kansas. Later came Nebraska and the Missouri Compromise. It was then that a gaunt young lawyer from Springfield, Abraham Lincoln, first warned the country in a speech at Peoria, that, although he did not question the constitutional right of Southerners to hold slaves in the South, yet he held, "slavery is founded on the selfishness of man's nature." After that came the deluge.

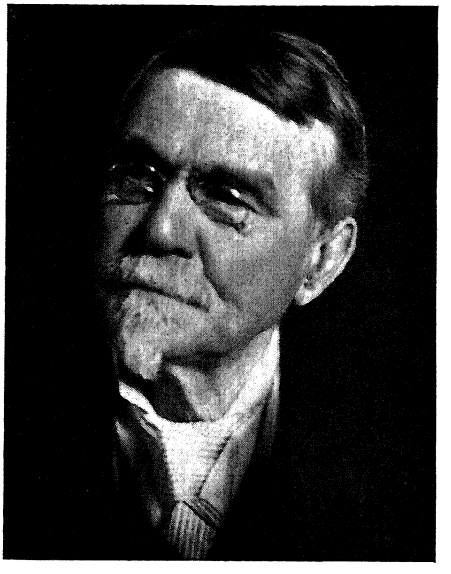
It was in this period of "bleeding Kansas," John Brown, the Dred Scott case, and the Lovejoy Abolitionists that The Democrat took root. It was almost oblivious to a new political party which took to itself an old name,

RALPH CRAM
*Former publisher, he was with paper for 57 years, became air pilot at age 62*



HUGH HARRISON
*Editor of The Democrat, he has served news department of paper for 44 years*

D. N. RICHARDSON
*Founded The Democrat in 1855, first paper of the Democratic party in Iowa*



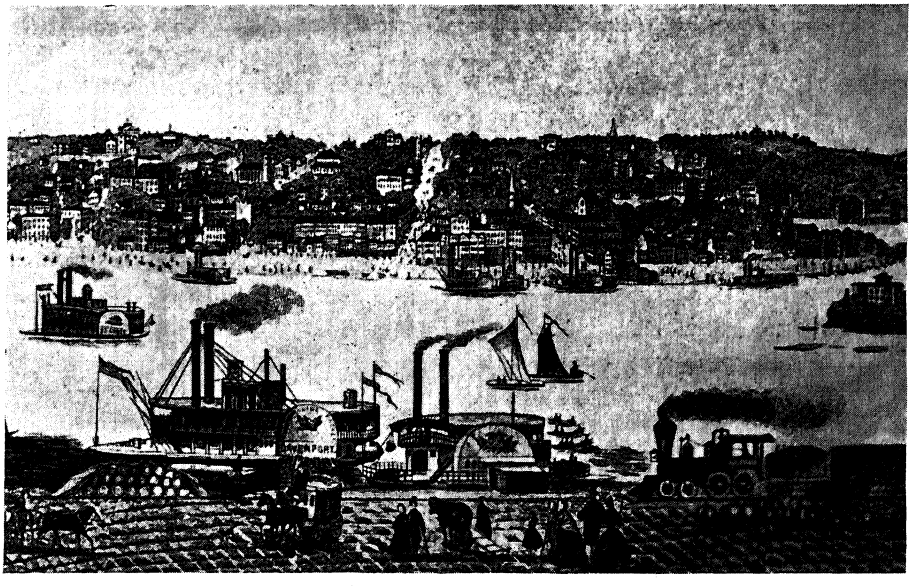
J. J. RICHARDSON
*Came west in 1859 to join brother in the management of The Democrat*

Republican, for the anti-slavery speeches from Illinois were still but the rumble of a distant drum in the East.

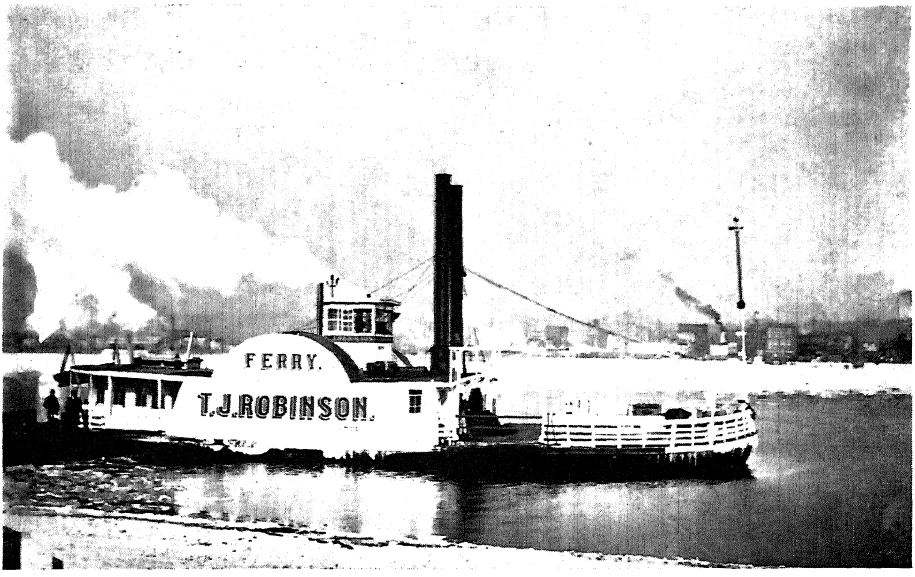
The Davenport that D. N. Richardson first knew was an early convert to culture. To Davenport came the great platform lecturers of the period preceding the Civil War, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Horace Greeley, and Wendell Phillips. Out of Davenport in later years came a host of literary products as writers, Susan Glaspell, Alice French, George Cram Cook, and Arthur Davidson Ficke. This was the colorful, crucial turn in history into which The Democrat stepped.

Before D. N., as his friends soon were calling him, died in the editorial harness in 1898, he had become an honored figure not only in Davenport but throughout the state. His townspeople elected him to the city council, and to the school board; he became chairman of the library committee, and for nearly 20 years, from 1876 to 1894, he was a regent of the State University of Iowa.

During the years when the state university was being established on the foundations which support the great institution into which it has grown, he was chairman of its finance committee and its committee on grounds and buildings. For a number of years he was a member of the Iowa Soldiers and Sailors Monument Commission. At that time there was considerable controversy for a number of years as to where the monument was to be



*This photograph of a painting shows Davenport as it was in 1862. This was in the period of the paddle wheel steamer. On the river front will be seen the primitive railroad, the horse-drawn vehicles, and marks of Civil War era along Mississippi*



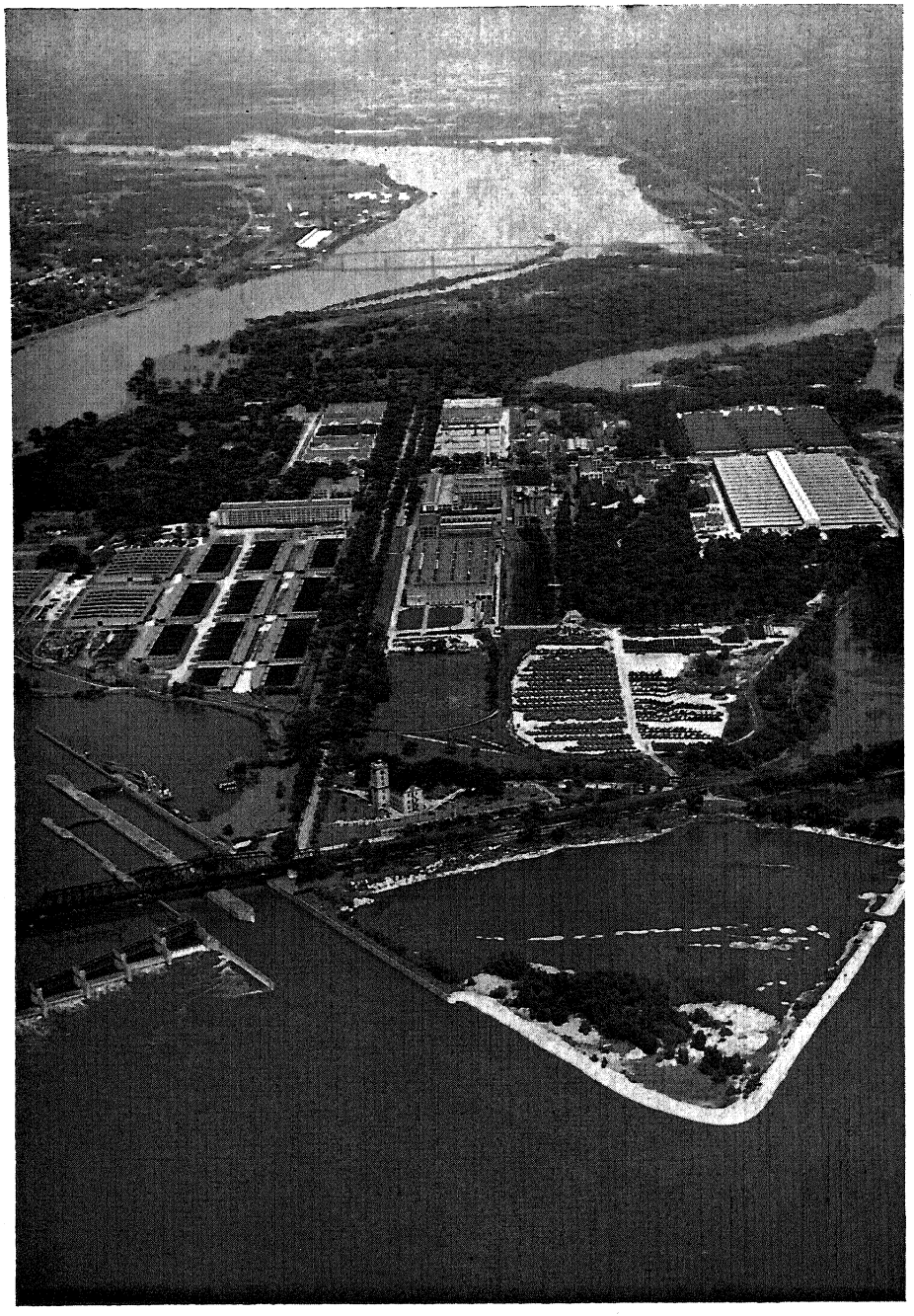

*This ferry boat T. J. Robinson operated on the Mississippi River between the cities of Davenport and Rock Island, Illinois, in the 1880s and 90s. It was a typical side-wheeler of the times with the pilot house perched high above the decks*

located, what form it should take, and finally what names of Iowa's leading soldiers should be honored. Veterans of the Civil War, of whom there were thousands in Iowa at that time, took a lively interest in these subjects, and the ultimate satisfactory solution of these problems reflected the tact as well as the ability of the then editor of The Democrat.

As the paper grew in circulation and importance, D. N. felt the need of help, and called his brother Jenness J. to a partnership in his venture; J. J. came west in 1859. Both the Richardsons would have been outstanding men in any community at any time, and together they were an ideal partnership. D. N., the scholar, fitted handsomely into the editorial chair, while J. J.'s canny business sense brought financial prosperity to The Democrat at an early day. He was the first Midwestern publisher to make personal visits to the East to solicit the business of big advertisers. In fact, as George P. Rowell later wrote in Printer's Ink: "No advertiser, big or little, failed to receive a visit from him.

"A rebuff," continued Rowell, "rolled off him like water off a duck's back. He was in no hurry, he could wait, would much rather wait than call again. If the order was a small one, he preferred it to none. If the man had no money, there was no objection to taking payment in goods. Half cash and half goods would do very well again."

This was borne out by the fact that when Ralph Cram entered the



*Air view of Rock Island Arsenal island looking east and showing the massive munitions shops and the ordnance buildings. In the left foreground are the locks in the Mississippi River. A part of the government bridge and dam may be seen*

employ of The Democrat in 1883, there were stored in the basement of The Democrat building, west side of Main between Second and Third Streets, considerable brightly painted farm machinery and crates of patent medicines, ready for the best barter that might be made with the farmers and pharmacists of the city and countryside.

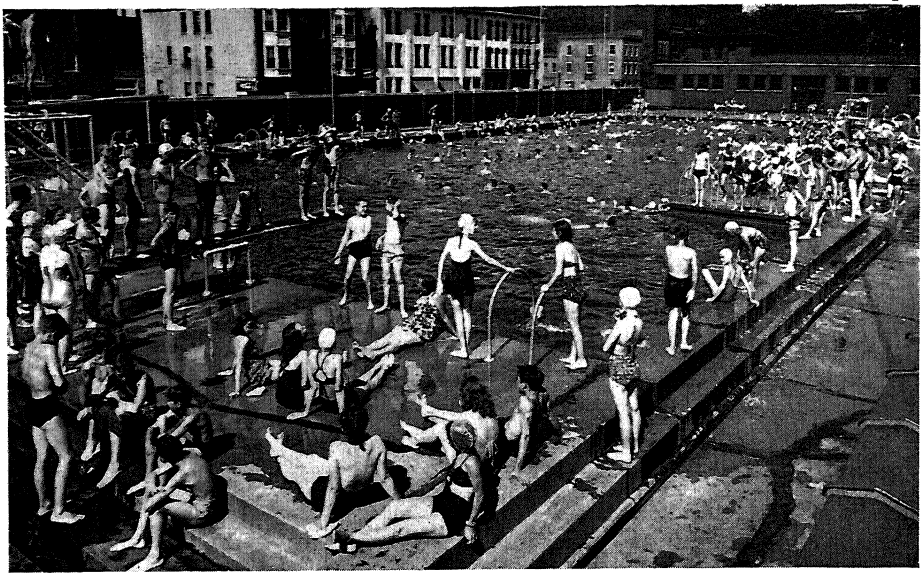
Rowell's friendship with J. J. had extended over several decades when he "wrote up" the Davenport publisher in 1905, and it is easy to imagine both of them chuckling over the former's picture of a typical wintertime call of the latter on one of his big Eastern clients. "It used to be said that, if there was a stove in the office that Richardson could stand by and warm his mittened hands, holding them up one on each side of the stovepipe, no one was ever able under such conditions to refuse him the order for the precise space, position, price and terms of payment suggested by this most ingenious canvasser that ever came from the banks of the Mississippi."

As to precisely what was the circulation of The Democrat in those years we are left to conjecture, but it is interesting to note J. J.'s comment on the claim of Col. W. S. Lingle, then publishing the Lafayette, Indiana, Journal, that his paper was the only one of large circulation in the West. This led to the Davenport publisher issuing the following "circulation statement:"

> "Over what you people of the East know as the West—that is, over the territory between Buffalo and Illinois—I presume all Mr. Lingle asserts may be substantially true; but beyond the Mississippi, among the Rocky Mountains, on the Pacific Coast, and in the Sandwich Islands, my paper circulates two copies to his one."

Publishing Monday to Friday afternoons and Sunday morning, with negligible competition from morning papers, which also suffered from the rivalry of Chicago papers, arriving before breakfast-time, The Democrat for many years had the Davenport and eastern Iowa field practically to itself. It went to no expense soliciting either circulation or advertising. In fact, R. H. Harned, of the city's first large department store, used to tell of offering the paper a full-page advertisement. Perhaps it was the first offer of the kind. At any rate, the ad was sent back to J. J.'s office for his O.K. He soon emerged with a request that Harned cut it to half a page; otherwise "the paper would have to add two more pages to make room for it and would lose money on the deal."

After a couple of decades, D. N. called B. F. Tillinghast from The Moline Dispatch to assume most of the editorial duties on The Democrat, and contented himself with writing a half-column editorial for the Sunday issue on the "origin of words," and similarly scholarly subjects. He took time out for a trip around the world, that resulted in a book, *Girdle*



*Davenport's Municipal Natatorium located on the levee. In the summer it draws thousands of swimmers. This is only one of the many excellent park and recreational facilities provided by funds of the city for its 75,000 progressive residents*

*'Round the Earth,* which, again quoting George P. Rowell in Printer's Ink, "was one of the most charming books that it had been the good fortune of the writer to come across."

Tillinghast was a real acquisition to Davenport and The Democrat, a civic leader for a score of years, and chairman of the Iowa Red Cross. Typical of his Red Cross activities, in which The Democrat was an effective instrument, was Davenport's remarkable and prompt response to the S O S sent out by Johnstown, Pennsylvania, when it was devastated by the terrible flood following the breaking of a dam in the Conemaugh Valley May 31, 1889. Carloads of lumber, food, clothing, and thousands of dollars from Davenport were soon on the site of the tragedy, which had cost 2,200 lives.

Later Davenport was the center, under Tillinghast and The Democrat, the energizing force which rushed 7,000,000 pounds of corn, Iowa's gift, a special shipload, to Russia for the relief of starving millions there. Recognition of this leadership in momentous charities came later when B. F. was appointed by Secretary of State John Hay as one of five American delegates to an International Red Cross convention in St. Petersburg. He went, all expenses paid, "and shook hands with the Czar!"

As B. F. Tillinghast took over enlarging editorial duties, D. N. Richardson slipped back, from choice, into partial self-retirement. Meanwhile his

brother relinquished part of the business management of the paper first to Cyrus T. Darling, a relative brought from Vermont, and later to J. B. Richardson, his nephew, and plunged with delight into the field of politics. As Iowa member of the Democratic national committee, his approval was required by all the postmasters appointed in Iowa by President Grover Cleveland, and the line formed to the right at The Democrat's Main Street building, passing through the business office to J. J.'s office in the rear. He had a prominent part in the national councils of the Democratic party for several years. Surviving his brother, he died in 1917.

During the first two decades, the Richardsons were helped in making The Democrat by newsmen whose contributions made Davenport history. There was George H. Ballou, Civil War veteran who came to the paper as city editor in 1878 and served in that capacity until his death in 1890. At the funeral services in Trinity Cathedral more than members of The Democrat family wept unashamed. He had carried a bullet in his body and, if his copy sometimes reached the composing room pretty late because of a convivial pause with friends, it was a fault easy to forgive in a veteran of so many good qualities.

As city editor, Ballou was succeeded by J. E. Calkins, still living in California. He came from The Burlington Hawkeye, where he had worked with the famous humorist, Bob Burdette. Calkins was in failing health when

*Democrat executives. Standing, left to right: Frank Lorenz, composing room; Joe Tyler, stereotyping; Frank Mitchell, press; C. E. Grayson, circulation; seated, W. A. Ceperley, city; Editor Harrison; Publisher Turnbull; G. E. Larson, advertising*

he edited The Democrat's Half-Century edition in 1905, a remarkable job of research and assembly of historic material. In compiling a Davenport chronology and culling interesting items from 50 years of Democrat files, he had the able assistance of the late Harry Downer and Mary Wright. Miss Wright shortly afterward became society editor of The Democrat, for which her wide acquaintance as a native of Scott County and her knowledge of music and art eminently fitted her.

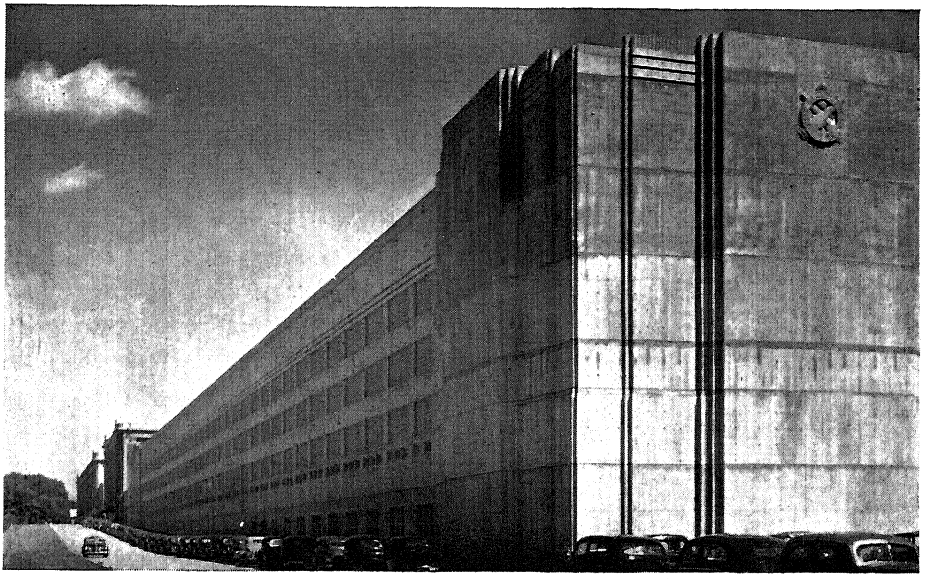
When Calkins moved to the West coast, he was succeeded as city editor by Ralph Cram, who, in 1909, succeeded Tillinghast as editor when the latter moved to Florida.

As the years went by, The Democrat had maintained its place in the newspaper field by purchasing The Morning Gazette and The Evening Leader. This latter purchase in 1902 brought to The Democrat staff Hugh Harrison, who had been city editor of The Leader and is now editor of The Democrat, having succeeded Ralph Cram in 1940. The long service of these members of The Democrat staff suggests that the relations existing among them were friendly to the extreme, as was their loyalty to the paper. The Democrat family was a name they bore collectively with satisfaction and pride.

The absorption of The Gazette and The Leader left the Davenport newspaper field to The Democrat and The Times, a rapidly growing competitor. This competition across the years, though keen, was friendly and constructive.

By 1915, Davenport had grown to a city several times the size of the one to which the first of the Richardsons had been called 60 years before. The need of expansion of the paper and the plant in which it was produced, to keep pace with Davenport's growth, was evident. The wisdom of attracting new capital and relinquishing some of the responsibility that had been lodged in a single family, was evident. So The Democrat Publishing Company was formed, and Frank D. Throop was called from Muscatine to be publisher and general manager, a post which he filled until 1930. His life had been linked with newspapers since he worked as a printer to pay a large part of his expenses while attending Iowa Wesleyan College at Mt. Pleasant. He was advertising manager of the college weekly there and after graduation became a reporter for The Muscatine Journal. Promotion two years later made him city editor and later he became managing editor.

Throop was an active force in Davenport as publisher of The Democrat and as a civic leader. In Muscatine, he had been at the head of a Lee newspaper, but under the direct supervision of A. W. Lee of Ottumwa, founder of that syndicate. He always frankly attributed much of his success to the encouragement of A. W. Lee. It was natural, therefore, that his period as



*The new assembly shop at the Rock Island Arsenal. This is part of one of the nation's most important ordnance manufacturing factories, research and development headquarters, and storage depots for the entire United States Army*

*This is the interior of the tank assembly shop located at Rock Island Arsenal. A 900-acre military establishment, it made an enviable record in the two World Wars. In peacetime, its scientists and engineers develop new methods and materiel*

publisher of The Democrat should be marked by one of the truly important moves in the paper's history. This was its joining the Lee group in 1915.

It was the expansion of the syndicate by the purchase of The Star in Lincoln, Nebraska, which took Frank Throop to that city as publisher of The Star, and gave The Democrat a new top command. It was announced by E. P. Adler at a farewell dinner in honor of Throop.

Ten years later Frank Throop, after his successful management of The Star at Lincoln, was back in Davenport as principal speaker at a dinner given by The Democrat on the occasion of Ralph Cram's retirement as editor and publisher. He said that Cram's nearly 57 years' connection with The Democrat had reached its climax when he could write editorials glorifying the achievements of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt. Throop noted that Lincoln was a city where Democratic old-timers still doff their hats, figuratively at least, when they mention The Chief—William Jennings Bryan. Throop grew so eloquent that Mr. Adler, toastmaster of the occasion, had to give him a jocular reminder that the occasion was a farewell dinner and not a Democratic mass meeting.

At an age when most men took readily to rocking chairs, Editor Ralph Cram took to a pilot's bucket seat. He flew with the best of them in the days when aviation was growing up. He became as much a part of every National Air Tour as Jimmy Doolittle. He stunted with Navy Test Pilot Al Williams; flew with Lindbergh, Rickenbacker, and Eddie Stinson; and hopped in everything from an old World War Curtiss JN-4 to a helicopter. Then at age 62, he decided to become a pilot. When he won his pilot's license, he became known as Iowa's Flying Editor. It was no mean feat for a veteran with silver hair to solo, but Ralph was as nimble with the rudder bar and the "stick" as any of the youngsters in a plane cockpit. Flying was a hobby with Ralph Cram, but it brought national fame to The Democrat.

When The Leader was acquired by The Democrat, Hugh Harrison, one of the most effective news gatherers in Davenport's history, came from The Leader to join The Democrat's staff. He later became city editor. On the city desk, Hugh was a veritable encyclopedia of Davenport history.

Davenport and the Democratic party were an open book to Hugh Harrison. When he took over as managing editor upon the retirement of Ralph Cram, The Democrat was the acknowledged spokesman for the party in Iowa. Hugh writes trenchant Democratic editorials and is one of the elder statesmen of the party in the Middle West. On a recent birthday anniversary his old adversary, The Times, fairly summed up his contribution to the Davenport scene when it said editorially:

"He has been so much a part of the city of Davenport for more than 50 years that his friends are legion . . . His keen mind, his ripe knowledge

*This old undated photograph shows a street scene in Davenport's business district in the period before there were paved streets. This picture shows Second Street looking west from Main Street. Note hitching posts along curb of shopping center*

*Modern Davenport's business section is a typical scene of a busy American city. The decorations are those put up each year for the Christmas holiday season, and the heavy automobile and pedestrian traffic is a usual sign of city prosperity*

and his aggressive Democracy have been a tower of strength for The Democrat these many years . . . We know of no one who might boast so many fine and loyal friends."

With the resignation of Victor Martin as business manager of The Democrat, Leland M. Turnbull came to The Democrat to fill that position, and before long to be advanced to the post of publisher. Turnbull had been advertising manager of The Daily Times since 1923. Like so many of the Lee newspaper executives, he had active experience in the printing trade before he attended, and was graduated from, Monmouth College. His coming to Davenport in 1921 had been preceded by overseas service in the first World War. In France he served as an artillery observer. Under his management The Democrat has continued to enjoy the confidence of an increasing Iowa clientele in the wide, fertile area surrounding Davenport, and a growing popularity as an advertising medium. Turnbull has taken an active part in many civic movements. Working in all stages of promotion of the Community Chest, he served as its president. He headed the YMCA as president two terms. He was president of the Advertisers Club, and a member of the board of the Chamber of Commerce; he is depended on for help, counsel, and leadership in his church and in various causes.

The 1920s found The Democrat outgrowing its Main Street location, a building of three stories and basement, which in earlier years had been more than adequate, the second story front being leased to lawyers, and the remainder of that story housing the paper's job printing department. The printing end was later sold to the Purcell Printing Company, "Juie" Purcell having managed it for the Richardsons for many years. Needing more modern quarters and equipment, The Democrat Company built and moved into its present handsome building at 407-411 Brady Street in 1924. Although adequate room had been planned in the new building for expansion of various departments, it was found necessary later to extend the mezzanine floor so as to add more room for the engraving department, while removal of partitions and other changes were forced by the growth of other departments.

When The Democrat's editor was in the South some time ago, his hospitable entertainers urged him to move down there. "What's the use," they wanted to know, "of printing a Democratic paper in Iowa, where there aren't any Democrats, when you could publish one here where there aren't anything else but?"

Admittedly, politicians usually write Iowa off as Republican, but it has not been always or continuously so. Iowa, Scott County, and Davenport have had their share, more or less, of Democratic administrations, while the congressional district for many years elected Democratic congressmen.

Back in J. J.'s time, one of his proteges, Horace Boies, filled the governor's chair from 1890 to 1894, and in 1892 missed the vice presidency only because he yielded to ill advice of friends who pushed him for first place on the national ticket when he could have had second place and been elected with Cleveland for the latter's second term. More recently, Clyde L. Herring and Nelson G. Kraschel were elected by Iowa Democrats to the state's top office for the six years from 1933 to 1939.

In the United States Senate for more than half the period since 1926, Iowa has been represented by Democrats, Daniel F. Steck, Louis Murphy, Guy M. Gillette, and Clyde L. Herring.

In 1882, the Second Iowa Congressional District, of which The Democrat was the voice, in newsprint, of an unterrified Democracy, elected Jeremiah H. Murphy of Davenport to the lower house of Congress, reelected him two years later, and then elected Walter I. Hayes of Clinton for four consecutive terms. Martin J. Wade of Iowa City and Irvin S. Pepper of Muscatine, the latter for two terms, and B. M. Jacobsen of Clinton for three terms and his son, William S. Jacobsen, for three more, show how consistently the district went Democratic until it was gerrymandered by a Republican legislature and became the First District in 1943.

Through all these years, The Davenport Democrat was encouraged by these results of its earnest and consistent advocacy of the principles of Democracy, which continued with unfailing loyalty to the administration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt from the day, in 1932, when a state convention in Davenport was the first to instruct its delegates to a national convention to vote as a unit for the late president's nomination. It could do no less in view of its own convictions and those of its founders, who launched it to proclaim their views, back in 1855.

Through the years, "The Democrat Family" has had full warranty in facts and figures. Of the present makers of the newspaper, 28 have been with the paper for 20 years or longer.

While length of service is high commendation in itself, several noteworthy features which have attracted national attention deserve more extended comment.

Unique as a home-front institution was the "Dear Joe" feature conducted by Sports Editor John O'Donnell during World War II. Beginning with the publication of his "first letter to a Davenport man in the service," in his Sunday "Sports Chats" column August 7, 1942, the feature won such a warm response that the letters it brought him from men in the service, and his answers to them, multiplied till they filled two columns, then more, then a page, then two pages, in the Sunday Democrat, till V. J. Day. Sent by relatives to loved ones in camps, they were posted on bulletin boards and praised by all ranks from privates to colonels.

*Outgrowing its old Main Street location, The Davenport Democrat moved to a new and modern publishing plant at 407-411 Brady Street in 1924. This building has since been enlarged to accommodate the growth of the Democratic newspaper*

Representative Thomas E. Martin of Iowa took nearly a page in the Congressional Record to tell its story. The compliments won by John O'Donnell reached their peak when the Lions Club of Davenport voted him Citizen of the Year, bestowing that title on him at a banquet attended by hundreds of Davenporters. GI's gathered in a great post-war celebration to pay tribute to the conductor of the "Dear Joe" Club.

Another feature of The Sunday Democrat since 1933 has been Ina Wickham's column, "Catching the Beat in the Music World Today," which expresses what is happening in the world of music. It has won a citation by the Iowa Press Women as the best column in the state, and won a ranking of third out of some 200 columns in the judgment of the National Federation of Press Women.

Today, The Democrat is moving up into the century stretch, a newspaper and a tradition which have been part of the state of Iowa since pioneer days. Only recently The Democrat flung off its final layer of conservatism and appeared, on Sundays, with four-color comics. The Sunday Democrat is a well-rounded metropolitan newspaper today, with a Sunday circulation on Iowa news stands that is steadily increasing.

The Democrat has grown up with Iowa, and is still growing. It is a living exponent of the Democratic heritage, held high for 92 busy, battling years.

## 12. Mason City

Mason City Globe-Gazette

"THE NEWSPAPER THAT MAKES ALL NORTH IOWANS NEIGHBORS"

WILLIAM FOSTER MUSE

*A beloved editor, he bequeathed character, dignity, and good humor to a small newspaper, and gave it a sound foundation. He was well known for music and editorials*

# CHAPTER 12

# *Mason City Globe-Gazette*

## *THE CAPITAL OF NORTH IOWA*

WHEN THE MASON CITY GLOBE-GAZETTE CAME INTO THE Lee Syndicate fold on April 1, 1925, the event was in the nature of a marriage long-deferred. Both William Foster Muse, the editor and principal owner, and David M. Conroy, business head for 25 years, had been associated with A. W. Lee on The Ottumwa Courier back in the '90s when forming a group of newspapers was no more than a nebulous dream in Mr. Lee's mind.

In 1898, Muse, scouting about for a newspaper of his own, heard of a struggling daily in Mason City purchasable within the means at his command. The owners, W. H. Peedan and Capt. S. A. Marine, the latter a Union War veteran, earlier that year had formed a partnership and merged two papers, The Daily Globe and The Weekly Gazette. They wanted to sell.

In the field was one other daily, The Times-Herald, as well as three weeklies. Mason City's population at that time was a scant 7,000. None but a courageous soul would have ventured into such a crowded field. But Muse, taking his cue perhaps from what he had seen A. W. Lee accomplish under like conditions at Ottumwa, negotiated the purchase and induced his Ottumwa friend and associate, red-haired Dave Conroy, to join him as business manager.

The story of how The Globe-Gazette gained ascendancy in its highly competitive and limited field, absorbing one competitor after another—the last of them, The Daily Times, in 1918—will be related later in this chapter. These details will be skipped here while the circumstances under which

The Globe-Gazette became the seventh member of the Lee group are recalled. Throughout those years after the turn of the century, when Muse and Conroy were building their paper to predominance in the Mason City field, there had existed a warm friendship between them and the Lee executives, A. W. Lee himself during his lifetime, E. P. Adler, James F. Powell, and later, Lee Loomis.

From day to day in business matters, they sought counsel, one with the other, and at meetings of newspaper folk, they seemed naturally to gravitate to each other. There was an instinctive kinship, born undoubtedly of their days together in Ottumwa, and further emphasized through the joint service, for five continuous years, of David Conroy as president and Loomis as secretary-treasurer of the then infant Iowa Daily Press Association.

On the occasion of Conroy's death in 1923, Muse, holder of majority of stock in the company, was literally surfeited with offers to buy. Some of these offers were extremely attractive, too. But Muse was not interested. He listened politely, but he didn't talk. He had other ideas.

Adler, it is true, had "registered interest" in a possible purchase of The Globe-Gazette "if and when" Loomis, then publisher of The Muscatine Journal, had the opportunity, or perhaps more accurately made the opportunity, to remind Muse of this interest, but there was no pressure.

After two years at the helm, with full responsibility for both the business and editorial management, Muse concluded he was ready to let his load be lightened. In compliance with a promise previously volunteered, he approached Adler.

There was no quibbling about price, or about anything else for that matter. Muse named his price and suggested the broad outline of the arrangement desired by him under which he would remain in The Globe-Gazette organization as editor, with routine duties not too heavy.

The principal provisions of the deal being agreed upon, Muse suggested that the time had come "for our lawyers to get together" and work out the details. To Muse's amazement, and to the greater amazement of his lawyer, James W. Blythe, it later developed, Adler proposed that his associates would not require the services of a special lawyer, that one lawyer could draw up the contract.

This little incident, the waiver by Adler of special counsel in a transaction involving what then was an almost record price for a small-city daily, was reflective of the relationship ever existent between Muse and the Lee interests. That relationship transcended contractual obligations and legal safeguards.

The deal was quickly worked out. On April 1, 1925, The Mason City Globe-Gazette Company, a corporation in which Lee group members held

ENOCH A. NOREM
*The Globe-Gazette's city editor has had a busy career with newspaper since 1920*

W. EARL HALL
*Managing editor of Globe-Gazette, works in multitude of civic enterprises*

control but in which both Muse and the Conroy family retained substantial interests, took over the publishership of The Globe-Gazette and for the six years following until his death, in 1931, Muse enjoyed the surcease from editorial responsibility for which he had yearned throughout his life.

Much of the time he was on the move, sating a passion for world travel. One of his jaunts was to Alaska, another was to South America, and a third took him and his daughter, Elizabeth, now Mrs. Ralph H. Norris, around the world. His observations and experiences based on those travels are preserved in three beautifully bound books.

The story of The Globe-Gazette divides naturally into two parts, one the 27 years under the Muse-Conroy management, the other the almost 20 years as a member of The Lee Newspapers.

As is true in most communities, Mason City has had a multitude of publications down through the years, starting with The Cerro Gordo Press in 1858. Its first issue appeared in June of that year, printed on a hand press brought by one Datus Coon to Mason City from Osage, a county seat 30 miles to the northeast. This was only five years after the arrival of Mason City's first settler.

Other newspapers followed in quick succession. Some struggled along on short rations, others were absorbed by mergers, still others faded into the mists of time. It's approximately correct to say that The Globe-Gazette

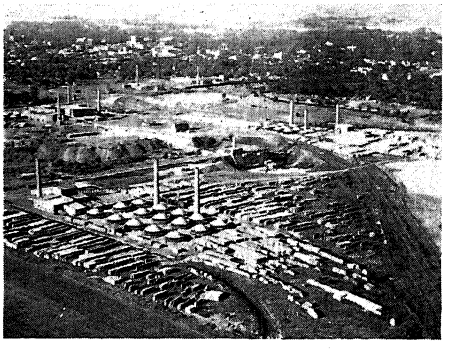
today is the lineal descendant of all the papers ever printed in Mason City.

The community's first venture in the field of daily journalism was a paper called The Times, established in 1888. Five years later, 1893, The Daily Globe was born, named after a St. Paul paper on which one of its managers had previously worked.

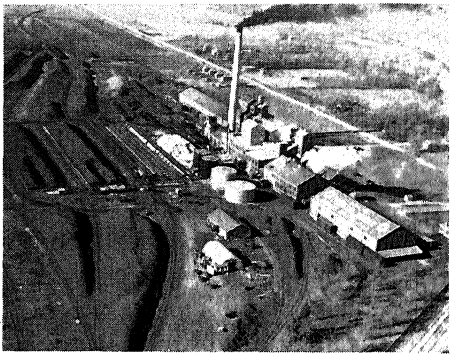
Early in 1898, with the Spanish-American War clouds hanging low, The Daily Globe was merged with the weekly Gazette, under proprietorship of Peedan and Marine, to form the daily Globe-Gazette.

It was later that same year, 1898, that William Muse arrived from Ottumwa to take over the newly merged newspaper, inducing his erstwhile associate on The Courier, Dave Conroy, to join him as minority owner and business manager. With one daily and three weeklies in the field, the future was anything but rosy.

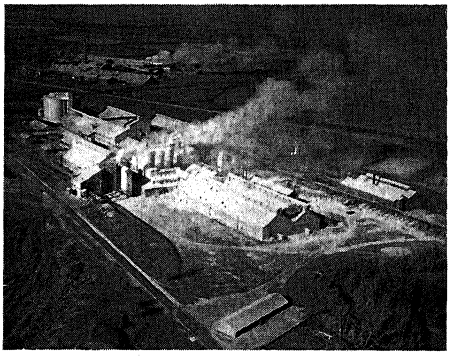
From the start, however, the guiding thesis of the new publishers was that the way to survive, and ultimately to prosper in such a situation, was



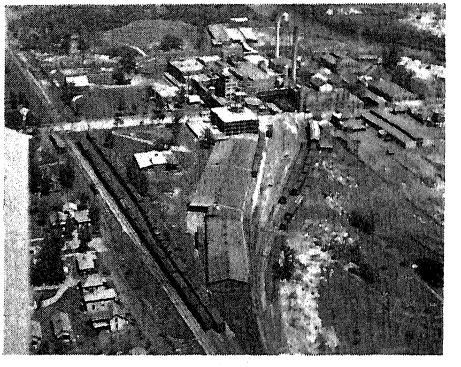
*Brick and Tile Company, a pioneer industry, one of Iowa's largest ceramic plants*



*American Crystal Sugar plant, an important processor of food from farm products*



*The mills of two large cement companies give city lead in building materials*



*Jacob E. Decker firm is largest of the food processing plants in Mason City*

*The late D. M. Conroy was associated with William F. Muse for 25 years in the ownership of Globe-Gazette. He was business manager of the paper until his death in 1923. Earlier he had been advertising manager of The Ottumwa Courier*

to produce a superior newspaper. On its editorial page, The Globe-Gazette was Republican in an unmistakable way, opposing not only Democrats but those young upstarts in the party who called themselves "progressive Republicans."

But elsewhere in the paper the emphasis was always on news. Its columns were crammed with local items, the kind that today would be classified as trivia. Such telegraphic items as there were came, via the scissor route, from metropolitan exchanges or from "blowing up" some fragmentary message passed along by an accommodating railroad dispatcher. Muse's ability to expand on the slimmest nucleus amounted to nothing short of absolute genius.

There were some lean years, perhaps a dozen, when the margin between income and outgo was precarious. And that outgo was held to an unbelievable minimum. But the formula of "survival through superiority" ultimately bore fruit. The weeklies toppled along the way like dominoes and in

1918, after a succession of ineffectual blood transfusions, The Daily Times gave up the ghost.

Up to this time The Globe-Gazette had primarily trained its guns on the Mason City community as a purely local newspaper. With the field to itself, however, Muse and Conroy began thinking more in terms of regional circulation and news coverage. The "pony" report gave way to an AP leased wire and a second edition, printed at noon, was instituted for the benefit of readers in neighboring towns.

By his unique writing style and by his magnetic personality, Muse achieved a wide acquaintance and an unsurpassed prestige in Mason City and its environs. By more than a few, his pronouncements were considered only slightly less authentic and inspired than the Proverbs.

Among his choicest personal assets was a bass voice which made him a marked man. Before coming to Mason City, in Ottumwa, and before that in Cedar Rapids, he had traveled with a male quartet into every state in the union. On his arrival here, he formed what was known as the Empyrean quartet, which down through the years was featured at literally hundreds of community events, and funerals.

An index to both his physical attributes and to his sly humor is contained in an incident in Yellowstone Park in 1927, when he and his daughter were en route home from Alaska. Standing on a station platform, he was approached by a stranger.

"I'm Ralph Parlette," the stranger said as he extended his hand. "My business has to do with the lyceum and chautauqua. Right now I'm trying to build a program for our Chautauqua Park assembly next year and I'd like to sign you for a lecture. I don't know of any name that would carry more prestige than Irvin Cobb."

Quick as a flash, sensing that he had been mistaken for a great humorist, Muse reached into his pocket, pulled out what passed for a date book and discovered he was previously committed for the date in question.

"Why don't you get Charles Evans Hughes?" he suggested.

The idea sounded good to Parlette. The two parted.

Returning home, Muse recounted the mistake in identity in one of his articles, later incorporated in one of his books, and sent a copy to Parlette the latter's first intimation that his "leg had been pulled."

When the Lee group took over The Mason City Globe-Gazette in 1925, its task, under the guidance of Lee Loomis, first as business manager and later, after Muse's death, as publisher, was to make a good newspaper better. That goal, at least in the opinion of its executives and its staff, has been achieved to a pronounced degree.

The improvement program has had numerous facets; to mention a few,

better mechanical equipment, enlarged personnel, increased wire service, expanded feature and pictorial service, modernized and expanded quarters.

A first goal was to have The Globe-Gazette accepted as the leading afternoon newspaper throughout the territory served by Mason City as its trading center. Within five years, with aggressive subscription salesmanship and an improved product, The Globe-Gazette's unduplicated circulation was surpassed by no newspaper in America published in a community of like size.

Not so long after Loomis took over, a third edition, first called the "Sunrise," and then "North Iowa," was instituted for the purpose of competing with the morning daily coming into the field too formidably. So far as is known, The Globe-Gazette blazed the trail, at least in Iowa, in its effective use of the pre-date technique.

By 1931 The Globe-Gazette, housed on the lower two floors of its four-story building, was forced to take over the third floor for its composing room and editorial offices. It was at this time that the present press, Goss octuple, was installed.

*North Iowa's metropolis as it is seen from the airplane. In the entire northern third of state there is no other city half as large; no other city with a daily newspaper having any appreciable circulation outside of its home county*

In 1935, as a means of setting up its art service, an engraving company and photographer were given quarters on the top floor of the building, originally leased from the Muse estate but acquired by purchase in 1928. Starting from scratch, these two enterprising young engravers, within a period of 10 years, have expanded their business to nearly 30 employees.

In 1946, another extensive remodeling operation was carried out in the editorial offices of The Globe-Gazette by taking over space, formerly occupied by the Chamber of Commerce, for office, library, and radio newscasting use.

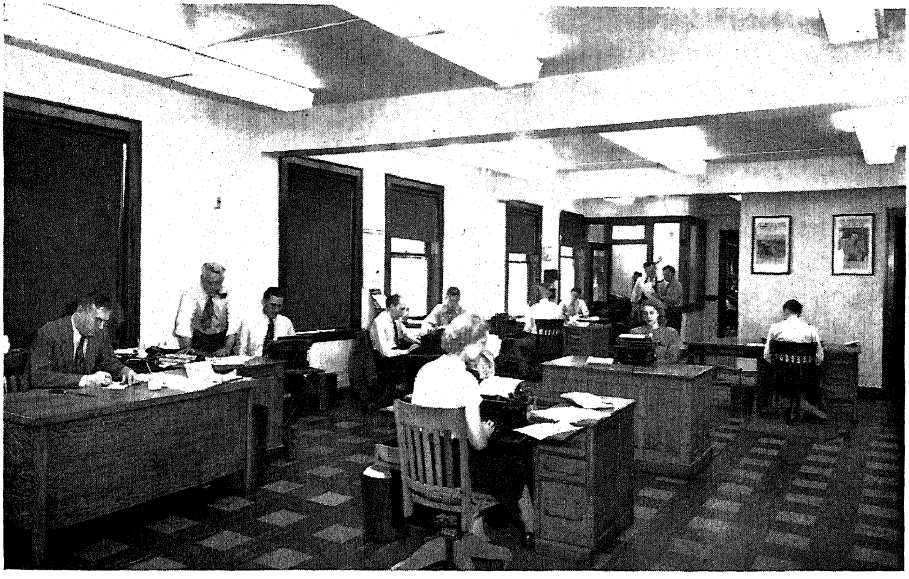
Included in this remodeling program, too, is a Wirephoto and picture-developing room which has been cited as a model for other newspapers entering the field of picture transmission by wire. The Globe-Gazette is proud of its active part in instituting the first general state Wirephoto network in America.

The Globe-Gazette's excursion into the field of radio operation will be treated elsewhere in this volume. This took place in 1937 when the choice was: Radio station of its own or a radio competitor. It involved at least one red face—that of an editor who for 10 years prior thereto had spent most of his waking hours, hating and baiting radio—daily doubting whether it's here to stay. Now, alas, he's doing a weekly editorial commentary over four stations!

As will be related in considerable detail near the end of this book, The Globe-Gazette's decision to take a fling in radio was almost exclusively due to one man, Lee Loomis, who had headed the business side of The Globe-Gazette since it joined the Lee group. Loomis is frequently mentioned in this narrative because of his association with three of the papers and his present position as E. P. Adler's first assistant in group operations.

Loomis was born in Hannibal, Missouri, September 28, 1884. He attended private and public schools at Bevier, Missouri, where his family was interested in coal mining, completing a high school course there. After a year at a military school in Kirkwood, Missouri, he entered Oberlin College and completed his freshman year there. Financial difficulties encountered by his family made further educational expenditures impossible and in the late fall of 1902, he began his permanent connection with the Lee group as a subscription solicitor for The Ottumwa Courier. Later he served as bookkeeper, reporter, and city editor until in 1907 he was sent to Muscatine as managing editor of The Journal. He became publisher of The Journal in 1915 when Frank Throop was transferred to The Davenport Democrat, and continued as publisher in Muscatine until 1925 when The Mason City Globe-Gazette joined the Lee papers.

This is the story of The Globe-Gazette in sheerest outline. No space is



*Light and space help make The Globe-Gazette editorial room a good one. At right rear is Wirephoto and camera dark rooms. Teletype room, at rear left, is where the news from all over the world flows in day and night seven days a week*

*Executives, seated: W. D. McCauley, composing room; Maude Cunningham, national ads; Enoch A. Norem, city editor; I. W. Hillstrom, circulation; standing, A. C. Holtman, press room; Thor Jensen, farm news; Ray Rorick, cashier; L. I. Geer, ad manager*

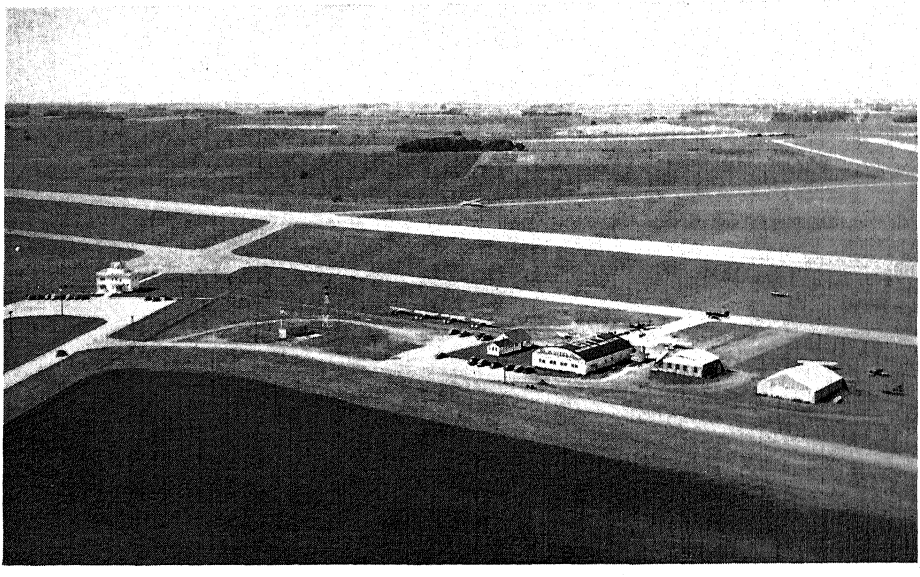
given to its participation in civic betterment promotions, war-time activities, and allied fields for the reason that its record rather closely parallels that of all other Lee papers.

That part of the story having to do with the Muse-Conroy regime had a definite beginning and a definite ending. The part having to do with the Lee operation, however, is no more than freshly started.

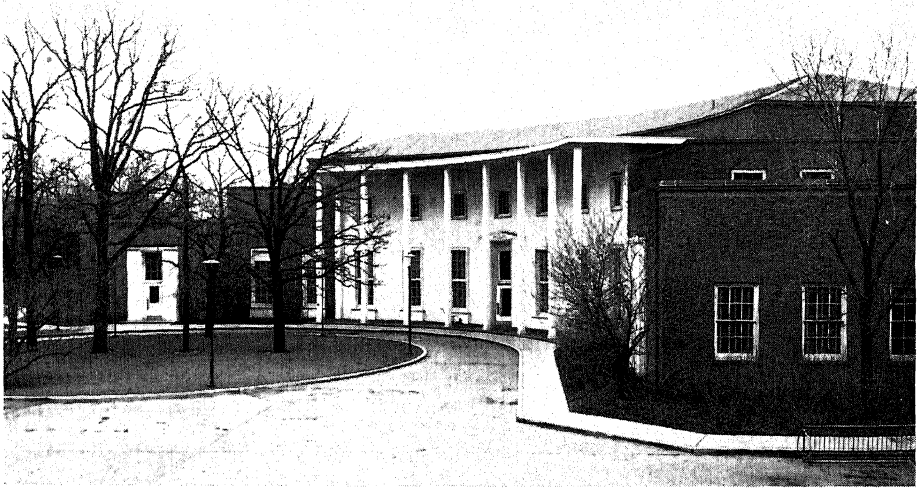
Of the outstanding personalities who have emerged from the editorial department of Lee Newspapers during the last 25 years, The Globe-Gazette has contributed two. None of the roster of Lee editors has been more colorful or has attracted the attention and acquaintance of more folk outside the normal dimensions of their papers' circulation, than have both Will Muse and his successor, W. Earl Hall.

Selected and trained by Muse with that in mind, Hall has proved himself a replacement for the big man who, through the earlier years, made his name synonymous with that of the newspaper. Hall possessed many of the same qualities that won Muse local fame and national notice, even to the bass voice. The Rusty Hinge quartet, which Hall helped to organize in Mason City, never became as melodious as the Empyreans, but has been more active in covering the north Iowa countryside, and has been heard at as many community events, if not at any funerals.

After The Globe-Gazette became a member of the Lee group, Muse



*Mason City's new million dollar airport with its adequate runways, hangars, and administration facilities extend the borders of the community's business trading area, and put the city in touch with anywhere in the world a plane can fly*



*A beautiful new public library nestles among the trees of a large natural park. In addition to plenty of space for all library purposes, there is a large auditorium which will seat 300 persons, and is widely used for many civic affairs in the city*

began to shed his former responsibilities, and Hall assumed both his predecessor's editorial duties and that place in community life and community affection which Muse had won for himself through many years of service and leadership.

Hall achieved this by a variety of services to his fellow men that exceeded the usual contributions of a newspaper editor. For a quarter of a century, through the columns of his paper and by personal participation, Hall has thrown tremendous energy, enthusiasm, and skill into the leadership and support of every worthwhile community enterprise. No cause with merit was ever denied all-out support in generous allotments of news space and competent editorial comment. There was no cause with legitimate demands, but received his personal service.

His influence in molding the social consciousness of his community, his efforts to better the lot of his fellow men in campaigns for good government, law enforcement, civic enterprises, more effective education, and a more enlightened citizenry have gone far beyond the confines of his own community.

In his own city he has been Community Chest chairman. He has headed and served on innumerable committees and campaign organizations for community projects. He is the favorite choice for master of ceremonies of community events and is in demand as a speaker. Hall has served as officer

and board member of the Y.M.C.A., the Chamber of Commerce, and other civic organizations.

If any interest can be said to transcend another in the many activities of W. Earl Hall, it is the enduring passion to stop the useless slaughter of human beings on the battlefield in war, through carelessness on the highway, and elsewhere in time of peace.

For more than 20 years Hall has espoused the cause of safety education. In that time his voice and editorial comments have reached an ever-widening field.

They have been seen and heard in every section of the nation and no less a person than the President of the United States has called him to conferences on the safety effort.

Since the war clouds started gathering for World War II, if not before, his prime interest has been the setting up of a world organization for an enduring peace. More often than any other subject, this has been the theme of his editorials and his weekly quarter-hour radio commentaries, which for several years have reached a large listening audience over KGLO, Mason City; WOI, Ames; WSUI, Iowa City; WTAD, Quincy, Illinois, and other stations.

Hall got his first taste of newspaper work as printer's devil on The Jefferson, Iowa, Bee. At the State University of Iowa, where he received his B. A. degree in 1918, he was editor of The Daily Iowan. After discharge from the army, where he served with the 19th Division in World War I as a sergeant in the intelligence service, he returned to the university for graduate work. He then became police reporter for The Milwaukee Journal and in 1920 at the age of 22 years, he became managing editor of The Mason City Globe-Gazette.

His participation in safety education on a large scale may be said to have begun when, as the first state director of community service for the American Legion in 1926, he placed heavy emphasis on a state-wide highway safety program. Five years later he was chosen to inaugurate a special division of highway safety for the Legion department, one year later, in 1932, he was elevated to the Iowa commandership of the American Legion.

Upon retirement from the Legion commandership, Hall turned his attention more completely to safety organization work. He was the founder and first president of the Iowa State Safety Council in 1934, remaining in this office until 1939 when he was named chairman of the board; since then he has been a member of the executive committee.

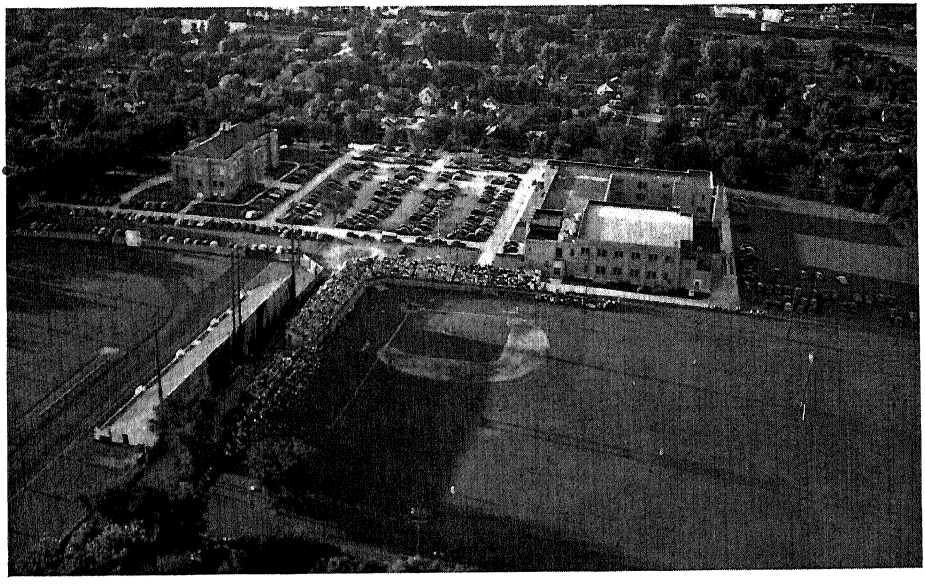
By this time Hall's efforts for safety were gaining national recognition. In 1937 he won the C. I. T. safety foundation award of $500 for the best editorial on safety. In 1941, he won a second award in this competition.

On December 28, 1943, Hall was designated to receive the National Safety Council's "safety ace" award. Among his contributions, the Council said, was that no issue of his newspaper had gone to press the past dozen years or more without a safety preachment. No other newspaper in the nation had achieved that record.

Other honors were to come to him in the field of safety as well as in other activities. In October, 1944, he was elected vice president of the National Safety Council. In March, 1946, he was elected chairman of the National Committee for Traffic Safety, composed of 80 national organizations uniting in a giant effort to reduce accidents through application of the "action program" developed at the President's traffic safety conference of 1946.

Hall is now serving his second six-year term as member of the state board of education. This was preceded by five years of service on the University of Iowa board of control of athletics. During the war he was Iowa member of the advisory council of the press division of the Office of Censorship. He was chairman of the Cerro Gordo county defense council. In May, 1946, the Iowa Press Association named him one of Iowa's master editors and in June of that year he received an honorary doctor of laws degree at Cornell College, Mount Vernon.

He has included extensive travel with his editorial and other duties. In



*A new high school athletic plant helps maintain a reputation as "The City of Champions". In upper right is Roosevelt Junior High School and Field House. In lower right is baseball field, and at left a part of the high school football stadium*

*Wagner-Mozart Music Hall is one of the few buildings in the country designed exclusively for the use of school music. This has played a large part in making the Mason City High School band a national prize winner for more than 20 years*

1941, he was chosen by the Carnegie Endowment to represent the small dailies of America on a 3-month fact-finding mission to South America. In the fall of 1944, he made his second trip to Europe. The first was in 1927 when as part of the American Legion pilgrimage to the battle scenes of World War I he visited France, Germany, Belgium, and England. This time a two-month editorial mission took him to the European war theater, during which he saw, felt and heard buzz bombs in England and saw the French welcome the Americans in Paris.

But Muse and Hall had no monopoly on their welcome task of spreading the fame and familiarizing the name of Mason City, to the far corners of the nation and the globe. Of late years, two other colorful personalities have contributed much to making Mason City one of the best-known little cities in America, Hanford MacNider and Meredith Willson.

MacNider, president of the Northwestern Portland Cement Company, flaming soldier of two wars, who entered World War I as a private and emerged as a colonel, and who served as a fighting Brigadier in World War II in which he was twice wounded, was one of the first commanders of the American Legion and later American Minister to Canada and assistant secretary of war and at the Republican convention in 1940 was placed in nomination for the office of President of the United States.

Meredith Willson, musician extraordinary, whose name is known wher-

ever there is a radio capable of bringing in American programs, seldom has a broadcast in which in some way the name of Mason City is not introduced.

Notables who, because of their early connection with Mason City and their later fame and eminence, brought honor and acclaim to the town include: Herbert Quick, noted author; Carrie Lane Chapman Catt, great suffrage leader; John W. Studebaker, commissioner of education; Bill Baird, New York marionette impresario; Robert A. Millikan, famous scientist; Hartzell Spence, author of *One Foot In Heaven;* Prof. Bessie Pierce, noted historian; Dixie Willson, author and magazine writer; Jimmie Montague, famous newspaper columnist; and Chester Dike, railroad builder and engineer.

Mason City owes most of its progress and most of its stability, not to its unusual publicity, but, to its location. Like other Iowa cities, it is located near the center of the largest, contiguous area of plus agricultural land in the world. But here its similarity to most other Iowa cities stops. Comparatively short distances separate other cities of the state from neighboring communities of considerable size, but there are no comparable cities within 80 air-line miles of Mason City and in most directions, the distance is greater. In this, Mason City is more like the cities of the Dakotas, except that the population of the contributary territory is far more dense in northern Iowa.

The gently rolling land of north Iowa has contributed its meed to Mason City's growth. It was no accident that the first, long stretch of paved highway in Iowa was built east and west from Mason City. True, Mason City-made cement was a factor here, but the real consideration was the low cost per mile of paving, with few bridges to construct and cuts and fills reduced to a minimum.

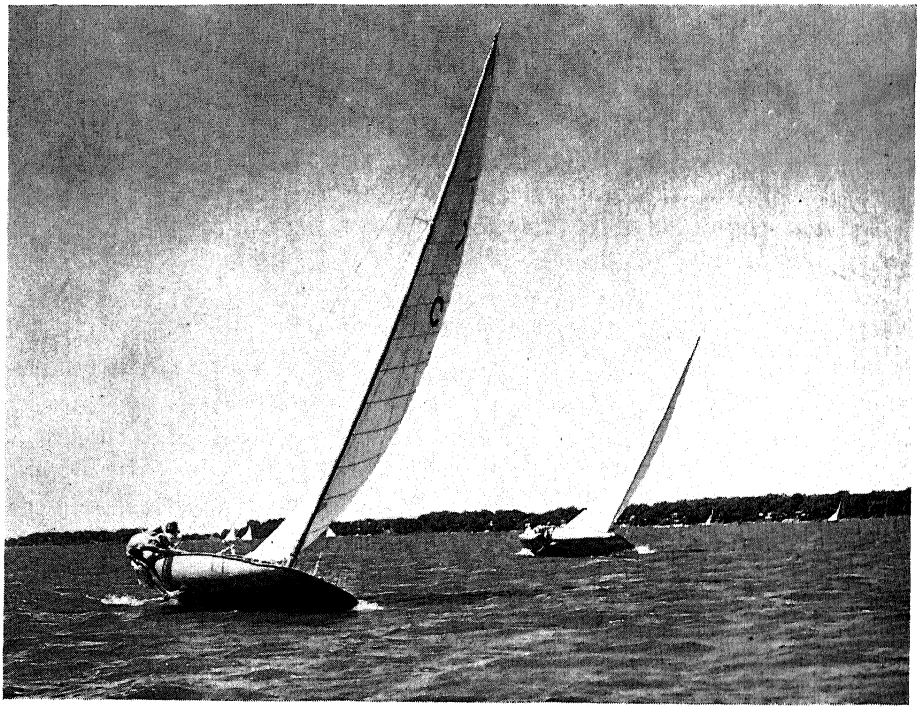
Foundations of Mason City's economy go even deeper than surface location. Underneath the relatively level land are deposits of clay and rock which fathered the town's first industrial development. The first commercial brick plant in Iowa was located at Mason City and today Mason City and its neighboring towns of Sheffield and Rockford produce a substantial part of Iowa's total clay products.

On the underlying lime rock was built Mason City's big cement industry. Two huge plants have a capacity of 3,500,000 barrels annually. In the fertile fields that lie above the clay and rock are found the sources of Mason City's largest section of manufacturing industry, food-product processing, comprising chiefly meat products, beet sugar, butter, and milk powder. State Brand Creameries, a cooperative of cooperatives, marketing organization for more than 100 creameries located throughout the state and even beyond its borders, did a gross annual business in the fiscal year ending August 31, 1946, of more than $16,000.000.

But sound and substantial as is its industrial life, the greatest single industry in Mason City is that of distribution. Its advantages as a wholesale distributing center are exceptional.

Its advantages of location are emphasized even more in its retail trade. From nearly 100 miles in every direction, people come to Mason City to shop for the merchandise which is either not available in their nearer markets or not available in comparable quantity or quality. Of this the following is most significant—Mason City, among the cities of Iowa, ranks 11th in population, seventh in retail trade volume and first in per capita retail sales. This last reflects not only the prosperity of Mason City residents but the great numbers of those who live beyond the city limits who do their buying in Mason City.

A glance at the map of the northern third of the state explains the Mason City slogan, Capital of North Iowa. In this territory of 30 Iowa counties, and even a section of southern Minnesota, Mason City is the largest urban community. It lies strategically near the center of a natural trading and distributing area. Thus, Mason City is not only in the center of the richest



*These fast scow-type sailboats, so popular on inland American lakes, are a major attraction to the younger sportsmen on Iowa's Clear Lake. This body of water is 3 miles wide and 7 miles long, making an ideal course for the racing of sailboats*

*Clear Lake, 9 miles west of Mason City, is a great resort area, and known as the Iowa Summer Capital. In the warm months the normal population more than triples. Here are two of the many hundreds of fishermen who cast in waters of the lake*

agricultural land in the world, but it is also the capital of the area for industry, finance, commerce, education, and recreation. Farm production dominates this territory, but the growth of the city itself came mainly from industries which grew out of rich deposits of clay, limestone, shale, and gravel.

Industries based on agriculture include the Jacob E. Decker & Sons Company, employing up to 1,500 workers and killing 1,000,000 hogs a year, and the American Crystal Sugar Company, which produced 40,000,000 pounds of sugar in 1946 from 13,000 acres of farm land.

Mason City is served by five railroads; paved highways lead in all directions. It was the railroads that started the city's upward swing in population. In 1870, when Mason City was incorporated, there were 1,900 residents. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad had its western Iowa terminus in Mason City in 1869. In later years it built on to the West. Later came the Chicago and Northwestern, the Rock Island, the Chicago Great Western, and the Minneapolis and St. Louis railroads. With the coming of each, the growth of the city took a new spurt upwards.

Too many American cities achieve drab mediocrity, because they thrive only on business growth, farm wealth, or industrial prosperity. Mason City escaped that fate and has become a significant community through the insistence of an enlightened public leadership that some of the other things

in life are important. This is reflected in an admirable school system and a good library, in its leadership to all America in school music, in its high standing in amateur athletics, and in its recreational and playground program.

The school system includes a two-year accredited junior college, Iowa's first, two parochial schools, a business college, high school, two modern junior high schools, and a dozen grade schools, with structures valued at more than $2,500,000. The new $300,000 public library has nearly 100,000 volumes.

Citizens of Mason City proudly refer to their community as a City of Champions. In the field of school music it stands alone in cities of its size in this country. In the midst of a depression, the voters approved bonds for construction of a building to house the instrumental music program of the city schools. This was the first structure of its kind in the United States. Instruction in band music begins in the grades. Equipment is good, including a recording machine. Special movies are shown. For 16 years the band program has been directed by Carleton Stewart, rated by authorities as one of the best in his field. Under his leadership, Mason City High School bands have won national championships every year since 1933. The school orchestra has won five first places, and one second in national competition. One of the outgrowths of this great interest in music is the North Iowa Band Festival held in Mason City each year, with about 50 school bands from the surrounding area, participating.

Amateur athletics give added luster to the title, City of Champions. Excellent sports facilities make convenience for both spectators and contestants. The Roosevelt Stadium seats 3,500 persons, and both high school and junior college football teams play to a full house for home games. The field is lighted for night games. Adjoining the stadium is Roosevelt Field, the local baseball park with steel bleachers for 2,500 fans, and room for additional seats along the base lines. At one session of the Junior Legion Regional Baseball Tournament in 1946, there was an attendance of 5,000 persons on hand for a single session of games.

Mason City High School competes in the Big Seven Conference, a league which includes Fort Dodge, three Des Moines, and two Waterloo schools. Competition in this conference generally is considered the best in the state. In state competition, the Mohawks of Mason City High School won state basketball championships in 1935, 1940, and 1943. The last two years the team was undefeated for the entire season. In baseball the school won the state titles in 1935, 1937, 1938, and 1946. One of the greatest winning streaks recorded by high school teams was made by Mason City in the school year of 1942-43. Its teams were undefeated in football, basketball,

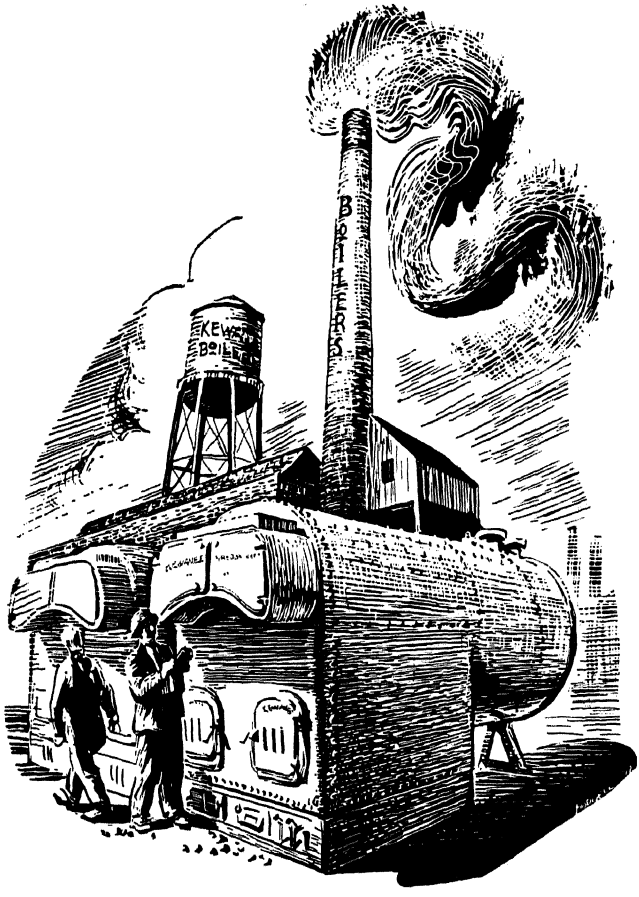
tennis, and golf. The baseball team lost only one game, that to the eventual state champion. Junior Legion baseball teams have been among the best in the state for years, and twice won state championships. There are several outstanding individual athletes among Mason Cityans. Ann Casey is one of the nation's top golfers. Leo Allstot is one of the country's best pistol shots. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Decker are regular contenders for top honors in trap and skeet shooting.

Clear Lake, 9 miles west, is one of Iowa's finest summer resorts. The lake is a sparkling body of fresh water, 3 miles wide, 7 miles long, and 14 miles in circumference. The little community's normal population of 4,000 grows to between 10,000 and 15,000 during the warm months. It is Iowa's Summer Capital, and the governor and many other officials spend their vacations there.

The waters of Clear Lake draw most of the fishermen in the area, but anglers have good luck in the Winnebago River. Abandoned clay and sand pits near Mason City, too, are being developed as fishing waters.

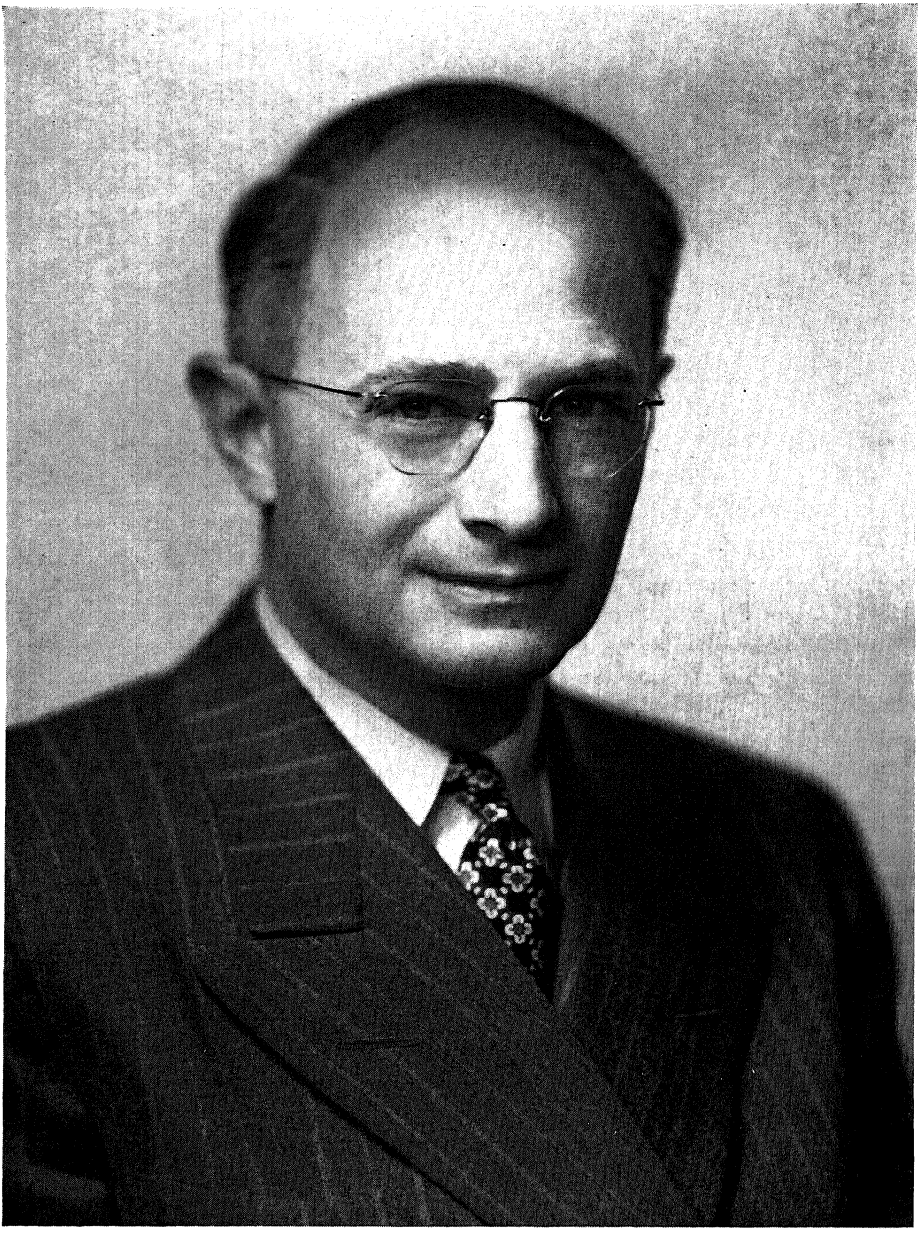
The Country Club has one of the longest golf courses in the state. The American Legion maintains a 9-hole sand green course, and plans to expand this into an 18-hole grass green course with a new club house. Supervised playgrounds give the youngsters healthful recreation. Organized soft ball teams play on three diamonds at East Park. The east and west parts of the city have hard-surfaced tennis courts.

These are some of the things which give a community distinction. Mason City offers the opportunities of a thriving American community for making a good living; it offers all of its citizens an opportunity for a good life.



# 13. Kewanee

## KEWANEE STAR-COURIER



PHILIP D. ADLER

*Twenty-one years ago he started publishing a small daily newspaper in a small Illinois community. Today both Kewanee and The Star-Courier are flourishing*

# CHAPTER 13

# *Kewanee Star-Courier*

## *THE BOILER CITY*

DUSK OF A MID-JUNE EVENING IN 1926 WAS SETTLING upon the news room, deserted by reporters hours before. In the editor's chair in an adjoining office a perplexed young man was bent over an unfamiliar typewriter, pecking out his first editorial contributions for an equally unfamiliar community. Intent on his typing, he was unaware of the entrance of a stranger, a grizzled old veteran who towered over the desk.

Having entered quietly, the visitor stood passively for a moment, half-hesitating over what to do next. With a sudden impulse he raised the pine board he carried and brought it down on the desk with a resounding crash.

"Say, young fellow," the old man interrupted, "Pay some attention here."

The young fellow so addressed seemed too startled to reply.

"So you're the new editor of The Star-Courier?" he said appraisingly.

"That's right," came the surprised reply. "My name's Phil Adler; just been on the job one day."

"How about a want ad then?" the intruder continued. With that he handed over this piece of flooring on which was written in a shaky pencil scrawl: "Room for rent in good home. Mrs. Sam Sharp."

"Maybe it won't be necessary to print that ad after all," Phil returned. "I happen to be looking for just that kind of thing."

"Well it's about time you saw the point," the elderly visitor said, proffering a hand. "I'm Doc Sharp—dentist. Why don't you come up and see the room?"

With that he turned and walked out. Next day, the new editor learned he had encountered one of Kewanee's "characters," Dr. Samuel Jefferson Sharp, a genial, gaunt Confederate veteran who kept a handy pair of forceps in his pocket for street corner extractions and a handy jug in the basement at home for other emergencies. Phil Adler made his home with the Sharps during his first two years in Kewanee. It was a comfortable, old Victorian place which was a reasonable facsimile of Kewanee in the 1920s, the slow-changing, little Illinois manufacturing town the men of The Lee Syndicate had chosen for their ninth newspaper investment.

Not long afterward there came into the editor's office a stranger of a different sort, an ascetic who looked like a reincarnation of Robinson Crusoe. A puzzled young publisher couldn't understand why this old hermit had plodded up to his second floor office, but there he stood in the doorway looking like a beachcomber. He wore a faded white shirt stuffed into the top of a ragged pair of white trousers, tied with a rope. On his feet were crude, homemade sandals. His white hair was in wild disorder. His smile betrayed the glint of steel teeth, flashing in the sunlight.

"The name is Fred Francis," he explained in a quiet voice. "Each summer I entertain the University of Illinois alumni at my place east of town. As a university man here now, I'd be glad to have you join us."

Fred Francis, it developed, was another Kewanee "character," a dilet-

*This building which houses newspaper and commercial printing departments of The Star-Courier Company was built in 1908, and is still one of the outstanding business structures in this Illinois industrial city of more than 20,000 population*

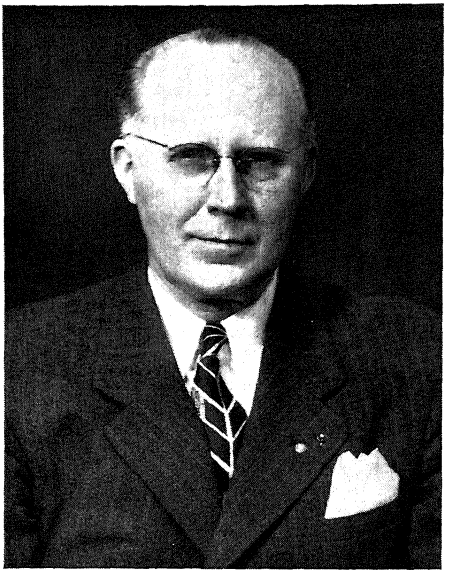
tante who enjoyed going barefoot as much as discoursing on the problems of Euclid. Quite often he would walk the four miles from his mystery house to the newspaper office and return just to "visit." When he died his strange, secluded home, with enough secret panels and nightmare gadgets to delight Salvador Dali, was deeded to the city for park purposes.

The acquisition of The Star-Courier on June 14, 1926, came as the result of a curious set of circumstances. A number of syndicate sons were growing up at that time and getting ready to test their wings as newspapermen. Jim Powell favored Creston, Iowa; E. P. Adler leaned strongly toward a paper at Huron, South Dakota. It was in this period of indecision that Attorney Henry Waterman, who had married E. P. Adler's sister, Betty, suggested The Kewanee Star-Courier as a possibility because Editor Leo H. Lowe's health had suffered a setback. Waterman promised to investigate.

At that time Phil Adler was nearing the end of his senior year at Iowa. To him Kewanee was a challenge and an opportunity. A brief inspection revealed that The Star-Courier had an imposing, three-story publishing plant, almost too cavernous for a country newspaper. The newspaper departments and job shop seemed dwarfed by tenants. A business college rented the third floor; a plumbing shop occupied the basement; and an investment company leased the lateral half of the business office. This huge plant had been built in 1908 as a showplace of the town by The Star-Courier's publisher of that period, Xenophon Caverno, whose interest was more in utilities than in newspapers. But Caverno had an eye for business just the same because this strange company of tenants in The Star-Courier building did help offset the newspaper overhead in lean years.

Kewanee in 1926 was a typical Main Street town of 15,000 population which treasured its traditions, stoutly resisted change, and had learned to live with the horse and buggy curbs in its business district. Kewanee had hitching posts and didn't care who knew it. Lack of sewers, water mains, and paving "north of the tracks" had left the community a house divided. It would take 20 years of editorial crusading to bring these advantages into this shabby, undeveloped section where factory men lived. Chimneys from industry reached skyward at the east and west ends of town, and the whine of factory whistles summoned Kewanee to work each morning.

Facing the freight house on Third Street was an institution which was known simply as "the Row," a smug series of saloons door-to-door around half a block. "The Row" was quiet five days a week, but on Saturday it came to life. Its proximity to the police station saved the town the expense of a paddy wagon. Southward from town was Kewanee's better residential section, streets of pleasant homes where the white collar folk lived. Here, too, were the "show places" which the city's industrial executives had built in earlier days.



CHRIS R. KETRIDGE
*Managing Editor of The Star-Courier got start in career as a carrier boy*

EMIL F. ANSON
*Office Manager, he oversees business and accounting department of paper*

This was the deep-rooted community Phil Adler entered as a 23-year old editor. He was a curiosity in college tweeds, largely because townspeople had been accustomed to men of mature years in the newspaper craft. But they were tolerant of his shortcomings and interested in his innovations.

At the University of Iowa Phil had been editor of The Daily Iowan, a sort of laboratory paper which didn't surprise Iowa City subscribers when it appeared each morning in a wholly different makeup. It never occurred to him that old communities had a different idea about the papers they read and that subscribers were slow to accept changes. Nevertheless the new editor began pushing things around from his first day. A forgotten ornament in The Star-Courier's masthead was a smudged American flag, probably a leftover from the first World War days. It looked badly worn and superfluous, so one of the first moves of the new editor was to order it out. Only that night did Phil discover this was not the most appropriate thing to have done on Flag Day.

In a cycle of changes that made Kewanee wonder, the newspaper was made over. Out went boiler plate, to the consternation of the composing room. Circulation crews stormed the rural routes armed with sets of teaspoons and farmers' atlases; and local pictures came into print. Star-Courier circulation salesmen, in the manner of Eleanor Roosevelt, turned up everywhere. They stalked their quarry in grain elevators, store basements, and

farm sale lots. Soon The Star-Courier circulation frontiers were pushed beyond Kewanee to a 40-mile perimeter. They began to tread on the toes of Peoria, Galesburg, and the Quad-City papers. Star-Courier branch offices appeared at nearby Princeton, Galva, Wyoming, and Cambridge. The circulation list of The Star-Courier, stationary so many years at around 3,000, doubled in a year, and then trebled. In 1928 the Chamber of Commerce recognized this Jack-in-the-beanstalk upsurge to 9,000 circulation at a Press Night dinner. Now it has passed 11,000.

The strange dream of a humble Kewanee boilermaker named John Cooper was probably just as much responsible for the first circulation spurt as the 24-cent "silver" spoon sets, or the annoying way Star-Courier solicitors had of popping out of peculiar places.

Cooper became obsessed with the idea, early in 1926, that he would inherit a $1,000,000 estate in Roanoke, Virginia, and he made that dream pay dividends. Cooper was well on his way toward cashing in when the new Star-Courier editor began to ask embarrassing questions. A telegraphic canvass of Virginia counties and old estate records showed the Cooper story was a hoax. He was such a benevolent hoaxer, however, that Kewanee wanted more to believe than to disbelieve a man who promised $250,000 one Sunday to rebuild his church, $100,000 to a hospital a week later, and bought automobiles three at a time. All were staked against the time his in-

EXTRA! KEWANEE STAR-COURIER. EXTRA!

VOL. XXXI 10 PAGES KEWANEE, ILLINOIS, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1926. PRICE 2 CENTS NO. 232

COOPER'S STORY OF MILLIONS BIG HOAX; DEPOSITS $75,000 IN WORTHLESS CHECKS

No Money On Deposit In Detroit Bank; No Knowledge Of Earl Bradford Or John Cooper

DREAMS ARE SHATTERED

Cambridge Church Divided Following Pastor's Resignation

Chronology of Hoax

Has No Fortune, Search Reveals

CHURCHMEN GET NEW HOPE WHEN LETTER IS READ

Pastor Submits E. E. Bradford Note to Congregation; John Cooper in Talk

Spread of Corn Borer Arouses States to Action

*The front page of The Star-Courier's Extra of September 27, 1926 wrote the finale to a fiasco which brought distinction of a doubious nature to Kewanee, but was a circulation blessing to a young publisher just building a daily newspaper*

heritance should be paid. It was an unpopular crusade for a young editor to undertake, but Phil Adler and his managing editor, Chris Ketridge, kept shooting holes in Cooper's fantastic claims.

"You're making a lot of enemies," a merchant warned one morning when contractor's signs went up on the site selected for "Cooper's church."

How right this was. Several hundred indignant subscribers stopped The Star-Courier for doubting the generous motives of a man who had worked in the community for years and was going to do so much good with his money. The Cooper controversy rose to such a high pitch that it rated night-and-day coverage, weeks of research by staff members in Virginia, and as much detective work as reporting. Here was a marketable mystery; meat for any newspaperman.

It was a tough test for a new editor, as animosity ran high. In September, 1926, the Cooper bubble burst amid a shower of Star-Courier extras. Cooper conveniently disappeared, his checks were phony, and subscribers who had stopped in anger slowly came back. Only then did Kewanee discover that this hallucination had cost a number of unsuspecting citizens several thousand dollars. Cooper's dream gave the new publisher a jet-propelled start.

Trials did not come singly. A delegation of Ku-Klux-Klansmen entered the editor's office one day to demand a full page for a fiery cross rally. What was the advertising rate?

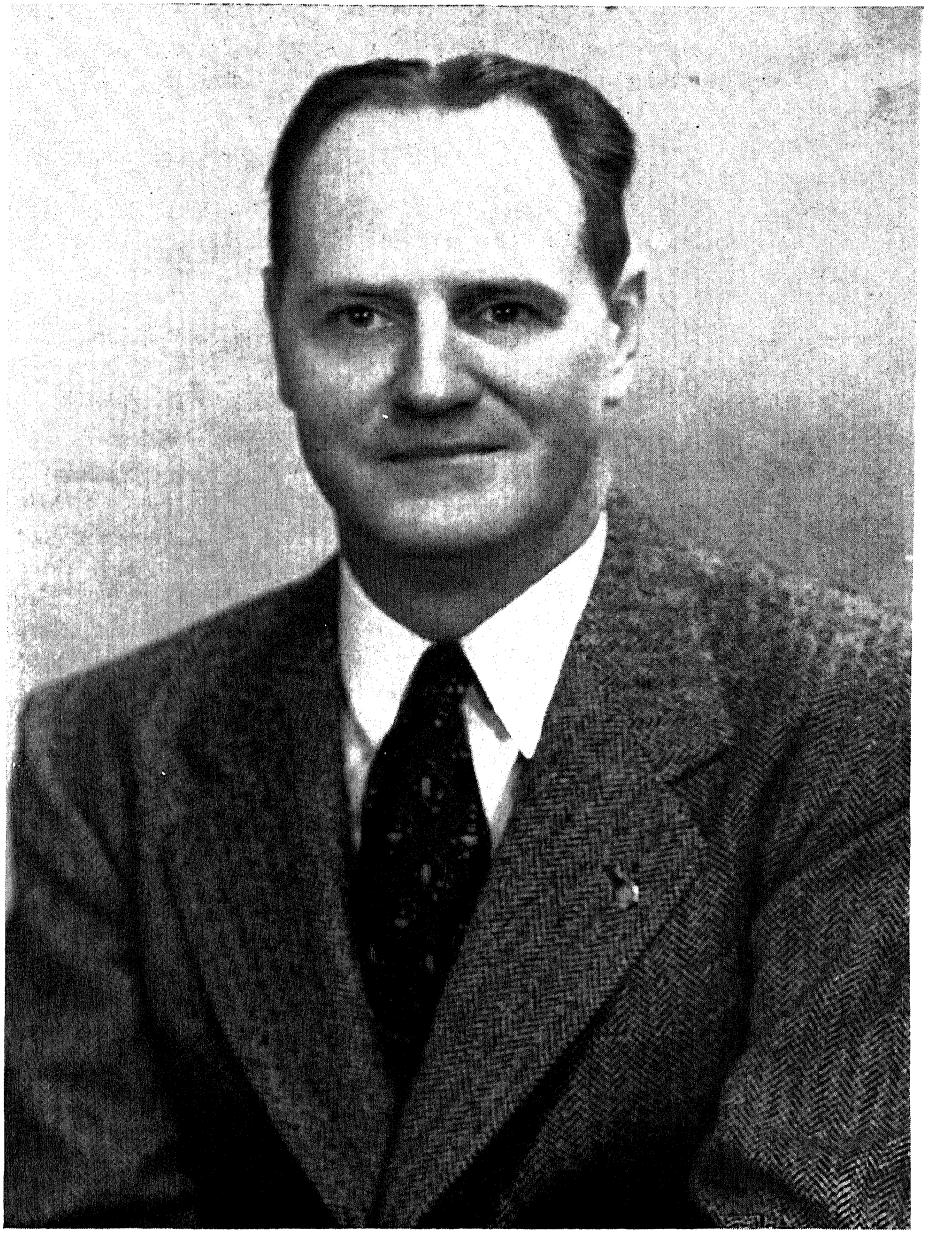
"For the Klan, it's two dollars an inch," was the quick reply. There were threats, but nothing came of them.

Kewanee had a way of making every election a Battle of the Bulge. Even school or park board elections were pitched battles. Kewanee took its elections seriously. It was a rare city campaign, indeed, that didn't produce red fire, street banners, and opera house oratory. In the hustings it was usually The Star-Courier which was caught in the middle.

The hardy perennial in Kewanee was the issue of municipal ownership. Utility-baiting added zest to every city election, and was good for at least one slugging match between elections. It was customary for each side to take quite a cuffing around in these campaigns, and feeling ran high. Once a brick shattered the office bulletin window, after a particularly bitter mud-slinging campaign, showering staff members with glass. The climax to another municipal ownership battle came when a deputy sheriff appeared at the office with a batch of papers.

"I'm dead sorry to do this," he said.

It was a subpoena for a libel suit filed by the mayor, demanding $25,000 on each of four counts for some slip in print about the fire chief. The case never came to trial, but it furnished fodder for the legal fraternity for



W. H. HARPER

*This versatile and hard-hitting advertising man developed a depression printing experiment into a manufacturing plant for nation-wide distribution of printing*

years. It is flattering to any newspaper to be the objective of a $100,000 libel suit, but at the time this seemed like more money than there was in the world. For a few hundred it could have been settled, but settlement would have only invited more of the same. The fight The Star-Courier made in this suit proved that the new publishers would not be pushovers for every microscopic slipup in print.

Nor was this the last trip of the sheriff into the plant. Another time he arrived with a summons which climaxed a business office defalcation. E. P. Adler's confidence in a man had been abused. The matter might have been handled as a routine replacement, but the sum involved was rather considerable and it was decided to face the loss openly. It was a setback at a time when the numbing paralysis of depression was first being felt, but it underscored the syndicate's determination that this could not happen again. The Star-Courier's business manager was removed and served sentence. Out of the unfortunate experience came a new vigilance in the counting room of all papers.

The depression took a heavy toll of Kewanee's banks and industries. Between 1927 and 1932 four banks closed, impounding more than $5,000,000, and shattering confidence in everything. Factory employment scaled down to almost maintenance crews. The Star-Courier met the challenge of a cheerless Christmas in 1931 with Good Fellow food baskets and toy packages, a project which continued for 10 years and at its peak reached more than 1,000 homes. Kewanee was a resilient town, and it didn't believe in a dole. The community with several thousand unemployed fought its way through the first winter of depression entirely on local relief funds, reflecting somehow what a newspaper had done to stiffen a city's faith in its own resources.

But depression proved a blessing in disguise. In 1932 when Star-Courier advertising linage was dropping out of sight and each succeeding month produced more red figures, a chance friendship blossomed into a business find. W. H. Harper, The Star-Courier's ingenious advertising manager, heard the Des Moines district of Montgomery Ward & Company was interested in some store circulars and began to ask questions. The Star-Courier didn't have the finances to accept any new risk, but it did have press equipment idle much of the time. A quotation for some 75,000 circulars was submitted, more printing than the plant had ever attempted in this line before, and Ward's accepted. The job for the Des Moines district was repeated and a Montgomery Ward zone comprising approximately 50 stores became interested.

Soon several hundred thousand circulars were on order and it became a problem to produce them. An appeal went to everyone in the plant to

*Mail-o-Graph's modern color printing plant, built in 1940, is a complete production unit which turns out millions of pieces of mass advertising material monthly in addition to great quantities of folders, catalogs, almanacs, and booklets*

give Harper a lift, and incidentally, to help pull the company through the depression. The challenge was accepted. Every staff member, from the editor to the composing room foreman, took a turn at taking off circulars from the press several hours a night, jogging, or bundling broadsides.

Chicago headquarters of Ward's was impressed with the way a little newspaper plant in Illinois had delivered its printing, and the Chicago region, involving 1,000,000 or more circulars for an entire section of the country came to Kewanee. Harry Harper took over and a depression-born experiment became a small industry. Like Topsy, it just grew.

But there were tears mixed with printer's ink in this colorful, new business. One Saturday afternoon when a Christmas circular for the Ward's Chicago region was rolling off the press on green stock, Harper glanced through the inside pages and made a sickening discovery. The page of living room furniture cuts showed bedroom sets, and vice versa. Even the prices were reversed through some strange convulsion in the composing room.

More than 1,000,000 circulars with this peculiar mixup already had been produced and shipped. Time was too short to reprint that quantity. With what trembling a call sought out the Montgomery Ward officials that Saturday afternoon in 1933 to discuss this compound error, only Harry Harper knows. It was a major mistake, and it stood to cost the company all the money that circulars had ever generated and more. Montgomery Ward's officers let Harper sweat for several days as an object lesson, then agreed to overlook the transposition. After that it was check and double-check for every production step in circulars.

Even the addition of two newspaper presses to The Star-Courier plant failed to keep pace with orders, and by 1940 a new production plant was authorized for this work under the name, Mail-o-Graph. Here in a factory-type plant with a railroad siding for inbound paper shipments, millions of color circulars, catalogs, almanacs, comic books, and broadsides are printed every month. A pressroom flash fire September 1, 1947 gave Mail-o-Graph a smoky setback, but 48 hours later presses were rolling again.

Unique in her position is Violet J. Parsons, assistant manager of Mail-o-Graph, who came to this field with experience in the job printing department of The Star-Courier. For her, the production of color printing, composing room layout work, and press schedules have become routine.

Never was tragedy a stranger talisman than to Kewanee. Paradoxically the securities crash of 1929 left Kewanee considerably richer. It happened in a strange way. Gruff, warm-hearted Emerit E. Baker, Kewanee Boiler Corporation president, had just embarked on a program of philanthropies when he died January 1, 1929. The great bulk of his $2,000,000 estate in American Radiator Company common stock was bequeathed to the Baker Foundation for Kewanee parks, playgrounds, student loans, and hospitals. Wisely, the Baker trustees concluded that the mercurial stock prices of July, 1929, could not last; so they liquidated the Baker estate at peak prices. The sell-off left a profit of more than $750,000. Accruing to Kewanee charities was an estate of $2,750,000 that contributed greatly to the development of the city in the next 15 years. Wall Street's loss was Kewanee's gain. Thanks to this windfall, Kewanee received parks, golf courses, swimming pools, and hospitals far beyond the resources of a small city.

Public-spirited men also contributed greatly toward the upbuilding of the city. Realizing the need of a community building in Kewanee, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Lay gave $125,000 toward a civic campaign in 1929 which realized $300,000 for a handsome Gothic "Y" building, equipped for men and women as well as boys and girls. Mr. and Mrs. Peter A. Waller built a modern nurses' home for Kewanee Public Hospital as a memorial to their daughter, Ruby Leora Waller.

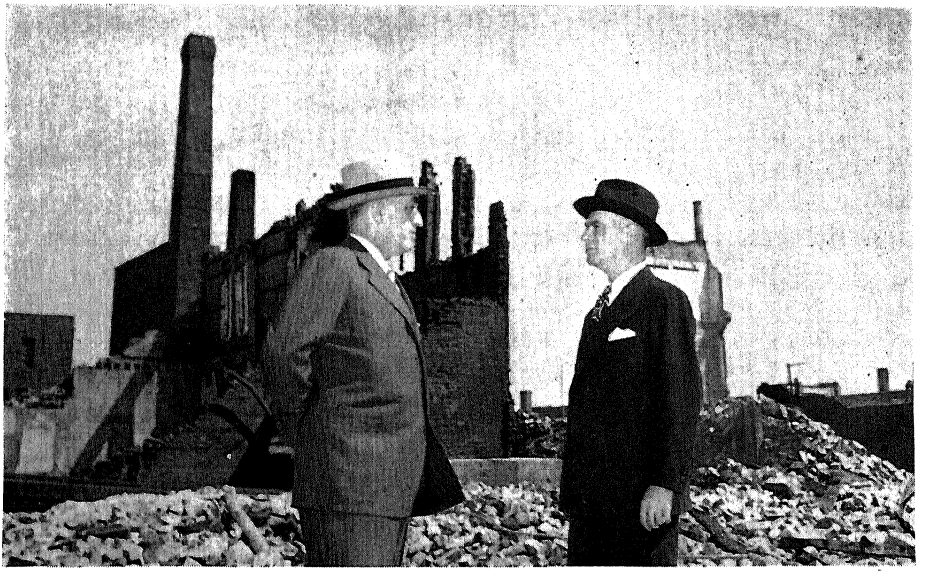
Such beneficences molded the community's future, but fire also figured heavily in Kewanee's fortunes. It struck three times at Kewanee's business district, and the third time threatened to wipe out the city. At 2 a. m. on April 13, 1942, the editor's home telephone broke into an angry ring. Fumbling in the dark for the phone, Phil Adler scarcely recognized the excited voice of E. F. Anson, office manager.

"Shall we turn on the outside sprinklers?" shouted Anson.

"What-in-hell for?" Phil asked.

"Why, the whole town's burning. Kewanee Dry Goods Store is gone.

*An airplane view of the fire of April 13, 1942 that destroyed and damaged scores of buildings in the heart of Kewanee, Illinois, business district. The loss was $2,500,000. Only a sprinkler system saved The Star-Courier plant from envelopment.*



*Two days after the greatest fire in Kewanee history, Mayor M. A. Saunders, left, and Governor Dwight Green of Illinois, stand among the still-smoking ruins and make plans to rehabilitate stricken community. Rebuiding has erased the scars.*

We still have a chance to save The Star-Courier building," Anson yelled.

"Hells bells, go ahead!" Phil shot back. "I'll be right down." As he raced back to grab some clothes, an ominous red glow from the direction of the business district lighted the skies. In a matter of minutes he was on the scene, arriving just as Anson was directing volunteers in moving out circulation files, cash register, and ledgers from the business office to a place of temporary safety farther south on Tremont street. The newspaper office was in the path of the flames.

The catastrophe occurred during an April night, when a flash fire in the city's largest store was fanned into a conflagration by a howling wind. By morning, two entire business blocks were in ruin and three neighboring downtown blocks were damaged. The roof "water curtain" and sprinkler system saved The Star-Courier building, but the battle with fire had left the basement press room flooded destroying roll paper stock. Glass on two sides of the plant had shattered from the heat.

Only the arrival of fire equipment from the Rock Island, Moline, Galesburg, and Peoria stations saved the city. The property loss was set at $2,500,000, but the setback to the city in a critical war period could not be measured by money.

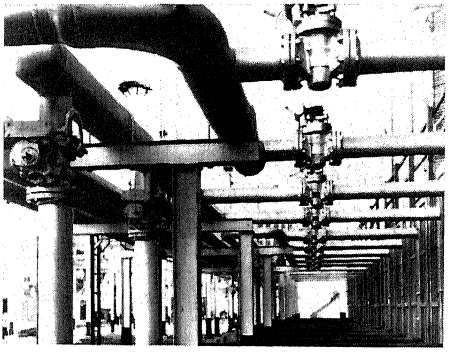
Kewanee was prostrate. State militia patrolled the fire area. Governor Dwight Green and Mayor Mark A. Saunders organized reconstruction and rebuilding. The war in the Pacific made the outlook darker each day. Corregidor, last American bastion, was tottering. The newspaper moved to Mail-o-Graph, out of the fire area, and published a disaster extra that did much to restore confidence. For a week, it was necessary to continue publication there, until the fire damage could be shored up in The Star-Courier building and machinery repaired. The newspaper took the lead in urging all to disregard the costs and rebuild. Emergency priorities were secured. By the end of 1942 half the fire zone was rebuilt and the city had its chin up again. Construction went ahead with utmost difficulty, because war preempted critical materials, but the fight to restore Kewanee went on. Before V-J Day, Kewanee's blackened fire area has been transformed into two blocks of new construction and modern stores.

World War II began with a flurry of extras. A half-year before Pearl Harbor, The Star-Courier first mobilized a small group of loyal citizens to bring Defense Bond pages to the attention of its readers. After December 7, 1941, this project became the Committee of 100 whose advertising messages told the story of War Bonds, scrap campaigns, rationing, civilian defense, USO, Red Cross, and countless other causes. That program did not end with Japan's surrender, but carried through till December, 1945, a record for such a project. No war loan drive ever fell short of its goal. The

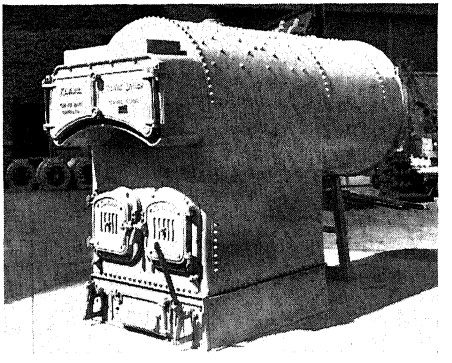
Star-Courier published the pictures of some 4,000 service men from its three home counties, their combat histories, and advancements.

No war undertaking was too trivial, if it contributed to victory. When shipyards almost shut down for lack of steel, The Star-Courier organized a Victory Scrap Drive that pried 250 tons of metal out of barns and basements. Every staff man from the editor to advertising solicitors put on overalls and went out with trucks to scrounge for metal. Even the post office steel railings were burned off in the crusade.

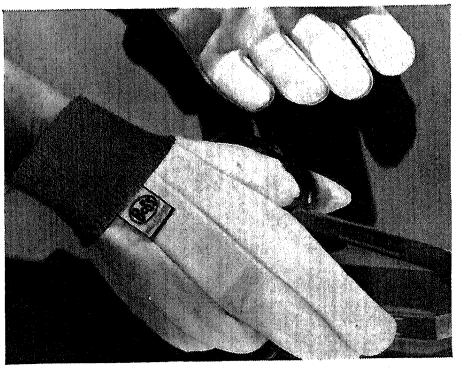
Twelve men from The Star-Courier were in the armed services. When, in April, 1944, the publisher was called to Washington to serve in the Office of Censorship as an assistant to Director Byron Price, the staff carried on loyally through increasing difficulties of manpower and newsprint. After V-J Day, Phil Adler joined representatives of seven American newspaper groups to fly overseas for a two-month survey trip as correspondent in France, occupied Germany, and Britain.



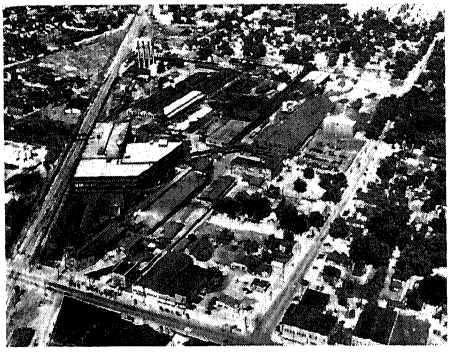
*Kewanee-built Walworth valves in Shell Oil Cycling plant at Sheridan, Texas*



*A product which carries name of Kewanee to the world. A firebox boiler*



*Boss gloves protect the hands of men who do the manual labor of America*



*Walworth's Kewanee Works employs more than 2,000, and covers 40 acres*

Tap roots of The Star-Courier go deep into Illinois' prairie soil. Kewanee was named in honor of the Sac and Fox Indian tribes that made central Illinois their habitat. The name Kewanee is Winnebago for "Prairie Chicken." In 1836, when early America was bitter over the Alamo butchery, a group of pioneers from Connecticut set up a colony on the Illinois prairie and called it Wethersfield after their former New England home.

When the Military Tract Railroad was built through this region, westward from Chicago, the route ran a mile and a quarter north of the Wethersfield settlement. Wethersfield stoutly refused to move north so a new station was laid out and called Berrian in honor of the railroad's engineer. Berrian became Kewanee in a short space of time, and the Military Tract Railroad became the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

It was from a wooden platform before the Burlington freight depot in Kewanee that a travel-worn Abraham Lincoln spoke one rainy October day in 1858 in the course of his campaign against Stephen A. Douglas. This Republican indoctrination must have been memorable, for Henry County seldom strayed from the Republican party. Even in the crucial campaign of 1932, Kewanee gave just a one-vote majority to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Henry County never went Democratic in a Presidential election.

The antecedents of The Star-Courier rose from the slavery struggle which grew out of the Dred Scott case in the 1850's. Flatboats and oxcarts moved the type cases and Washington hand press of The Henry County Dial from the county seat at Cambridge to Kewanee on August 17, 1855, where the entire population of 600 turned out to greet the new editor with the ringing of church bells and the firing of cannon. The first publisher, J. H. Howe, had just come overland from Ohio to print the saga of frontier Illinois in this new settlement now linked to Chicago by The Iron Horse.

Later came Chauncey Bassett whose short proprietorship of The Dial was due in a large measure to the fact that he was a Democratic editor in a blackstrap Republican community. J. H. Howe and William M. Patrick took over in 1857, succeeded by Oliver White and Hiram Hyatt in 1867.

It was in this reconstruction era that The Courier was born. Dr. C. N. Whitney, a temperance lecturer and vicariously a newspaperman, brought out The Courier in 1876. Three years later Whitney leased his struggling paper to his son-in-law, T. H. Chesley, and went to Jamaica to spend his remaining years at Kingston. The Chesley brothers, T. H. and Albert, printers from Vermont, bought The Courier in 1882. Later they relinquished it to L. W. Chandler and C. E. MacCanon, who a short time later were succeeded by the Rev. J. H. Delano and Charles T. Henderson.

Somewhere in the 1890's The Star blazed into the Kewanee firmament, a product of Will Curtis and F. W. Stilwell. The Star and The Courier

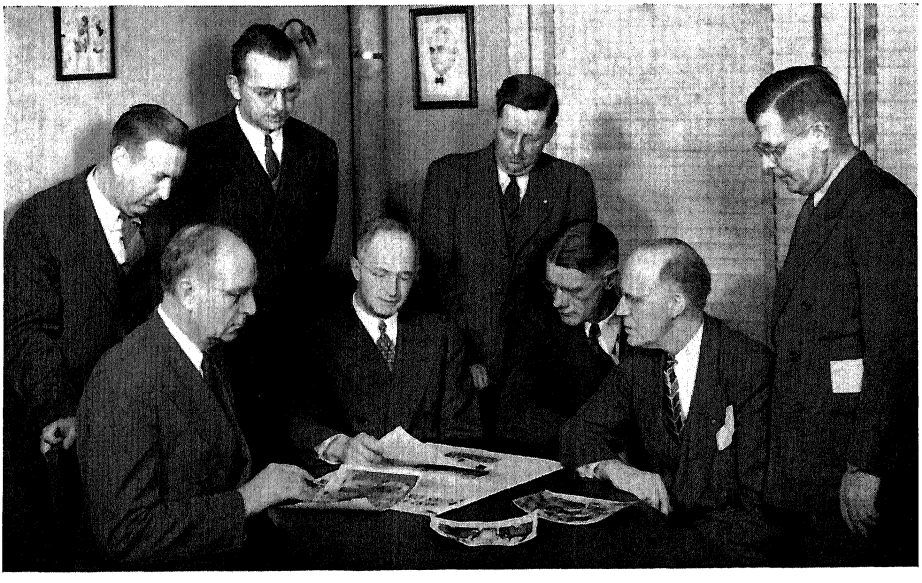
divided the daily field till 1898, when there came a moratorium in competition and a merger. T. H. Chesley returned for a time. Leo H. Lowe, just out of Northwestern University with newspaper ambitions, took over the editor's chair with its ponderous rolltop desk. Will Curtis served as business manager.

Kewanee was a lusty steel mill town in 1906, proud of its new Carnegie library and equally new railroad station, when Xenophon Caverno acquired The Star-Courier. Caverno was from Wisconsin, a man of considerable means, and he wanted a newspaper office which would set a pace for the community's development.

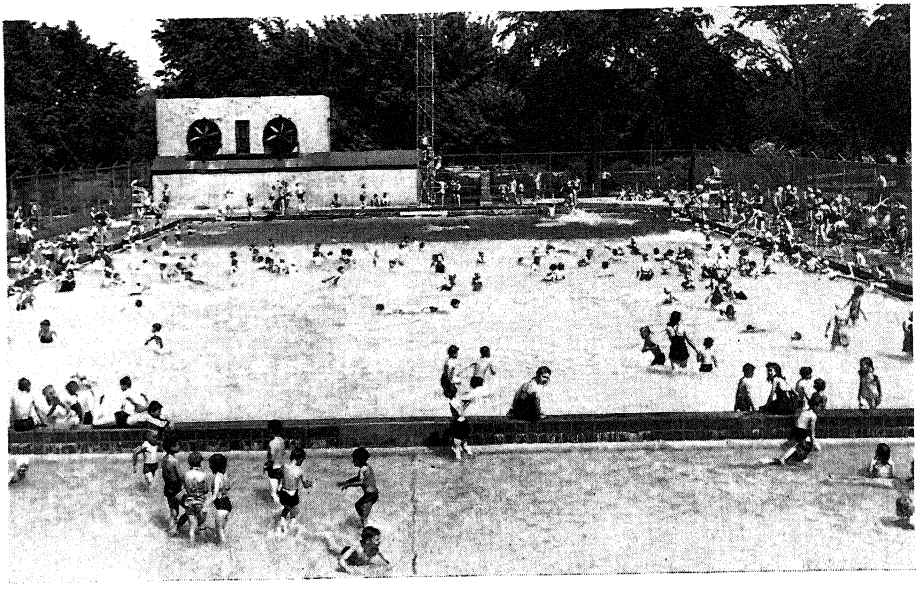
Eventually "Xen" Caverno became more interested in manufacturing and farm operation in Missouri than publishing a newspaper, and Leo H. Lowe, the editor, took over active management of the paper. It was from Lowe that E. P. Adler and associates acquired The Star-Courier on June 14, 1926.

C. R. Ketridge, The Star-Courier's managing editor, began as a carrier boy and reporter. With the exception of two years of navy service in World War I, Chris Ketridge has been with the newspaper almost continuously since graduation from Kewanee High School in 1910.

A unique feature is the "Window" column of comment, contributed poetry, and what has been frankly called "corn," each Saturday. Begun



*Department heads, seated left to right: E. F. Anson, office manager; P. D. Adler, publisher; E. P. Fuller, composing room; C. R. Ketridge, editor; standing, L. F. Farran, job; H. E. Anderson, press; J. T. Miller, advertising; H. L. Nelson, circulation*



*When the mercury climbs in July and August, hundreds of Kewaneeans, both young and old, turn to the Northeast Park swimming pool, part of a $1,000,000 parks and playgrounds system made possible by Emerit E. Baker Foundation*

*The city's young baseball hopefuls get some of the fine pointers of the game from Hornsby, the great "Rajah", at the school sponsored each year as part of the summer recreation program developed by the Kewanee Park District*

15 years ago as a project of C. O. Schlaver, now with The Chicago Daily News, it has been carried on by Frank Preston Johnson, a versatile member of the news staff who turned to journalism from the Chautauqua circuits. His annual volume of "Window" contributions has been a tradition each holiday season in the Tri-Counties.

The business side of The Star-Courier has been under the supervision of Emil F. Anson as office manager since November, 1931. Anson came to the newspaper with years of experience in Kewanee's First National Bank. He saw army service in the first World War, has been a perennial council member, and is active in a number of Kewanee organizations.

The wealth of The Star-Courier's circulation area lies in agriculture and industry. It was in Kewanee in 1890 that H. H. Perkins saw that something was needed besides bare hands to husk corn. Out of that observation came the first husking pins, forerunner of an industry which became The Boss Manufacturing Company whose many plants produce the bulk of the nation's work gloves.

In a little foundry in Kewanee, W. E. Haxtun first began making "heaters," a product which eventually became the Kewanee Boiler. The Kewanee Boiler Company was preeminent in the steel heating boiler industry in 1928 when it became a division of the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Company.

In the '80s, the nucleus of Kewanee's largest industrial plant developed in the rolling mills of the Western Tube Company under John H. Pierce. Western Tube had a special process for making pipe, which even Pittsburgh's steelmakers recognized. National Tube Company acquired the Western Tube plant, and operated it as Kewanee Works till 1915 when Walworth Company of Boston took over Kewanee Works. Today the Walworth foundries and shops supply a great part of the nation's valves and fittings for pipelines, ships, oil fields, and refineries.

Naturally, the presence of large manufacturing plants in Kewanee brought other small industries to the city, plants whose output in farm implements, conveyors, steel windows, trailers, core machines, pumps, and power plants round out the Kewanee industrial picture. With a concentration of industry came the usual concomitant in labor problems—strikes, slowdowns, and such—but Kewanee's plants have kept rolling along.

During World War II Kewanee industry was mobilized to produce army and navy materiel. Walworth valves equipped many of the navy's ships while Kewanee Works concentrated on production of anti-aircraft shells. Kewanee Boilers heated army camps, navy base buildings, air force installations, and general hospitals round the world. Kewanee Boiler shops turned out huge navy submarine net floats. Kewanee Machinery and Conveyor

concentrated on .50 caliber anti-aircraft shells. Kewanee Manufacturing Company produced bomb fins.

Agriculture dominates The Star-Courier's circulation area in Henry, Bureau, and Stark Counties in central Illinois. Henry County produced farm products of $22,477,000 in 1945. It is infinitely greater today. Year after year Henry County leads the 102 counties in Illinois in the value of livestock. It is second in corn. Corn is the staple currency of this country area, and it is hybrid corn that has brought undreamed of wealth to this section. Yields of 125-140 bushels to the acre are commonplace in Henry County. In 1945 Henry County was the leading hog-producing county in the United States.

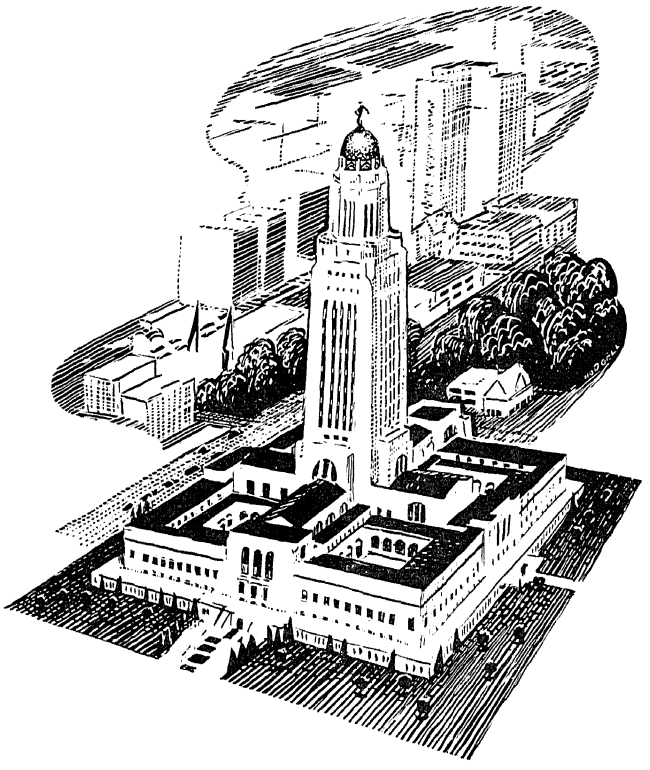
Eight miles southwest of Kewanee on a bitterly cold November 10 in 1932, approximately 80,000 spectators shivered as they followed the nation's top cornhuskers representing every state in the Midwest, race through the corn rows of the Robert Peterson farm. They saw Carl Seiler, a husky young farmer from neighboring Knox County, pick 36.9 bushels in the hour-long corn belt competition, a world's record.

A newspaper cannot live on news alone. It takes more than editorial crusades to gain civic projects. In a city like Kewanee, the spadework is often done by the editors and staff members who contribute their own

*Part of the crowd of 80,000 persons which turned out in November near-zero weather in 1932 to watch the National Cornhusking Contest, held that year in field near Kewanee, Illinois. This was for many years nation's top competitive farm event*

time and effort toward getting things done. It was through such efforts that Kewanee raised funds for an airport in 1928, enlarged its two hospitals, built a low-cost Federal Housing development known as Fairview Homes to accommodate 500 persons, provided for a $350,000 new armory, launched a program of new school construction, erected a $200,000 "Y" Community Building, and undertook the postwar planning necessary for extended sewers and homes for servicemen.

This is the pageant of Illinois history that has moved across The Star-Courier's pages this past three-quarters of a century. It is the record of a newspaper which has the unique responsibility of being the only daily paper in three rich, agricultural counties. It is also the record of a small newspaper which has encountered more than its quota of unique experiences over the years.



## *14.* Lincoln

# THE LINCOLN STAR

*Nebraska's $10,000,000 state capitol has been heralded by architects as one of the world's most impressive and useful buildings. Designed by the late Bertram Goodhue, it was constructed on pay-as-you-go basis. Dome is 420 feet above ground*

# CHAPTER 14

# *The Lincoln Star*

## *THE CORNHUSKER STATE CAPITAL*

THERE WAS A CONFUSED UNDERCURRENT OF CURIOSITY AND excitement in the crowds which filled to overflowing the hotel lobbies of the Nebraska capital hours in advance of the session of the state legislature in early January of 1901.

Vaguely the eddying throngs sensed that this was it, the beginning of the struggle of the giants, which had been so long brewing.

At last the giants had come to close grips. Here, it was recognized, was the opening round of the fight to terminate the domination of Nebraska politics by the powerful, well-entrenched railroads. For 20 years the clash of interests had been sputtering, more smoke than flame, but at last the flames had broken through the smoke.

The legislature about to convene was faced with the problem, the single instance through 80 years of statehood, of choosing two members to represent Nebraska in the United States Senate, and of making that choice simultaneously under the then-prevailing system of election by the legislature. John M. Thurston's term was about to expire, and M. L. Haywood, who had been elected to the senate on March 8, 1889, had died before he could qualify. William V. Allen, whose term had expired in 1889, was appointed by Governor Poynter to serve several additional months until a successor to Haywood could be elected.

Nebraska, in its newness and its rapid growth, had taken the contradictory political crosscurrents in stride. The Agrarian revolt which had given rise to the Populist party, only to fuse with the Democrats through the throaty magic of the late W. J. Bryan, had produced more than Bryan's

JAMES E. LAWRENCE

*An aggressive editor who has led his paper to victory on many important issues, he is known throughout the nation as a sturdy campaigner for liberal causes*

familiar battle cry of a currency based upon both silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1. It had bred an intense feeling among farmers and small businessmen alike against the railroads. The pass evil had reached its heights. The burden of railroad rates, both passenger and freight, had brought about an insistent demand for rate legislation.

And beneath the expectancy of the crowds, the swirling, jostling crowds, there was realization that the issue of personalities which appeared on the surface in the selection of two members of the United States Senate was only a mask for a much more basic struggle in progress.

The legislature went into joint session to begin its balloting on January 5. The first contest, filling the vacancy caused by Haywood's death, produced only two candidates. William V. Allen, whose chief claim to distinction as a member of the United States Senate had been to conduct a one-man filibuster during which Allen spoke for 17 hours without relief, mustered 35 votes; D. E. Thompson, later the founder, and for nine years the principal stockholder of The Lincoln Star, 17. The remaining votes were scattered widely. The same undercurrent entered the struggle to select a United States Senator for the full term. W. H. Thompson, no relative of D. E. Thompson, and known to early Nebraskans as "the Little Giant," polled 22 votes; the late Gilbert M. Hitchcock, for half a century owner and publisher of The Omaha World-Herald, 18; Edward Rosewater, publisher and editor of The Omaha Bee, 8; and the remainder were scattered among four men, including the late W. J. Bryan.

For 33 days of balloting the deadlock continued unbroken. There seemed to be very little prospect that the members of the 1901 legislature could reach a decision leading to the selection of two members of the United States Senate.

Then, on February 12, birthday anniversary of the Great Emancipator, for whom the Nebraska capital was named, a pledge was circulated calling for a caucus of the Republican members. Eight of the party's representatives balked and publicly announced they would not enter a Republican caucus until the senatorial candidacy of D. E. Thompson had been withdrawn. Every attempt at conciliation, including the personal intervention of "Boss" Mark Hanna failed, and finally on March 28, the next to the last day of the session, Thompson withdrew his name in favor of Governor Charles H. Dietrich, who received the unanimous caucus vote. Thompson was not stripped completely of his prestige; he and his supporters were permitted to name the other United States Senator, and they offered J. H. Millard, of a pioneer Omaha family.

The caucus action was ratified the same day. It came only when Edward Rosewater, founder and editor of The Omaha Bee, and one of the most

colorful personalities in the struggle, found his efforts to stem the tide of compromise unavailing. He had urged his supporters to vote for George W. Linegar but the trend was so strong that he abandoned his lifelong practice to fight to the end and yielded to the persuasion to request the Rosewater supporters to vote for Millard.

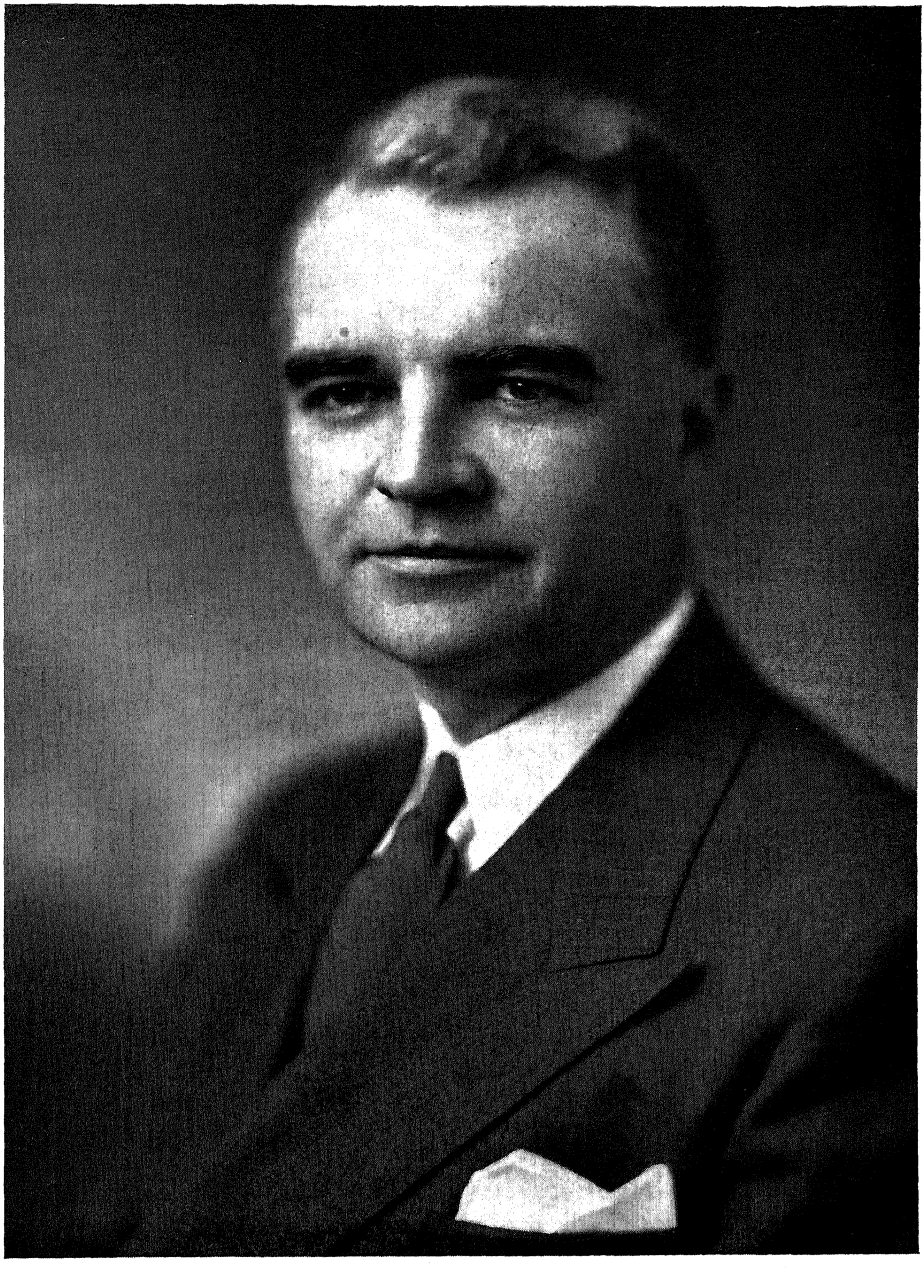
The following day, March 29, the Republican members of the state legislature cast unanimous ballots for Dietrich and Millard, thus bringing to a close a classic struggle which had stirred emotional tides far beyond the borders of the comparatively young, unsettled state, still facing the bulk of its labors to make the most of its basic resources of soil.

Out of that setting after the lapse of 18 months emerged a daily newspaper, The Lincoln Daily Star, later becoming The Lincoln Star.

Outwardly D. E. Thompson, a proud, sensitive man, gave no indication of his disappointment. Although without previous experience he made up his mind he would establish a newspaper, and ask his closest political and business associates to provide the capital necessary to buy equipment and to cover the initial operating costs. He put up the bulk of the money himself, a number of his close political intimates took stock, and a small amount was sold to individuals scattered over the state.

The two giants in the senatorial contest 15 months earlier had been Thompson and Rosewater. Thompson had begun life humbly as a Burlington brakeman, without resources of any kind except ambition, a keen intellect, and boundless physical vitality. He had marched straight up the ladder of promotion to become superintendent of the Burlington lines west of the Missouri River. When he expanded his activities to include politics, it was with the same energy and capability that had brought him business advancement. In an incredibly short time he had established himself in absolute control of the politics of Lancaster County and Lincoln, a position of infinitely more strategic political importance in the direction of Nebraska affairs than the voting strength that it gave him.

He was a huge man, great bulging muscles, well over 6 feet in height, straight and lithe, quick of movement and decision, and equipped with a disarming personal charm. He could be a bitter enemy but an even more warm-hearted friend. Outwardly blunt and gruff, he never was unnecessarily so, and an innate knightly grace created among his followers a lasting loyalty. His paper established, his business interests well-rooted, his influence expanded from the Midwest to national affairs, Thompson became American ambassador to Mexico, a position he held during the stormy closing days of its best known dictatorship. His labors there marked his last active participation in public affairs. He retired from the diplomatic post to build a home in California where he spent his remaining days.



WALTER W. WHITE

*Publisher of The Lincoln Star, he was graduated from the University of Nebraska Law School, and had sound training in the advertising and business offices*

Edward Rosewater had come to Nebraska with intellectual talents which enabled him to establish himself as one of the Midwest's most widely known publishers and editors. Almost from the very beginning, however, he was not in the good graces of the majority of the Republican leaders of the state. Rosewater had been a telegrapher, connected with the staff of Ulysses S. Grant during the Civil War, and seven years after its close had founded The Omaha Bee. He was a fighting editor, a pioneer Republican liberal in an era when practically all politicians carried annual passes for railroad travel, and were hostile to railroad regulation of any kind or character. Mr. Rosewater for 20 years had been a thorn in the side of his party associates. In the fight against D. E. Thompson he had been ably supported by C. H. Gere, editor of The Nebraska State Journal.

The first meeting of Thompson and his newspaper associates was held on September 12, 1902, resulting in the election of D. E. Thompson as president; Charles B. Edgar, vice president; and C. D. Mullen, who handled much of Mr. Thompson's personal business, as secretary and treasurer of The Star Publishing Company. The first issue of The Lincoln Daily Star made its appearance on the streets of the Nebraska capital on the afternoon of October 2, 1902. In a modest debut, it was noteworthy chiefly for Thompson's own signed statement of purpose:

> "I've organized The Star Publishing Company but with no intention whatsoever of publishing a newspaper that among politicians or elsewhere may be called a 'personal organ.' I do not need nor desire newspaper aid. I am not now, nor will I be a candidate for any office. My judgment is that the state needs a good live newspaper and that Lincoln should be its home."

It was a curiously assorted staff that undertook the labors. The paper's quarters embraced portions of the building owned by the late Ed. G. Bohanan, at Eleventh and M Streets. To fill the post of publisher, Thompson had enlisted C. B. Edgar, of St. Joseph, a man of picturesque appearance and a good newspaperman. Edgar's silvery crest was accentuated by a closely clipped silvery goatee. The goatee, when the burdens of his post permitted, received his most thoughtful, tender attention. He made it his daily practice to comb it meticulously, and when no one was looking he would give it a bath.

Unfortunately, Colonel Edgar had purchased a seemingly inexhaustible supply of indelible purple ink for the news staff. One early afternoon in advance of a dinner and theater party, for which he and Mrs. Edgar were host and hostess, he strayed into the washroom which served the entire news staff to devote some personal attention to his goatee, unmindful that

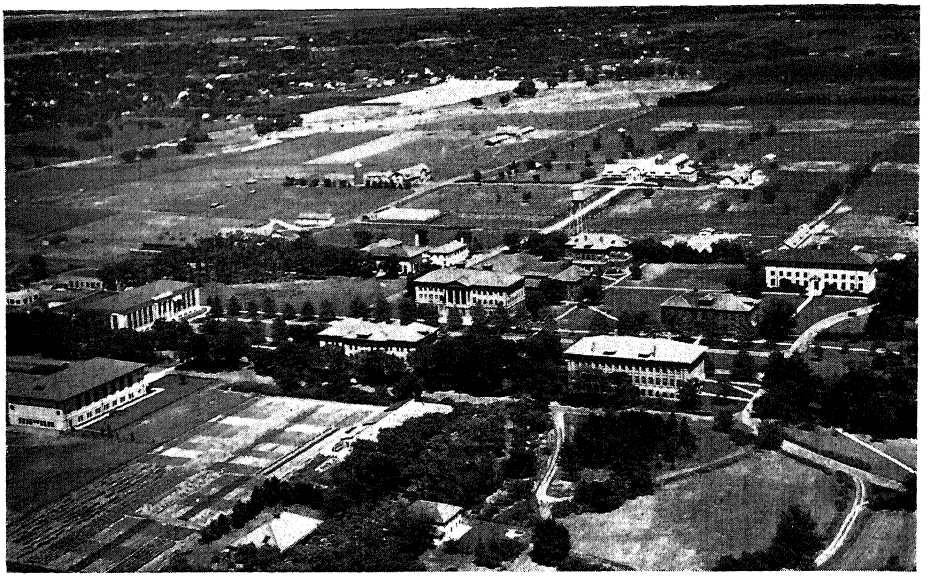
a thoughtless member of the staff had beaten him a few minutes earlier to wash out an inkwell, and then had wiped the inkwell carefully upon a clean towel. The Colonel grabbed that towel to dry his goatee. Then he looked into the glass to survey the results of his painstaking labors. The reporter discreetly remained away from the office for a week, upon the advice of a sympathetic city editor, but it was a matter of a month before Colonel Edgar succeeded in removing all of the traces of purple ink from his goatee.

There was A. L. Gale, scholarly, slow to wrath, and objective in his writing, in the post of managing editor. Later, Gale was succeeded by Oliver Newman, young and talented, who became commissioner of the District of Columbia by appointment of the late Woodrow Wilson. There was competent, companionable Roy Bixby, the son of the late Dr. A. L. Bixby, Nebraska's poet laureate, and a former member of the staff of The Nebraska State Journal. There was Alex Cuscaden, alternately jovial and morose, a whale of a man physically, and a whale of a police reporter, who seemed to know nearly everything that was happening in Lincoln. There was George Mosshart, who was equally at ease in front of a typewriter or a grand piano; a gifted musician, as skilled in political interpretation as he was in taking his place at the piano to console himself and his listeners with the music of the masters. There were others who fitted easily and naturally into a staff which covered Lincoln and the state in all of the news developments with a marked degree of ability and against the great odds of a newly established paper pitted against well-entrenched rivals.

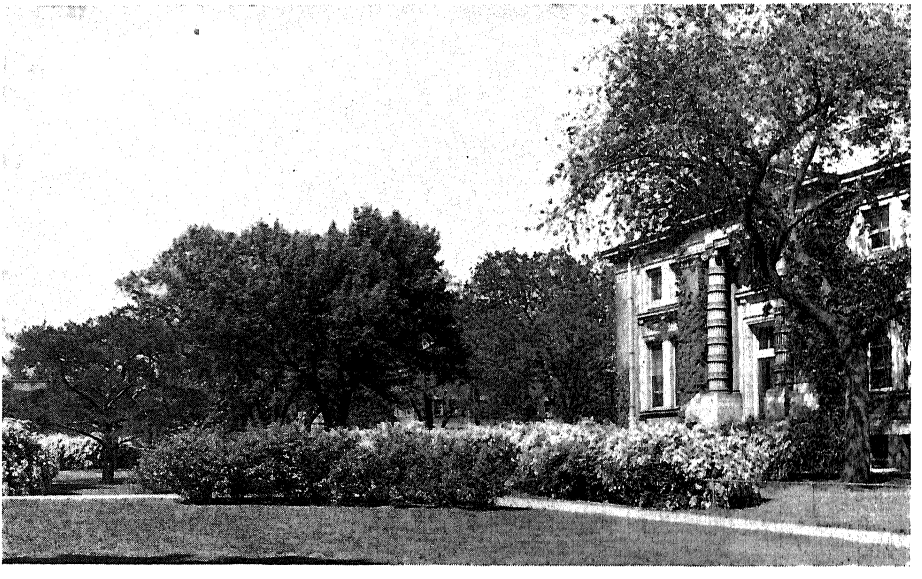
Although the census figures were more flattering, the Lincoln of that day was a community of about 43,000 people—its southern fringe, A Street, nearly two miles to the north of the more modern residential section of today. Beyond were open country and cornfields.

In many other respects there was little resemblance to the present Nebraska capital. There were a segregated red-light district, innumerable saloons, and, at the height of wickedness, two carefully camouflaged opium joints beckoned to patrons to enter dreamland. There was a certain boisterous newness, which the more sedate and cultured nerves of Lincoln's citizenry chose to ignore, except in periods of outraged virtue, a boisterous vitality which provided an enormous amount of local copy for eager and ambitious young newspapermen.

In the state there were three long-established, widely recognized, and influential newspapers to increase the difficulty and the pain of getting a toe hold. Every circulation device known to the era finally brought The Lincoln Daily Star a subscription list of 16,126 in four years, or at the close of 1906.



*The Nebraska College of Agriculture is appropriately located at the hub of a rich farming area, plays a role of active leadership. Main drive and campus center in the foreground. The dairy plant and crop testing plots are in the distance*



*A view of the city campus of the University of Nebraska. This great state school has a strong influence on the community life of Lincoln. In 1914, The Lincoln Star led a successful fight to prevent removal of the campus to a different site*

Thompson found his opening statement of purpose tested. Reform was in the atmosphere, and in the state campaign of 1906, a strapping young, dark-eyed, swarthy-skinned zealot, George L. Sheldon, emerged to push the Republican old guard to the sidelines. Railroad rates and other "iniquities," including the liquor traffic, were the meat upon which Sheldon and his fellow reformers feasted. The Lincoln Daily Star greeted his candidacy for governor with a discreet, cold silence, rarely allowing itself the luxury of criticism in sound recognition of the temper of the times. Once in office, Governor Sheldon's inherent personal charm melted the austerity of the newspaper, which gave itself lavishly to art, including frequent pictures of the governor and the governor's lady. It could not take the railroad legislation without a diplomatic protest, but its protest was couched in the mildest language.

Thompson was growing weary of the struggle, and especially weary of the deficits. In the early summer of 1910 he disposed of his majority stockholdings to H. E. Gooch of Lincoln, a comparative newcomer to the community and a man of most personable qualities. Gooch had never been inside a newspaper office; he had operated a grain brokerage office with a measure of financial success. His closest approach to a newspaper came in his early boyhood, when in St. Paul, Minnesota, as a messenger boy for the Western Union Telegraph Company, frequently he delivered dispatches to the newsrooms of the old Pioneer Press, fascinated by its smoke-filled room, and impressed with the spectacle that spread itself in front of his eyes. Later, he told his associates that from those boyhood days he had nursed the desire to own and operate a newspaper. Gooch recognized that he knew virtually nothing about the business. He depended entirely upon his men, and he set about immediately to strengthen and expand the staff of The Lincoln Daily Star.

One of the early steps was to shorten the paper's name to The Lincoln Star. Another was to engage the services of the late John W. Cutright, a pioneer editorial and political writer of wide, national experience, hard-bitten vocabulary, and venomous pen. Cutright had come to the editorial desk from the composing room. In the days of hand composition, he had set his share of type. He had traveled from state to state and had gained his first prominence by accompanying W. J. Bryan on presidential campaigns. In all of his travels he had failed to master a lusty temper but had acquired an easy, flowing grace of expression that adorned the rugged honesty and integrity which even his enemies respected. Gooch selected J. E. Lawrence, a reporter, to take charge of the news staff.

Since that day Jim Lawrence has grown in stature. He is known to the far corners of the state as an editor who will fight at the drop of the hat for

the welfare of Nebraska. Not only is he known in his own state as editor and citizen, but he has gained national recognition as a leader in liberal politics.

Before joining the staff of The Lincoln Star, Lawrence had teamed up with the late Walt Mason, whose rippling rhymes and homespun prose became a national institution. The two had done leg work for the old Beatrice Express. Leaving Beatrice he took a reporter's job on The Norfolk News, then published by the late N. A. Huse. Norfolk at that time was the springboard for the pioneer land rush into the Bonesteel country of South Dakota. It was in every respect a frontier town.

After getting his law degree at the University of Nebraska, Lawrence joined the faculty as associate professor, a position he has occupied continuously since. He served 12 years on the Lincoln Park Board, was a trustee of the University of Nebraska Foundation, a five-term director and president of the State Historical Society Foundation. While president of the historical society board he started the campaign for a new building. The legislature approved an appropriation of $452,000, with actual construction beginning a year hence.

*The heart of Lincoln's retail shopping district is O Street, seen in this picture. As the center of a prosperous agricultural area, and the home of the state capital and state university, the city is above national average in retail sale surveys*

*The wholesale and retail districts of the city of Lincoln as they may be seen from an airplane. In the upper left of the picture is the city campus of the state University of Nebraska. In the upper right is a residential view of the city of Lincoln*

Lawrence served as a member of the Farm Security advisory board of his state, as a member of the Nebraska PWA advisory board, and in that capacity approved and aided in the construction of Nebraska' Little TVA. In 1934 he received a Pulitzer honorable mention award for his editorial, "Iowa's Shame." This forthright item of journalism was based on the action of a farm holiday group in driving an Iowa judge from the bench and subjecting him to indignities.

Two of the independent campaigns of the late George W. Norris for election to the United States Senate, in 1936 and 1942, were directed by Lawrence. He collaborated with Senator Norris in the writing of the autobiography *Fighting Liberal.* He is serving as a civilian member of the Nebraska Judicial Council appointed by the Supreme Court in connection with a proposed revision of judicial procedure.

Five years after Lawrence became editor, C. S. "Cy" Sherman, dean of Nebraska sport writers, only recently retired from active service, joined the staff. Along with Sherman came E. E. Wolfe, one of the most prolific and intuitive political writers of his day.

Developments in Nebraska were beckoning to better days, and more especially for The Lincoln Star. It had gained in prestige and influence. Some of that gain was the natural result of state growth. In the 30-year span the state had gone from a population of 452,000 people to 1,060,000. The cattle empire of the old West that began 200 miles to the west of the capital had disintegrated under the provisions of the Kinkaide Act of 1903, a year after the founding of the paper, with a tense, brief interlude of near-civil war between the cattle barons who attempted to retain the open range, and the land-hungry farmer who asked only to sink a plow in 640 acres of sandy earth.

The first major fight of state-wide significance in which The Lincoln Star engaged under the new management was a campaign in the fall of 1910 to defeat the late United States Senator Elmer J. Burkett, idol of the Nebraska Republican old guard, for re-election. It was a furious campaign. Senator Burkett's rival was Gilbert M. Hitchcock, who won handily, and who was re-elected in 1916 to lead the fight for the League of Nations.

Day after day the paper taunted Senator Burkett with charges that he was the tool of the sugar trust, the Oxnard interests, a charge that he vehemently denied, and one that finally terminated in a physical encounter between a young secretary in Burkett's office and political writer Wolfe.

There were other chickens to hatch. Burkett was defeated but in the matter of state government, Nebraska, far from being a proud "White Spot," was faced with a depleted treasury, resulting jointly from heavy expenditures for purposes of state government and poor tax collections. The Nebraska Democrats in 1912 had nominated a substantial Richardson County farmer and business man, the late John H. Morehead, as the party's candidate for governor. The Lincoln Star supported him staunchly and effectively.

Under the state constitution adopted in 1875, there was a flat constitutional prohibition against state government accumulating any indebtedness in excess of $50,000. That ban against debt until the turn of the century had withstood every assault. In this contest upon which The Star entered energetically, the chief issue grew out of the fact that the general fund had been overdrawn to the extent of more than $1,500,000; it had become necessary to register state warrants at a heavy interest penalty. Morehead won impressively, and immediately inaugurated a financial policy vigorously supported by The Lincoln Star, wiped out the deficit before the close of his first two-year term, without increase in the state levy. In another two years the state treasury had accumulated a surplus of more than $2,000,000.

Then developments ushered in a decisive step in Nebraska state policy.

The Nebraska penitentiary, on the outskirts of Lincoln, had been plagued with minor disorders and a flood of rumors. On a gray March day, March 12, 1912, in a furious snowstorm that left a blanket two feet in depth, the most serious prison outbreak occurred. The "Shorty Gray" gang of bank robbers, dangerous desperadoes who had ranged through Oklahoma, Kansas, and Nebraska shot their way out of prison, killing the warden and a guard, and blowing the outer gates with explosives. Earlier the chief deputy had been stabbed to death by a murderous convict, Albert Prince. It was a gloomy day the convicts utilized to screen their activities, with visibility reduced to less than 100 yards. Roads were blocked, horses and sleighs were pressed into service by the hastily organized posses and by the newspapermen. The break occurred 20 minutes before press time, and before early darkness closed in, four "extras" were on the streets.

For three days the gang terrorized Lincoln and adjacent towns, and then in the bright sunlight of the following Monday came out of hiding in a flight for freedom. Between 7 o'clock in the morning and 6 o'clock in the evening, there were five regular editions and 10 "extras." An enterprising telephone operator employed in the nearby Gretna exchange connected the news desk of The Lincoln Star with farmhouse after farmhouse for a running story of the chase. Through this device the paper closely followed the fleeing convicts and the pursuing posses who were racing along the country roads. Gray and a companion, John Dodd, were dead of bullet wounds inflicted by the posse. A young farmer, Roy Blunt, living near Gretna, and taken hostage by the bandits, was killed either by the bullets of his captors or in the exchange of gunfire.

It was the shock of this outbreak that created a demand for a state board of control, nonpartisan, divorced from politics, that has had management of the state's 14 institutions for 32 years with a uniformly good record of success, a reform which The Lincoln Star supported with all the energy at its command.

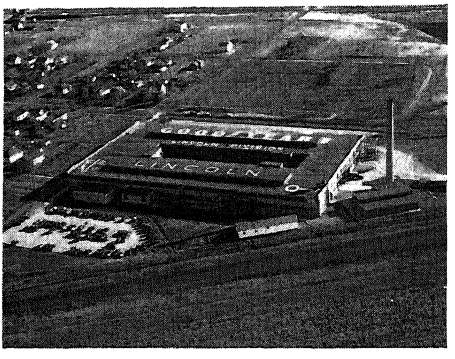
In 1914 there developed still another classic Nebraska struggle which was to affect The Lincoln Star profoundly. It embraced the issue of campus removal of the University of Nebraska from its downtown site to a new location tentatively agreed upon as the campus of the College of Agriculture.

A remarkable group of men interested themselves in this matter. The late Allen W. Field, lawyer, Nebraska alumnus, who earlier had attracted national attention in the series of debates in which he became engaged with the eloquent young Bryan in rivalry for the congressional seat of the First Nebraska district, headed the committee. Its members included the late J. E. Miller, of Miller and Paine, pioneer Lincoln department store owner.

Miller had been a member of the governing board of regents of the state university, and in the course of a long business career his unselfish vision enabled him to make many distinctive contributions to state development. There were the late Charles H. Rudge, of Rudge and Guenzel, and former Congressman Ernest Pollard, of Nehawka.

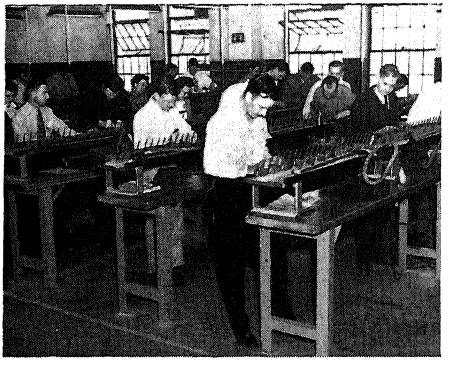
Back of this proposal for campus removal were the hidden hopes of business leadership in a number of Nebraska cities to redistribute the colleges comprising the University of Nebraska among themselves.

Field and Miller made a special trip to Omaha to confer with representatives of the Omaha Chamber of Commerce. They gave assurance to the Omaha delegation that if the proposal would be limited to the development of a university on the campus of the College of Agriculture, which embraced 160 acres, there would be no opposition from Lincoln businessmen. They were not satisfied with the answers which they succeeded in obtaining.

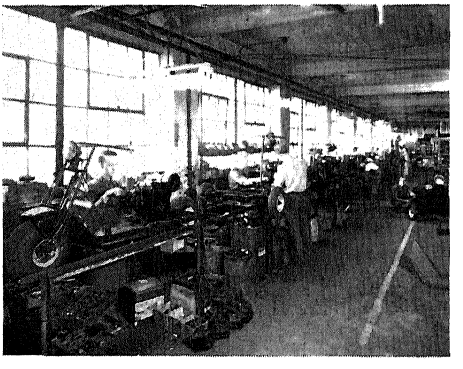


*Sky view of Goodyear factory. This came as a war industry, decided to remain*

*Elgin Watch Company's Lincoln division. This firm expects 2,500 workers*



*Western Electric Lincoln shops. War plant, it is now a permanent institution*



*Cushman Motors, Lincoln's largest industry, it employs 1,000, will double soon*

It was apparent from the day the issue of the university removal gained a place on the ballot in the fall election of 1914 that long-smoldering, ugly charges would have to be met. For years there had been a thinly concealed hostility in Omaha and out-state to a community in which was situated not only the seat of state government but also of so many associated institutions. The debate ranged the gamut of the value of higher education to the inherent selfishness of Lincoln's business leadership, and the hyprocrisy of its so-called "holier than thou" attitude.

Through deliberate design and inspired vision, the first Nebraska Legislature, after the state's admission to the union in 1867, had taken an extraordinary step in formulating the educational program. It had withstood all the blandishments and pressures of ambitious communities to enhance themselves by the locations of state institutions or portions of state institutions at widely separated cities. It sought a compact, closely-knit university, the various colleges of which should be housed on one campus, with the only exceptions in 79 years of educational progress placing the Medical College in Omaha, and the College of Agriculture within stone's throw, a mile and a half distant from the original campus. It was economy in operation, more than any other consideration, which impelled a pioneer legislature, very few of whose members had looked into a college classroom, to make that decision.

The Lincoln Star did not hesitate to take its position, a vigorous position, while the remainder of the papers of the state were non-committal. At the outset it, and it alone, of all the larger Nebraska dailies, fought campus removal hammer and tongs. As the campaign progressed it found itself largely alone in its fight for the original city campus.

Editorially, The Lincoln Star thundered from the banks of the Missouri to the borders of Colorado against the waste of scrapping buildings in which the people of Nebraska had invested large sums. It devoted a vast amount of space in its news columns to the educational campaign, and its managing editor, J. E. Lawrence, worked directly with the committee which had chosen Col. Frank Eager to handle its fight.

The Omaha World-Herald under Harvey Newbranch, a gifted writer, adopted a subdued, coy but generally friendly attitude to removal. Rosewater's Omaha Bee was more militant. The burden of the campaign for removal finally nestled upon the shoulders of an influential university regent, Charles B. Copeland of Elgin.

Copeland was a man of wealth and influence, cultured, resourceful, with the bearing of a country squire. He was a sincere believer in campus removal, and none of the business considerations that dictated the attitude of other groups out-state entered into his advocacy of removal.

*The headquarters of The Lincoln Star are located in this spacious building at Twelfth and M Streets. It was designed for a modern newspaper, and first occupied in 1923. It houses mechanical departments, news, and the business offices*

In this single-handed fight The Lincoln Star scored a notable victory. Campus removal was rejected by the emphatic vote of 66,843 for, to 148,110 against. The majority of 81,227 was the most sweeping that any proposal had received in the state. At the same time there appeared on the ballot a proposition to purchase additional lands to the east and north of the present University of Nebraska campus, and out of this victory and the decisive approval, came the program which for 30 years has been the foundation for a constantly expanding campus of the University of Nebraska.

The Lincoln Star's position was influenced especially by consideration for thousands of deserving young men and young women who found it necessary to combine higher education with self-support in jobs obtained downtown. Since then, a third of the undergraduate body of the University of Nebraska had financed, either in part or in whole, its education.

Through more mellow years ahead, Charles H. Rudge and J. E. Miller never forgot that fight which The Lincoln Star had waged. On frequent occasions they indicated it had had much to do with the molding of their respect for the paper.

One other struggle some years later, in which Miller became a central figure, cemented friendships of long duration. In 1915, Nebraska had attained an economic strength unequaled, perhaps, in any other period of state history unless exception is made in the closing years of World War II and the immediate post-war months. Its farms, acquired largely by homestead methods, and their substantial improvements, had been freed of debt. The era of land speculation and heavy spending was nearly a decade away. Lincoln came under an unusually competent leadership in city government, with Miller the mayor. It awoke to new sky lines in its business sections. It planned and built attractive residential districts.

Business progress was steady and this program was reflected in a prosperous, rapidly growing newspaper. It was an era of bold achievement in which the people of Nebraska joined by approving the proposal for the construction of a new state capitol, a building to cost $10,000,000, to be built on the basis of "pay as you go," with a special property tax levy adequate during a 10-year period of construction to meet all expenditures as the work proceeded.

To all of this The Lincoln Star contributed an enthusiastic leadership. Daily it urged parks, with the park system of more than 1,000 acres of developed lands coming into existence. It advocated wide, well-lighted and well-paved streets, substantial additions to the school system, and rigid zoning regulations.

Its own quarters had become cramped, inadequate; although the entire original building which housed The Lincoln Star was devoted exclusively to publishing the newspaper. On January 17, 1922, at the annual directors meeting, the officers of the publishing company were authorized to acquire a building site for a new newspaper plant. At the same meeting it was revealed that the quarter-block at Twelfth and M Streets, formerly occupied by the Western Glass and Paint Company, could be procured. The building which stood on that site had been destroyed a few months earlier in a spectacular night fire. A year later authorization was given for the issuance of $90,000 of bonds to supplement accumulated surplus funds for the construction, the equipment, and the furnishings of the new newspaper plant. In February, 1923, The Lincoln Star occupied its new home.

It had hardly accustomed itself to fresh paint, bright sunlight, and a glistening new interior and exterior until there was a fresh struggle brewing in which once again it assumed a significant, difficult, single-handed but gratifyingly successful leadership.

From its earliest years the city of Lincoln had relied upon fresh-water wells sunk in the Antelope and Salt Creek Valleys for its water supply. The growth in population, the expansion of residential sections, and the

sharp increase in business and industrial consumption brought about an alarming decline in the water table of the Lincoln region. Careful surveys established the fact that wells called upon to furnish millions of gallons of water daily were becoming exhausted, and the water levels in them had dropped 16 to 24 feet.

The Lincoln water system was under the direction of one of the community's most loved and respected men, Commissioner William Schroeder. He richly deserved the complete confidence of the community. He had made the Lincoln water system his life work and had given to it an unusual degree of business ability. He was considerate, fair, but unyielding when it came to the community's water supply, and long association with the plant gave him an unjustified faith in the valley wells.

Editor Cutright had died, suddenly, unexpectedly, and Lawrence had succeeded him. He proposed abandonment of the Antelope and Salt Creek wells, a proposal based upon engineering surveys and studies in progress, studies later confirmed by a distinguished group of Lincoln citizens, headed by J. E. Miller, Homer K. Burket, the late Frank C. Zehrung, L. M. Troup, and F. D. Eager. Zehrung, upon becoming mayor, was succeeded by C. B. Towle. It was a fight that continued for a period of nearly eight years. The water board itself did not come in until the climax. The Lincoln Star had advocated at the outset abandonment of the wells and the issuance of bonds in a sufficient amount to go to the water filled sands of the Platte River near Ashland, 28 miles away, to tap its never-failing subterranean flow, and to construct a pipeline of sufficient size to provide not only for present but for future needs, the plan ultimately adopted. In the beginning there was a gasp of astonishment, followed by a quick wave of resentment. Conservative Lincoln, with its own and the state's tradition against bonded debt, writhed in contemplation of obligating itself, possibly for millions, to replace a water system.

Before the water fight entered its final stages, ownership and the management of The Star again changed, with the Lee group, headed by E. P. Adler and associates, long contemplating a stride to the west of the Missouri River, acquiring the stockholdings of H. E. Gooch and L. B. Tobin at a price based on a valuation of $1,000,000. Adler was elected president of The Star Publishing Company, Lee P. Loomis, vice president, and Frank D. Throop, who took the post of publisher of The Star, secretary and treasurer.

It was a glorious, opening June day in 1930 when Throop first arrived in Lincoln with his family to take over the paper which he served as publisher until his death. The sun had been invigorating that spring, the rains ample, and Lincoln itself smiled in all its fresh glory.

*News department heads work out problems of makeup and space. Left to right, Maxine Wolf, state editor; Norris Anderson, sports editor; Lynelle Greer, women's page editor; Larry A. Becker, city editor; William McVicker, telegraph editor*

*The Star business office chiefs hold a conference on policy. Left to right, Lyle A. Johnson, national advertising manager; H. F. Herminghaus, head of accounting department; and Philip F. Johnson, manager of the circulation department activities*

Throop had served as publisher of The Muscatine Journal, later of The Davenport Democrat. To his new, transplanted Nebraska home he brought a lifelong boyish eagerness in the zest of living, a spontaneous enthusiasm growing out of a genuine liking for people, and a deeply rooted humanitarianism based upon practical religious and spiritual conceptions. He was proud of his organization on the newspaper, and proud of his newspaper. He was fascinated by the community and by its people. He quickly associated himself with its life, serving as the president of the Lincoln Chamber of Commerce, accepting and discharging with ability a score of other civic responsibilities, and imparting new life to the beautiful but small Episcopal church with which he became affiliated.

No struggle by a newspaper could have had a more warm-hearted convert than Throop in The Star's fight for a new water program for Lincoln. Throop and The Star's editor could not know what was just around the corner, and had they known it could not have inspired them to more militant action. Ahead was the devastating, protracted drouth which covered eight unbroken years of the '30s.

The storm signals had been long flying. Water pressure in the downtown business and industrial sections was a matter of constant anxiety. Water taps on the second floors of the more pretentious homes in the newer residential districts frequently yielded only a tiny trickle. Rationing of water used for the maintenance of trees, shrubs, and lawns, representing substantial investments, had to be put into effect.

Where Schroeder had in the beginning fought back, his position changed and with that forthrightness of character that was characteristic of the magnificent citizen he was, he assumed his part of the burden of going to the Platte for water. He sponsored the legislation which created the water committee that has been mentioned and it was his resolution on March 16, 1931, that authorized the issuance of bonds for water extension in an amount not to exceed $2,300,000. The Star had won its fight.

On April 7, 1931, nearly two years after the Wall Street crash of November of 1929, in the gathering shadows of an agonizing national depression, the voters of Lincoln, by a ballot of 11,866 to 4,876, placed their stamp of approval upon the Platte River extension program, and authorized the issuance of $2,300,000 in bonds to cover the cost. When this was written, that bond debt had been reduced to $288,000, with surplus funds in the water department treasury to retire all obligations and to pay for needed improvements.

It was well that the people of Lincoln acted so decisively. In the early spring three years later, in 1934, after a moistureless fall and winter unprecedented in the state so far as the records stretched to 1854, the drouth

which affected 34 of the 48 states of the union, and which produced throughout the region of the great plains the phenomena of the "black blizzards," shriveling heat and merciless sun which hung day after day in a copper-colored sky, struck Lincoln and Nebraska with especially paralyzing force. But Lincoln's people had water from the Platte, while nearby communities depending upon wells saw their trees and shrubs shrivel and die and were powerless to avert the damage.

Virtually from the infancy of radio development, The Lincoln Star recognized its importance to communication and intelligence. The Star established the first broadcasting station in Nebraska, a small, crude one, occupying a small room in the old building formerly the home of the newspaper.

The late W. J. Bryan made his radio debut over that station. His address had been advertised energetically. Bryan himself was enthusiastic and had given some careful thought to what he would say. He barely had started to speak before the voice that had fascinated millions of Americans "blew" the tubes which were a part of the primitive broadcasting equipment. There was a mad scurry for replacements and after an interlude, Bryan was able to proceed in chastened spirit but the difficulty of procuring local talent for continuous programs, coupled with the expense of maintenance, led the newspaper to dismantle the station and to dispose of the equipment.

It was followed ultimately by KFAB, a modern, 10,000 watt station, in the beginning owned and operated by the Sidles-Stuart interests, with which The Lincoln Star and The Nebraska State Journal became affiliated on January 1, 1936. Following approval of its application to construct a primary 50,000 watt broadcasting station, work was completed in late December, 1946, and KFAB is now on the air as one of the outstanding stations of the Midwest.

In 1931, arrangements were completed with the late J. C. Seacrest, and his two sons, J. W. and Fred, for joint operation of the Lincoln newspapers, The Lincoln Star, The Nebraska State Journal, and The Evening State Journal, and a combined Sunday newspaper, under joint ownership, and with complete independence for each of the news and editorial departments.

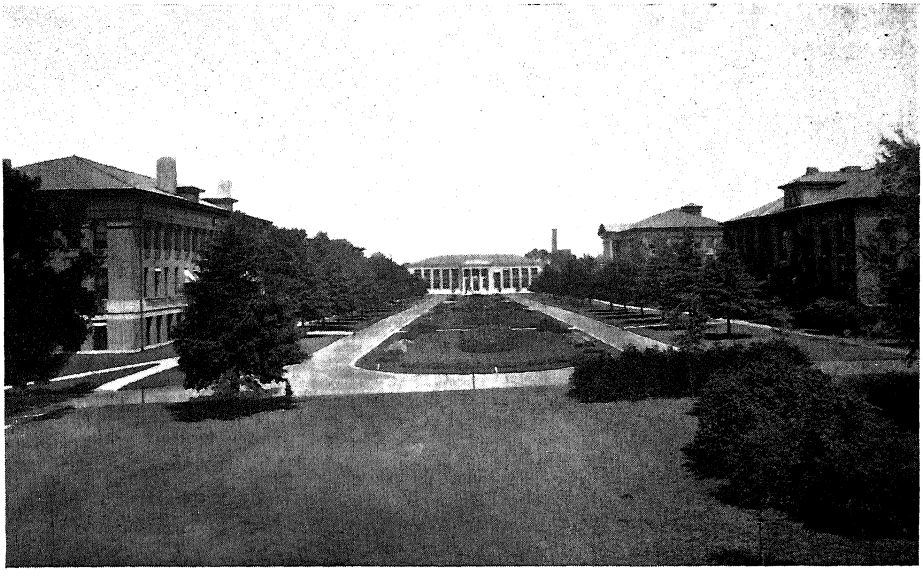
Shortly after the capital commission had designated Lincoln, the late Charles H. Gere, an outstanding man of remarkable qualifications, arrived at the little settlement late in 1867 to establish a newspaper, The Nebraska State Journal.From the very beginning it grew and prospered. Gere was a man of wide civic interests, of strong moral and religious convictions, politically a staunch Republican of liberal blend. Frequently, he fought the party machine in independent spirit, his editorial page commanded the very widest respect, and the same painstaking conscientious attention that

he showered upon it, he also gave to the news columns in the development of a comprehensive, thorough, most readable state paper.

Gere had brought to his newspaper a young man to assist him editorially, the late Will Owen Jones, a young man of great personal charm. In the years ahead he was to leave an impression upon Nebraska journalism. On the business side, the late J. C. Seacrest, who had acquired a substantial interest in the evening paper, lent his strength to the organization. Seacrest was a tireless worker. As a young man he had come from Pennsylvania to settle in the west. He devoted long hours to the building of the newspaper. At the time of Gere's death in 1902, Seacrest became the publisher of The Journal, a post which he held for 40 years, until his death in 1942.

There was a galaxy of brilliant writers. In addition to Will Owen Jones, there was Walter Locke, now editor of the editorial page of the four newspapers operated by former Governor James M. Cox. Locke was a country boy, self-educated, whose love of the soil sparkled throughout his writing. His nature lore became widely read. Supplementing the fine craftsmanship of Jones and Locke was the late Dr. A. L. Bixby, a beloved Nebraska poet laureate, whose Rippling Rhymes echoed with his salty humanness, a gentleness, and a spiritual strength that gave him a following in Nebraska greater even than that enjoyed by another pioneer Nebraska newspaperman, poet and prose writer, the late Walt Mason.

*The south patio of Lincoln's popular Country Club. Just beyond this patio is the club's swimming pool, especially popular with the younger members. The Country Club's 80-acre grounds contain a beautiful and sporty 18 hole golf course*



*This shows the main drive of the Nebraska College of Agriculture campus. On the left is Agriculture Hall. At the far end is building of Agricultural Engineering. At the right, Plant Industry building, and Experimental Station headquarters*

Mason had done his hitch on The State Journal in between wanderings. Willa Cather, the distinguished novelist, got her schooling in the editorial rooms of The State Journal under Jones. There was Harry Dobbins, a magnificent reporter, still going strong at 80, and the late Hugh McVicker, who for 53 years as telegraph and night editor, was as unfailing on the job as the clock.

Upon J. C. Seacrest's death in 1942, his two sons, Fred and Joe, became co-publishers of the Journal newspapers, and Ray McConnell succeeded the late Frank L. Williams, with a service record of city editor, managing editor, and editor of more than 50 years, as editor.

In Nebraska the shadows were lengthening with drouth and its irreparable losses piling its burdens upon the economic effects of a depression that had shaken the entire nation. Nationally, high controversy was in progress, and The Lincoln Star threw its support to the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, an unwavering support that never faltered throughout the years of the Roosevelt era, the years of change, of bitter political controversy, of hot passions and deep prejudices, of continuing searing crop damage, season after season, of a mass migration of Nebraska population from the farms, of business stagnation and unemployment.

Throop accepted the thorn of directing the Nebraska relief program, hastily thrown together without plan or pattern by President Roosevelt.

He adopted one principle in administering the emergency activities directed nationally by the late Harry Hopkins. That principle, so characteristic of him, was that no Nebraska family should go hungry. He made good on it. At the peak tide 67,000 Nebraska families were subsisting as the result of the federal activity for which Throop served as chairman.

It was during that difficult period of farm distress and rebellion that The Star's editor received honorary mention from the Pulitzer board of awards for an editorial based upon mob action in Iowa in hauling a judge from the courtroom and threatening his life—an award which brought especially happy memories to Throop in relationship to the state in which he had lived so long, and to the state in which he was to conclude his labors. He reveled in the stout, two-fisted fight which his paper conducted in defense of education, when a more radical element of the legislature proposed closing the university to curtail tax burdens, and overwhelmingly its membership was committed to what easily could have been a most harmful economy program. That defense of the university fortunately averted the more drastic action.

It was in this atmosphere that the newspaper began its espousal of a comprehensive program of water storage on the Nebraska streams, and the expansion of irrigation wherever possible. Its editor was one of the three members of the Nebraska PWA advisory board, charged with developing projects to put the unemployed to work in a useful capacity, and to develop projects of permanent, lasting value to the state.

The board members visited all of the 93 counties. They traveled thousands of miles in a parched country of brown hills and fields, of depleted herds, of empty hog lots, a decaying countryside which persisted in a remarkable demonstration of faith, of dust-covered men putting seed in dust, seed which did not germinate because of lack of moisture, or if it did, wilted and withered six inches from the ground.

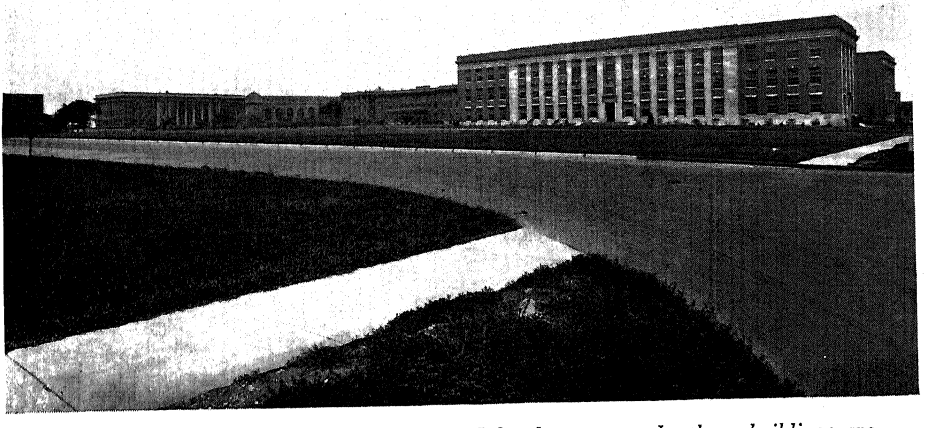
Out of that came Nebraska's Little TVA; embracing an expenditure of more than $70,000,000 of federal funds, doubling the irrigated acreage of Nebraska, with a substantial increase yet to come, creating a great lake on the upper Platte more than 3 miles in width, 100 feet in depth, and 35 miles in length, and producing enormous quantities of electricity distributed by a state system at greatly reduced rates for city, town, and countryside. It is the agency which furnishes 32,000 Nebraska farm homes, out of 90,000, with electricity. It was the power that turned the wheels of Nebraska war industry. It serves 347 Nebraska cities and towns with electricity, and more recently it provides electric energy for the city of Omaha.

Again in this fight, against powerful opposition, the leadership which The Star accepted met with a mixture of indifference on the part of most

of the Nebraska press, a stony silence save in those restricted areas which looked forward so hopefully to irrigation and revival, or, in the absence of indifference, active opposition. Following completion of the bulk of the massive undertaking, its first genuine test came in the summer of 1946 when the presence of water for more than a million acres tided cornfields representing a seventh of the total planted acreage of the state through a critical late July and early August heat wave.

The campaign of 1936 in Nebraska drew the curious attention of the nation. Through the initiative and referendum a proposal had been placed upon the state ballot for a constitutional amendment for a one-house or unicameral legislature, sponsored by the late Senator George W. Norris, Nebraska's nationally known liberal, and his associates. It was a novel experiment in American government, designed primarily to lighten legislative cost and to eliminate the mechanism of the conference committee through which much legislation is written.

Two newspapers in the daily field, The Lincoln Star and The Hastings Tribune, openly and actively supported the amendment. They had a handful of recruits in the weekly field. The powerful Omaha World-Herald fought it doggedly. Leaders of both major political parties were opposed to the plan. The amendment was approved by a vote of 286,086 to 193,152, a majority of 92,934. Eighty-five of the 93 counties gave majorities for it.



*The Central Mall of the University of Nebraska campus. In these buildings are housed the art galleries and museum; English Department and the College of Dentistry; Military Science, Conservation Survey, Chemistry, Zoology, and Botany*

Senator Norris, indifferent to his own campaign for re-election as an independent without a supporting slate, the first instance of this character in the history of the United States Senate, devoted the bulk of his energies in a three-weeks stumping tour in Nebraska, to the unicameral campaign. His own campaign for re-election as an independent was handled by J. E. Lawrence, the Lincoln Star's editor. He circulated petitions placing Senator Norris in nomination, and later in the fall directed a successful November campaign, which Senator Norris won in a three-cornered fight by 37,000 votes.

Those years of drouth, which did not actually terminate or lessen materially in severity until 1940, in all of their financial complexities, took a toll of both Frank and Mrs. Throop. Bravely he continued his labors, cheerful, considerate, outwardly meeting the public with infectious smile and gay, warming greeting.

Mrs. Throop died on March 12, 1942, after a long losing fight against a heart ailment and in her passing something of the joy of living was taken from Frank Throop.He had fallen victim to the same ailment, for months was confined to his home, from where he continued to direct the affairs of the paper with the same avid interest that characterized his entire career as a publisher. His friends enlivened his hours; he continued his lifelong habit of hungrily reading the newspapers, the magazines, and the best in books. Throop died on March 4, 1943, almost a year after Mrs. Throop passed away.

In those closing months of his illness, the business cares of the paper, and they were imposing, especially prior to the outbreak of World War II, as were the business cares of all Nebraska business institutions, fell chiefly upon the shoulders of Walter W. White.

White, after a brief initial baptism in advertising salesmanship, joined the advertising staff of The Lincoln Star in 1922, while completing law studies at the University of Nebraska from which he received his law degree. He started at the bottom in the classified department, achieved marked success through industry and natural aptitude, and within a short time became the energetic and efficient head of classified advertising. He devoted surplus energy to the display field, and there, as in the handling of classified advertising, revealed a marked ability in creating customer confidence by sympathetic and intelligent handling of accounts, especially in the fields of new advertising ideas and service. When Fred I. Archibald left The Star, White was appointed advertising director to succeed him.

He gave to the job and its burdens his untiring energy and competence. When joint operations of the Lincoln newspapers began, White took over the national field, and in a period of dwindling national linage succeeded

in bringing many new accounts to the papers. At the same time he lightened Throop's burdens by handling many of the details of the management. Throughout the final months of Throop's illness the local handling of the business problems of The Star fell wholly upon White's shoulders. Four months before Throop's death, White was appointed business manager, and in February of 1944, he was named publisher.

In the civic field his contributions have been wide and impressive. He served as a member of the board of directors of the Lincoln Chamber of Commerce, and as its president. He directed the affairs of the Lincoln Executives Club as its president, the Lincoln Better Business Bureau as its president, and served as secretary of the Lincoln Real Estate Board. He served as a member of the board of directors of the Lincoln University Club, and of the Country Club of Lincoln. He took a leadership in the affairs of the Community Chest, and at present is president of the Lincoln Library Board, which has greatly expanded its service, and which, upon his suggestion, ultimately hopes to construct a new, imposing, and adequate library building.

Born in Omaha, and educated in the Omaha public and high schools, White attended the University of Nebraska, affiliated with the Phi Delta Theta fraternity, and with Phi Delta Phi legal fraternity.

Under his direction The Lincoln Star has prospered and flourished since the lean years of the '30s and the early '40s. In the friendly atmosphere of The Star family the paper's prestige continues to grow, its roots to sink deeper in the soil of Nebraska in contributions to the state's thought and progress. Its publisher has brought to The Star the strength of new ideas and new methods.

Three men sprawled around the dying embers of a campfire, its tiny whisps of a smoke drifting skyward to embrace the descending coolness of approaching night that had closed in on a hot, late July day. Their decision had been reached on that July 29 of 1867 in the selection of a capital for the newly-born state of Nebraska. It had not been easy. Augmenting the emotional tides of the immediate post Civil War years, the three men comprising the state capital commission had been confronted by a bitter fight between the peoples of the North and South Platte regions, a flaring controversy that, in the immediate territorial years preceding statehood, had brought guns and gun play to the last two sessions of the territorial legislatures.

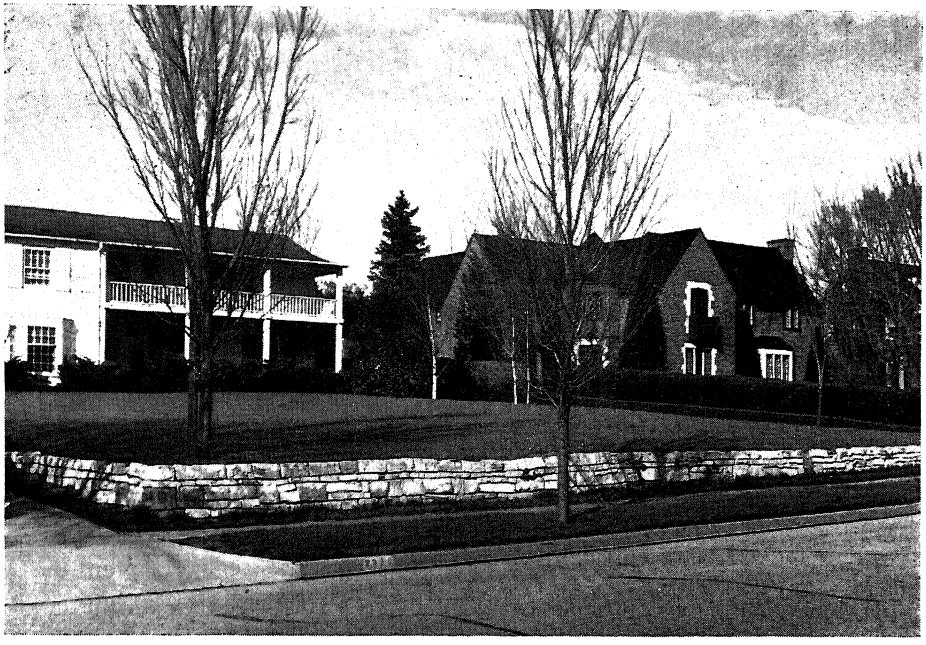
From the crest of a hill that provided a view of the green valley of Salt Creek, decision had come easily to the three men charged with weighing rival claims. This peaceful valley, they concluded on that summer night, was the most acceptable compromise. Sale of homesites to the future citizens of Lincoln began in September.

From that decision, and from a cluster of crude log and board cabins, has come a city of an estimated 100,000 people, a city curiously that never experienced a boom, nor mushroom expansion, but throughout the 80 years of existence, each 12 months has reflected a gratifying gain in population.

If any typical city of the North American great plains may be said to possess that distinction, it was fashioned by human hands. No neighboring mountains, no glistening lake, not even trees came to the aid of Lincoln's pioneers in the building of a capital city of physical beauty and character. Lincoln is surrounded, completely encircled, by gently rolling hills, it is true, but its builders started with only a sea of waving grass.

The planners revealed remarkable foresight in one particular especially. In the section reserved for business property the streets were laid out to provide avenues ranging from 100 to 120 feet in width. In the areas reserved for homes the residential districts are served with streets from 55 to 66 feet in width, with 60 feet the standard. Between lot lines and curbs, for mile after mile, young elms, maple, pin oak, pine, and spruce were planted, and now grown to mature, stately proportions, are one of the most attractive features of the Nebraska capital city.

*The classic combination of native stone and timber have given Lincoln some of the finest residences in the Middle West. These English homes in the Country Club section have lent a distinction to Lincoln not achieved by any other Nebraska city*



*Long noted for its attractive residential areas, the city of Lincoln has made this possible by rigid zoning, careful restrictions on construction, and the pride of its citizens. These beautiful homes overlook the Lincoln Country Club in a new section*

Its corporate limits now embrace 23.99 square miles; its park system boasts of 1,361 acres—the most impressive park, Pioneers, covering 640 acres of rolling hills and wooded valley, magnificently developed.

The more modern city which brought about the construction of new homes for some of the most impressive department stores of the Missouri valley, and a number of architecturally attractive office buildings, began taking form in 1915. That was the year also that expansion of the city campus of the University of Nebraska got under way, with the development of the present malls, the stadium, field house, and new class rooms.

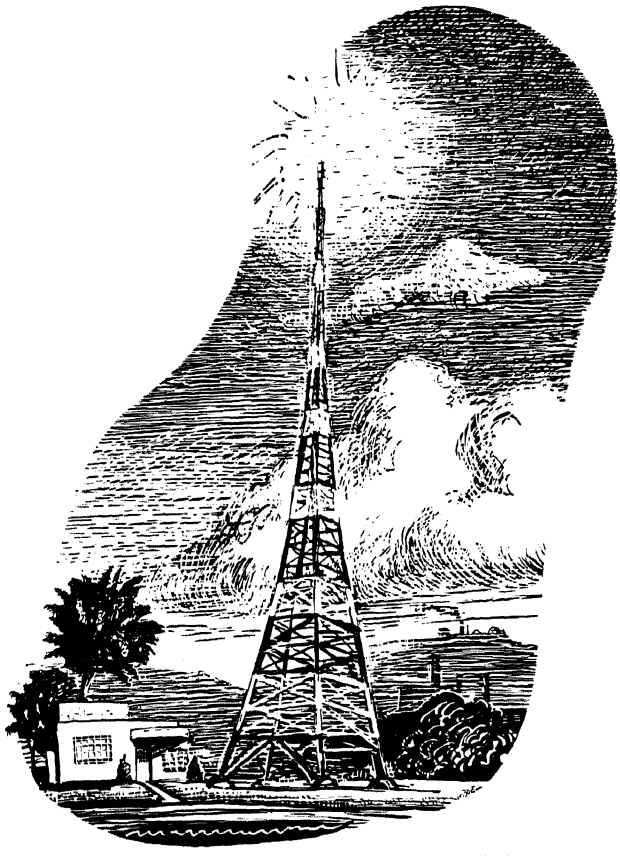
City planning followed rigid, fixed lines. To the north of the business section is the University of Nebraska campus. To the west, obscuring the mud flats of the Salt Creek Valley, is the wholesale, jobbing and older manufacturing districts, with warehouses, general offices, and railroad yards. In recent years a new industrial district has been created to the east and to the north of the campus of the University of Nebraska. The compact retail district, together with the office buildings housing the professions, largely front upon Lincoln's main arterial, O Street, one of the Midwest's long, straight avenues which stretches for a distance between 18 to 20 miles both to the east and to the west of the Nebraska capital.

It is a city of homes, of modern schools, of beautiful church edifices, graced by a capitol building hailed widely throughout the United States as one of the 10 outstanding architectural structures of the country. In addition to the state university, within Lincoln's corporate limit, are Wesleyan University, one of the larger institutions of the Methodist church, and Union College, an educational plant of the Seventh Day Adventists.

More recently industry has moved forward in accelerated volume, with the Elgin National Watch Company, Western Electric Company, and the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company opening important factories.

But through 80 years, Lincoln remains much as its founders planned, a city expressing the habits and the ideals of a people interested in the fireside, in education, in churches, and in the tilling of the soil.

And shortly now in the racing years is a 50th anniversary of Nebraska newspapering in a capital city born 24 months after the close of the Civil War.



# 15. Kinfolk

FRANCIS C. EIGHMEY

*For 10 years he was the guiding genius of Radio Station KGLO and WTAD. His sudden death in April, 1947, was definite loss to these stations and the industry*

# CHAPTER 15

# *Kinfolk*

## *RADIO BECOMES AN ADJUNCT*

LEE STATIONS, COMPRISING RADIO STATIONS KGLO OF Mason City, Iowa, and WTAD of Quincy, Illinois, are an entirely separate and distinct organization from the Lee group of newspapers though, as has been previously pointed out in these pages, they are steeped in those principles of independence and public service that have actuated Lee Newspapers throughout the years.

In the beginning Lee Stations were a development of one of the Lee papers, The Mason City Globe Gazette. Radio station KGLO owes its conception entirely to one man, Lee P. Loomis, publisher of The Globe-Gazette, who became convinced that a small, local radio station would both supplement and complement the services offered to the community and the territory by this newspaper.

But his was a voice crying in the wilderness so far as his associates were concerned. When he brought the idea of applying for a license to operate such a station to the attention of E. P. Adler, then, as now, president of The Mason City Globe-Gazette, he met no encouragement. Adler's experience with radio had not been fortunate. He had been too long and too devoutly a newspaperman to have much confidence in this new gadget of communication, and the early adventures of his syndicate family in radio had done little to bolster his faith. In the early 1920s, some youngsters in Madison, Wisconsin, had rigged up an experimental station and for nearly two years, The Wisconsin State Journal had broadcast news bulletins over this station for the benefit of a few fans with crystal sets. The boys needed some money for new equipment and offered to sell control of the company

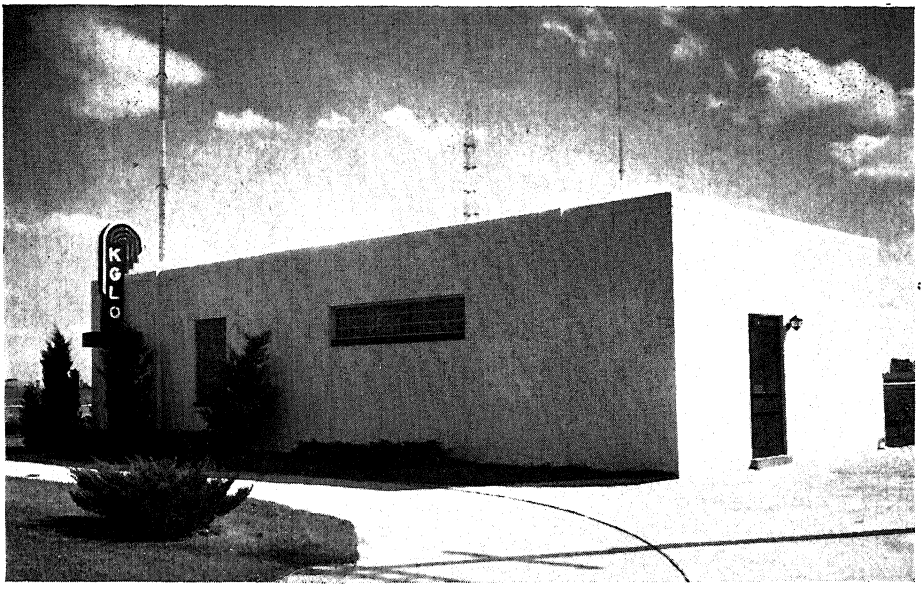
for $900. This was rejected. It wasn't worth it! Within 10 years competition in the Madison newspaper field compelled The Journal to organize a radio company, sell nearly $100,000 worth of stock, and launch a new station. This station WISJ had operated only 10 months when the courts, in a pioneer wave-length case, handed down a decision which eventually would have put the station off the air.

The new station, all dressed up but with no place to go and preferring half a loaf to no loaf at all, submitted to what at the moment was an unhappy merger with its competition. The splendid new towers and transmitter of WISJ were sold to the University of Wisconsin, and The State Journal interests became minority stockholders in the Badger Broadcasting Company of Station WIBA. So far the Lee investment in radio was unprofitable and though passage of time remedied that, Adler was sour on radio.

Nor did Loomis find much encouragement in his own organization in Mason City. His managing editor, W. Earl Hall, was an extremely vocal critic of radio and all its ways. For a while Loomis yielded to the majority sentiment against him but when outside parties filed an application for a license to operate a station in Mason City, he returned to the attack and at length persuaded his associates to give their blessings to his plan. Before he could implement this reluctantly given acquiescence, however, a second application for a Mason City station had been filed, with one of the parties concerned in the application being Mason City's prominent resident, Hanford MacNider.

Deeply discouraged by this development, Loomis nonetheless set the machinery in motion for the filing of an application by The Globe-Gazette. It was perhaps an indication of his lack of knowledge of radio custom that he engaged for his attorney in the forthcoming battle for a license, not one of the well-known members of the communications bar at Washington, but the late John Senneff, Jr., a brilliant young Mason Cityan. Before the several applications came to a hearing, a fourth petition had been filed, also by local interests.

The fiercely contested hearing that ensued before an examiner of the Federal Communications Commission at Washington attracted considerable attention even there. At length the construction permit to erect Mason City's first radio station was granted to The Globe-Gazette. Under the direction of The Globe-Gazette's consulting engineer, E. C. Page of Washington, now vice president in charge of engineering of the Mutual Broadcasting System, construction of the station was begun and through Page's insistence, a 300-foot tower, an almost unheard of extravagance for a 100-watt station, was raised.




*Transmitter building of Station KGLO and its landscaped surroundings on East-West Highway 18, attract attention of thousands each year. At night red warning and flasher beacons give year-around Christmas decoration display for travelers*

*Most of KGLO and WTAD audience are farmers or have predominiant agricultural interests. This is a group of Future Farmers being interviewed in a KGLO studio by Promotion Manager Henry Hook. Note the semi-cylindrical sound walls*

After the routine tests, the construction permit was succeeded by a license and on Sunday, January 17, 1937, Radio Station KGLO went on the air under the management of F. C. Eighmey, who had come from Radio Station WHBF, at Rock Island, Illinois, after an extensive experience in radio and advertising work, to become station manager.

If the conception of KGLO was due entirely to one man, its development and progress were likewise the handiwork of another. From the first Eighmey took over the full weight of responsibility for the station. This was foretold in an incident that occurred during the formal dedicatory broadcast. Loomis as head of the licensee company had begun the program with a few words of greeting to the listeners of the new station and then turned both the station and the microphone over to Eighmey as manager. In his remarks Loomis admitted his nervousness, saying, "This is the first time I ever talked before a microphone and I had to build a radio station to get here." He then left the studio and Eighmey after a few brief remarks did likewise. As they stood together outside the studio looking in, Eighmey said: "Yeah, and you'll have to build another to get back."

For 10 years Eighmey gave unstintingly of his labors and his genius, for it was all of that, to build first KGLO and then Lee Stations into prominence in the radio world. Much of the station's success under his management was due to the ability and enthusiasm of the brilliant corps of young men with whom Eighmey surrounded himself, and who are now carrying on in his stead.

Before detailing the rather remarkable growth and progress of KGLO which began as a 100-watt local station and today is a 5,000-watt regional station, widely recognized as an outstanding small-city outlet, it seems appropriate to review the separation of the radio interests from The Globe-Gazette and the initiation of the new group, Lee Stations.

In 1943, Eighmey and Loomis became convinced that there were disadvantages for both station and newspaper involved in joint ownership. Unscrambling eggs, however, was not an easy prospect to confront. At length, after consultation with both legal and accounting authorities, Loomis began quietly to take first steps. The Mason City Globe-Gazette Company, owner of both newspaper and radio, was capitalized for $400,000. The newspaper assets grossed approximately an even $300,000. Loomis approached each stockholder of the company, whose stock holdings were not already divisable by four, offering personally to buy or sell in each instance enough stock to make that stockholder's holding a multiple of four shares. When this had been accomplished, he proposed a new company, The Globe-Gazette Publishing Company with $300,000 capital stock. He then approached the stockholders of the original company, proposing the separa-

*WTAD's spacious AM studios and office quarters occupy tenth floor of WCU Building in Quincy, Illinois. The studios for FM broadcasting were being constructed in same building when the pictures for this volume were assembled*

*Atop its formalized terraces, WTAD's transmitter house combines attractive appearance and functional purpose. This elevation was planned to protect plant from the Mississippi River floods. One in spring of 1947 brought water up to door*

tion of the two properties by the sale of the newspaper assets to the new company, the calling in of all outstanding stock, and the return to the stockholders of three shares in the newspaper company and one share in the radio company for each four shares formerly held. By this mechanism, each stockholder would hold, after the separation, exactly as much interest in the two separate companies as he had held in the joint company and in exactly the same proportion with the other stockholders. The plan was approved and the appropriate action taken.

Thus, on January 1, 1944, The Globe-Gazette Publishing Company began business as the publisher of The Mason City Globe-Gazette and the old Mason City Globe-Gazette Company continued in business as the owner and licensee of the radio station. In the beginning, of course, both companies had exactly the same officers and exactly the same stockholders. But this condition continued for only a short while. Employees of the radio station, who had been stockholders in the newspaper company, exchanged their newspaper stock for additional radio stock. When the first annual meeting of the radio company was held after the separation in May, 1944, a new board of directors of seven was elected, four of whom had no connection with the Globe-Gazette Publishing Company. Two of the four officers elected by the board of directors were not Globe-Gazette stockholders and the only officer serving both companies as such, was the president, Lee P. Loomis, who was secretary and treasurer of The Globe-Gazette. E. P. Adler, president of The Globe-Gazette, was not on the board of the radio company and today is not even a stockholder.

Almost immediately after separate operation began, The Mason City Globe-Gazette Company, the radio company, applied to the Federal Communications Commission for permission to change the name of the licensee company to Lee Radio, Inc., since the corporation no longer had any corporate connection with The Globe-Gazette. Before the first annual meeting of the company after the separation, this permission had been granted and the articles of incorporation amended in accordance therewith.

KGLO thus became the first of the Lee Stations. Something of the growth of this station must be told before the recital of events leading to the acquiring of a sister outlet.

From the very beginning, KGLO made radio history. When on June 27, 1937, it became an affiliate of the Columbia Broadcasting System, it was the first 100-watt outlet admitted to membership in that charmed circle. But even before that, it had attracted national notice in the broadcasting press. When it went on the air, it had $25,000 worth of advertising contracts signed with local, regional, and national advertisers, the largest initial signing for any 100-watt radio station in the history of the industry. This

figure was later surpassed by other stations but at the time, it was the high-water mark.

The affiliation with the Columbia network was a great step forward in the history of the youthful KGLO. Until that event, the station had programmed solely with transcriptions, recordings, and local talent. Despite the activity and ingenuity of its staff, Loomis and Eighmey believed that this kind of fare for its listeners left much to be desired. Contacts were made with the brass hats of the station-relations department of Columbia. At first, to put it mildly, these approaches were brusquely received. But Loomis and Eighmey persevered and brought every possible argument to bear.

At length, one Friday afternoon in June, 1937, Loomis received a telegram from "Jap" Gude, then station-relations manager of Columbia, asking if he could meet Gude Monday morning in the latter's office in New York. Loomis at once wired back, "You Bet." The message was not delivered in New York until the next day, Saturday. But even in 1937, Columbia offices operated on Saturday with a skeleton crew, and bigwigs like Gude did not go to their offices often on that day.

That Saturday morning, Gude went from his suburban home to a nearby business section to do some shopping. While in a drug store, he called Mrs. Gude to see if there was anything else she wanted. Over the phone

*The year 1947 also is an anniversary date for KGLO. The station first went on the air January 17, 1937. Two original staff members who attended 10th anniversary were the late F. C. Eighmey presenting watch to Engineer Carl Olson*

she told him that his office had been trying to reach him. So from the drug store, he called the Columbia offices. While waiting for the operator to make the connection, he took out a cigarette and seeing a packet of paper matches lying on the counter beside the telephone, opened it and lit his cigarette. Idly he looked down at the packet as his connection was completed and his secretary read him over the phone the wire from Loomis. Suddenly he started. The wire was from Mason City, Iowa. The packet of matches was advertising the Green Mill Cafe of Mason City, Iowa. It was a striking coincidence.

When Loomis arrived in Gude's office Monday morning, the New Yorker's first words were "Do you eat at the Green Mill?" Loomis was puzzled. He replied, "If you mean the Green Mill in Mason City, Iowa, the answer is 'yes.' If you refer to a New York cafe of that name, I never heard of it." Gude with a grin laid the match packet before the Iowan and explained what had happened. He declared he believed it a good omen and was ready to close the contract Loomis wanted. Whether the coincidence had any influence on Gude or not, when the contract finally was completed late that afternoon and signed, on the bar of a near-by dispensary much patronized by Columbia personnel, Herbert Ackerburg, vice president in charge of station-relations, and Gude wrote "best wishes to KGLO" on the packet, signing their names just as they appeared in the contract, and presented it to Loomis. It is today among the prized possessions of the station and reposes in KLGO's strong box.

No explanation of how a Green Mill match packet happened to be on the counter of a New York suburban drug store has ever been offered.

Of course, when the station first became affiliated with Columbia, it did not carry the great bulk of Columbia's top programs, as it does today. Far from it! Sponsored Columbia shows were few and far between on KGLO's programs. But the network sustaining shows were a great addition to the waxed and local entertainment that had been the sole fare for listeners until that time.

If the operators of KGLO were dissatisfied with their early programs, they were equally unhappy about their power and coverage. It did not long remain a 100-watt station. Within a year, August 11, 1937, its daytime power had been increased to 250 watts and thanks to its splendid transmitting plant, it began good, regional coverage from sunrise to sunset. On September 28, 1939, it was authorized to increase its power to 250 watts at night as well.

Then began the long, weary struggle to change from a local outlet to a regional station. No regional wave length at that time appeared to be available for an outlet in the Mason City territory. Several efforts were

made to purchase stations located elsewhere with the intention of moving them to Mason City, but these proved futile. At length, with the approval of the Federal Communications Commission, an arrangement was effected with Station KWLC of Luther College at Decorah, Iowa, by virtue of which the wave length on which Decorah was operating with 100 watts was assigned to KGLO with permission to operate thereon with 1,000 watts, and to the college outlet went KGLO's former wave length. As compensation for this exchange KGLO turned over its 250-watt transmitter and studio equipment to the college authorities, and defrayed the cost of the erection of a new tower there.

Operation on the new wave length of 1300 kilocycles with 1,000 watts required directionalization at night. At length, the two new, supplementary towers required for directionalization were erected and the new 1,000-watt transmitter installed. On Saturday, March 28, 1941, KGLO began operating as a regional station, the first commercial outlet of that character in the north one-third of Iowa.

The next step was the moving from the studios in the Hanford Hotel which KGLO had occupied since its start on the air, to splendidly equipped new quarters in the MacNider Building at 12 Second Street N. E. After several months of remodeling, at the expense of more than $30,000, and the installation of brand-new studio equipment of the latest pattern, broadcasting was begun from the new quarters late Saturday night, December 6, 1941. All during that day, staff members of the station had been busy with the extra tasks of moving the office records and that small amount of furniture and equipment which had not been replaced. This work and the adjustment to their new quarters continued all through Saturday night. In this last phase of the moving, the staff personnel was denied the guiding hand of Manager Eighmey, who had suffered a broken leg the previous Friday afternoon by falling through an aperture in the floor of the control room which the carpenters had not yet closed. Until long after midnight Loomis remained on the job, attempting to substitute for the missing manager.

Then dawned bright and clear the morning of Sunday, December 7, 1941, a fateful day in the history of KGLO, and of all the world beside. Coming to the studio about 9 o'clock Sunday morning. Loomis found things running smoothly, though much still remained to be done. He stayed with the staff, helping where he could until 1 o'clock and then went to his home for dinner. As he and Mrs. Loomis sat at the dinner table, a Columbia network program was interrupted by an excited announcer who gave the first news of the tragic and traitorous assault by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor. Remembering that W. Earl Hall, editor of The Globe-

*Heads of KGLO are, front, left to right: Charles Hilton, news; Douglas Sherwin, production; William Sutter, programs; rear, Leo Born, technical chief, Lee Stations; Roger Sawyer, engineer; Henry Hook, public relations; Herbert Ohrt, manager*

Gazette, was in Chicago and unavailable, Loomis immediately set the wheels in motion to gather in the newspaper staff for a Sunday afternoon extra carrying the momentous news, and then telephoned the workers at the station telling them they were on their own for the crisis. The staff was equal to the emergency. Regularly scheduled programs were forgotten as the networks squeezed every ounce of news available from the cable dispatches.

Formal dedication of the new quarters was delayed until the following Thursday evening when a dedicatory program was offered from the new and then almost revolutionary poly-cylindrical walled studio. While KGLO and its staff took the outbreak of war for their country in their stride, the armed forces were to decimate that staff within the next 10 months. With not more than 15 young men in its employ on the fateful moving day, 10 months later, KGLO in an advertisement in The Mason City Globe-Gazette, on October 30, was to list eight of them as already in service. And among the eight were such stars of the young staff as Douglas Sherwin, George Arnold, Henry Hook, Jim Woods, Damon Ecles, and Glen Wright. In all, 12 young men left the station to join the armed services before the war was over.

Scarcely was KGLO in operation as a regional station before its restless management filed an application for the increase of its power from 1,000

to 5,000 watts. When this application had been granted, there began a scurry of activity. Wartime freezes had begun. The army and navy were jealously watching the radio equipment delivered to private operators. For weeks and weeks, KGLO waited for the shipment of its new RCA transmitter. Chief Engineer Leo Born went to Camden and remained there for more weeks striving to hurry the shipping date. To install the new transmitter, the transmitter house, located a mile and a half west of Mason City on Highway 18, had to be greatly enlarged. Building operations were already being slowed up by war-time demands.

At length the building was completed and the transmitter, or rather as much of it as was needed for operation, if not for convenience, was received. The new transmitter required a three-phase electric current, and the local public utilities' nearest three-phase line was a half mile away. Three miles of cable were therefore needed to make the connection. The public utilities had it but could not secure the necessary permission for its use. Down to Washington trekked Lee Loomis to beg on bended knee from WPB for that permission, but in vain.

Even this impasse could not discourage or deter the resourceful young men at KGLO. By dint of intensive and long-continued search, Leo Born found in one place a secondhand diesel generator capable of operating the transmitter with 5,000-watt power and in another, a secondhand gasoline

*These men make WTAD tick. Front row, left to right: Walter Rothschild, manager national sales, Lee Stations; C. Arthur Fifer, public relations; rear, George Arnold, Jr., and William T. Burghart, co-managers; Merritt Milligan, program director*

generator that could produce current sufficient to operate the transmitter with 1,000-watt power that could be used for a stand-by. Another addition was hurriedly built to house the generating equipment. On Thursday, October 29, KGLO began operation with 5,000-watt power generating its own electricity and becoming in larger measure than ever before a self-contained and self-operated unit.

With KGLO operating at the maximum power available for a station of its class, with the newest and most modern equipment in use at both the studio and the transmitter house, with its program hours crowded with some of the best entertainment offered by any American network, the still restless management began to look afield for a new outlet for their progressive impulses.

Foremost among the considerations that moved Loomis, Eighmey, and their associates was the prospect that when the war ended, 10 or 12 young men who had proved their ability in radio, would be returning to the fold. There was not room for all of them and such of their replacements as had proved worthy, on the one station. The obvious answer was another station. So the search began. Their attention focused on one station, WTAD at Quincy, Illinois. WTAD like KGLO was a Columbia station, it served the same kind of an audience. It was near enough to permit a measure of joint operation and far enough away so that there was no conflict in the territory served. The listening areas of the two stations barely join but certainly do not overlap. Negotiations were begun, therefore, with the owners of WTAD and on July 26, 1944, a contract was signed for the purchase of this station at a net price of $400,000. Consent of the FCC was immediately asked for the transfer and at length this was obtained. The new owners took over operation of WTAD on December 9, 1944, and on that date the Lee Stations became an established fact and no longer merely a name.

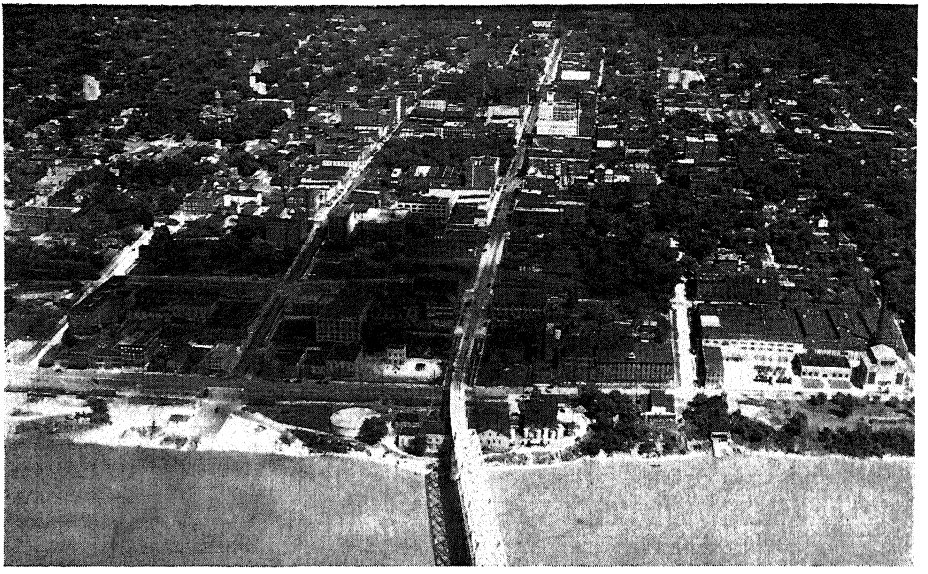
As a detour from the main story, a paragraph here as to the method by which the radio management financed so ambitious an undertaking may not be out of place. When Lee Radio, Inc., separated from the old company, it was capitalized as has been seen, at $100,000. However, by foresight, it was even then authorized to increase its capitalization to $300,000. Stockholders were asked to subscribe for their proportionate amount of the new stock that was now offered. It is a testimonial to their confidence in the management that but three of the stockholders failed to do so. One of these was an estate that was limited in its power to invest, and the other two individual stockholders failed to subscribe for reasons that had no connection with any lack of confidence in the proposal. Having sold $200,000 of new stock, Lee Radio, with a comfortable reserve already in its treasury, was able to purchase control of the new Lee Broadcasting, Inc. by buying

$250,000 of the $400,000 stock issue. The remaining $150,000 was subscribed personally by Loomis, Eighmey, and Clifford Yewdall, a New York public accountant, who for many years has served member papers of the Lee group. Much of this additional stock has since been resold to employees and associates.

The same restless energy and hunger for improvement that characterized the management of KGLO was soon evident in the operation of WTAD. A new stand-by generator was installed at the transmitter to obviate shutdowns of service when commercial power failed. A new transmitter was purchased and is now operating, replacing the existing equipment which had seen its best days. The studio has been remodeled and redecorated. To Quincy have gone such former staff members of KGLO as Jim Woods, sports announcer extraordinary; Merritt Milligan, program director; Urlin Whitman, technical director; and George Arnold, Jr., who before his term of service in the U. S. forces was assistant manager of KGLO. All these and others have been added to the able and competent staff that had given WTAD outstanding rank among the regional stations of the Middle West.

But with all this, the restlessness of Francis Eighmey and his associates in the Lee Stations management was not sated. They still looked forward to new horizons. FM became the new goal both at Mason City and at Quincy, where the first FM member of Lee Stations will take the air.

*Mason City headquarters of KGLO are efficiently attractive. Studios and offices occupy second floor of building at 12 Second Street, N. E. Plans have provided plenty of room for new FM studios when that service is ready for the air waves*



*Spirits of Lincoln and Douglas stalk many Illinois communities. The patch of trees in the foreground of this air view is the public square at Quincy, Illinois, where the two great men participated in one of their now famous political debates*

The Federal Communications Commission has granted construction permits for both FM stations, but Quincy should be ready to take the air long before the end of 1947. Plans for the new FM outlets are characteristically ambitious involving new and modern studios, and at least at Quincy a tower extending more than 800 feet into the air.

Such was the situation on April 28, 1947. During that night Francis C. Eighmey, secretary and treasurer of Lee Radio, Inc., licensee of KGLO, and Lee Broadcasting, Inc., licensee of WTAD, and general manager of both stations, succumbed to a sudden heart attack of which there had been no warning.

It was a blow to all of his associates both at Quincy and Mason City. Memorial programs were broadcast by both stations at the time of the funeral in Mason City, which was attended by practically the entire staff of KGLO, by many representatives from WTAD, as well as by an outpouring of relatives and friends from Mason City and other communities.

No more striking tribute could have been paid to Eighmey, as a friend, as an associate, and as a great radio man, than that written by W. Earl Hall, managing editor of The Mason City Globe-Gazette. To evaluate properly this tribute the reader must be reminded of an incident that marked the advent of KGLO. In the issue of January 16, 1937, the day before KGLO took the air, Hall greeted the new station with an editorial to which the

Globe-Gazette publisher, Lee Loomis, referred in a signed front page editorial in these words:

"On his especial page, our editorial diehard grudgingly extends half-hearted greetings to our newest affiliate, but resolutely reaffirms his skepticism, not that anything good can come out of the airwaves, but rather that it will, even with our own left hand at the controls."

In the course of this early editorial Hall said:

"Here and now, let the editorial 'we' identify himself as an unreconstructed rebel so far as this radio business is concerned. Capturing the leopard has not washed away its spots. While we'll concede the possibility of harnessing this greatest of modern inventions for the service of Mason City and North Iowa, the promise alone of that will not suffice. We'll have to be shown. We're of Missouri extraction. Now this, we grant, is no proper way to welcome a radio station, but doggone it, Mr. Eighmey, we're on the spot. Please try to understand us in the postponement of our flowers . . . they may be along later."

How prophetic was Hall's intimation that flowers might be along later and how earnestly and sincerely they were accorded is attested by his tribute to Eighmey's memory in The Globe-Gazette of April 30, 1947. He wrote:

"All who have been associated with him these past ten years in the establishment and development of KGLO, and more latterly WTAD of Quincy, Ill., were shocked and saddened by the sudden and wholly unexpected passing of F. C. Eighmey.

"KGLO and all that it stands for is the dream of Francis C. Eighmey come true.

"A like story is being written at Quincy, Ill., where a more recently acquired radio station has been the beneficiary of Mr. Eighmey's vision and leadership.

"Despite his man's size job in radio, Mr. Eighmey found time for fruitful activity in other fields, some of them no more than indirectly related to his profession . . .

"For one thing he served as radio co-ordinator for Iowa during the war, representing the National Defense Committee of the National Association of Broadcasters.

"For another as county chairman he headed up two highly successful war bond sales, giving unstintingly of his time, effort, and means.

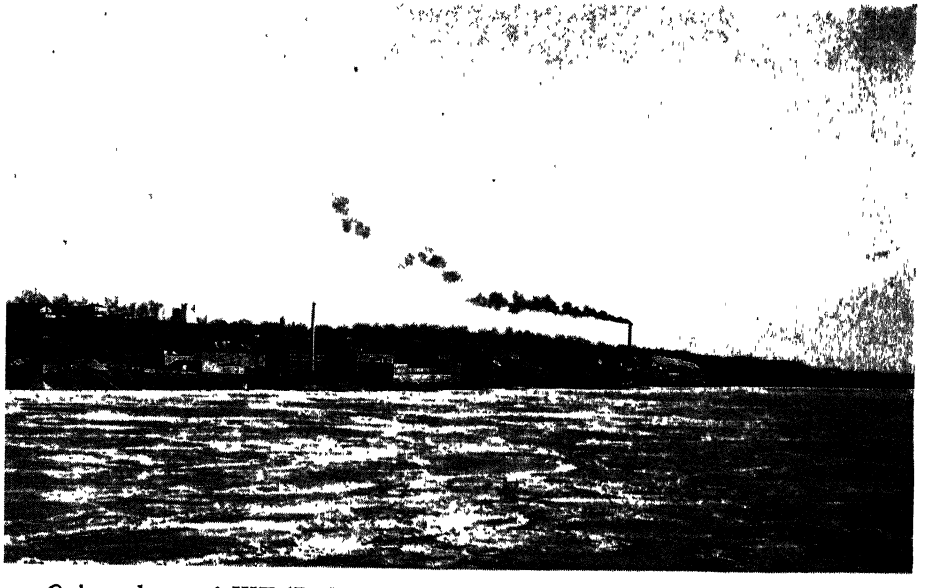
"For the past two years he has been a member of the Iowa State Aeronautics Commission, acting as its secretary. Appointment by the governor to this agency was a recognition of his active interest in aviation . . .

"From every point of view, Francis C. Eighmey lived a singularly

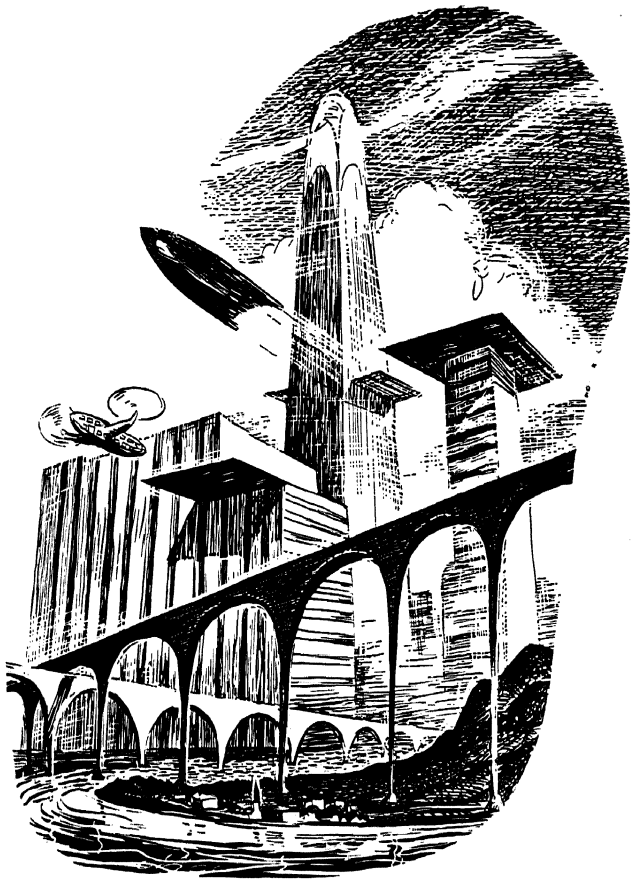
useful life. Our community is the better for his having lived a dozen years of his all too brief career in our midst."

But the most eloquent tribute to Eighmey's memory is being written daily in the conscientious and expert handling of the affairs of Lee Stations by the young men whom he trained and placed in executive positions, and who with some slight over-all guidance by Lee Loomis, are striving to continue both outlets in their positions of leadership and prominence in the radio world.

Leo Born serves where Eighmey placed him as over-all technical director and Walter Rothschild continues in charge of national sales for both stations. Henry B. Hook is public relations chief and promotion manager at both Mason City and Quincy. Operation of KGLO is under the direction of Herbert Ohrt, formerly assistant manager, and George Arnold, Jr., and William T. Burghart serve as co-managers of WTAD. It is the determination of these and their fellow executives and employees that Eighmey's policies shall be carried out and that the Mason City and Quincy stations, both AM and FM, shall continue to serve the public interest and necessity in that full measure that Francis Eighmey would require, had he been spared to lead them.



*Quincy, home of WTAD, has an important industrial life of 70 manufacturers, which employ 7,500 men and women workers. Most of the factories are located along the banks of the Mississippi River, seen in this picture full of winter ice*



# *16.* The End—and the Beginning

# CHAPTER 16

# *End-and the Beginning*

## *AS THE SECOND CENTURY OPENS*

THIS THEN, IS THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY AND THE END of the book. Every Lee man worthy of that name is convinced that the story of the group's progress to date is only the first chapter and that many pages remain to be written.

Everything that made the Lee papers what they are today still is available to write an even better chapter tomorrow, including the mind and heart of the founder which have so enshrined themselves in the consciousnesses of his heirs and successors that they remain motivations to this day.

The theories of A. W. Lee are as sound in principle as ever. To be independent, newspapers still must be successful. To be successful they still must be above suspicion of loyalty to any other interest but those shared by their subscribers and the communities they serve. In the future, as in the past, no Lee executives will run for public office so long as the imputations of such a course remain as they have been and are today. No Lee newspaper will go too deeply into debt or in any other way come under obligation to any special interest.

From the first, local independence and autonomy have been a fetish with these newspapers and they will continue to be so. In the future, as in the past, they will be among the pioneers in the adoption of new techniques and in the utilization of improved machinery and methods.

Forty years ago the Lee organization successfully withstood the shock when it lost its founder in the midst of an adverse financial and business cycle; and no greater crisis of personnel is within the realm of probability.

As every business man knows, the problems that confront management today are greater and more confusing than they ever have been in the

history of commerce. But the methods and theories of Lee operations should qualify the executives of the organization to meet these problems in superior fashion. They have risen from the ranks. Almost without exception they have no other business interests. Whatever they have of this world's goods they have earned through their positions with the papers and have invested in the properties of the group. Subordinates, too, are stock owners, and the relative proportion of employee stock ownership is large.

As these lines are written there is much public discussion of the question of the freedom of the press. This has happened before and will happen again. Lee publishers believe that as long as there are newspapers in America there will be Lee Newspapers, and as long as there are Lee Newspapers, and others like them, there will be a free press.

These newspapers have substituted cooperation and close association for monopoly. They have solved the problem of maintaining the small local paper in competition with some of the giants of the press, by making available to each member paper the combined skills and experiences of the executives of all the members. This policy has given metropolitan-like papers to the smallest communities the group serves. In those cities where diversity of opinion made it unlikely that one paper could satisfactorily serve the public, Lee methods have maintained two papers either under group operation or through arrangements which continue valid and real competition in all essential news and circulation and editorial activities, but have permitted successful operation in fields which otherwise would not sustain more than one publication.

All of the cities in which Lee papers are printed, in spite of the sensational growth which some of them have enjoyed, are at heart only overgrown country towns. These towns, like the papers that serve them, have their roots in the soil. Both the papers, and the subscribers and advertisers, who are their customers, are intensely and loyally American. The publishers and editors have their faith in the principles of a free and responsible press buttressed upon and renewed by the tradition and history of the group. When A. W. Lee died, E. P. Adler became a more uncompromising disciple of the Lee principles than was the founder himself. Through 40 years Mr. Adler has ground into his younger associates the loyalty that was his to every characteristic and policy that is part of a truly free press. In this history there have been only a few instances like the dynamiting of the Mahin home, or the bitter attacks through press and radio of a Norman Baker upon The Muscatine Journal. But the lessons of these instances have not been lost upon succeeding generations of executives. Freedom for a newspaper is not bought cheaply. Clyde Rabedeaux might be alive today but for the price he was forced to pay in work and worry for freedom to print the death notices of the victims of a so-called cancer cure.

Should one of these newspapers ever depart from true and undying loyalty to every principle and sacrifice which makes for a free press, the lives of A. W. Lee and E. P. Adler would have been lived in vain. Those whose privilege it will be to share the burdens which E. P. Adler assumed 40 years ago, when that indomitable spirit is forced to lay them down, are pledged in their hearts that this shall never happen.

From a business and financial standpoint the Lee papers are equally well-fortified. All of them have been operated successfully for the past decade or more. They have adequate reserves. Each is, in sentiment and in fact if not legally, a bulwark for the others. Whatever of good or ill the future may have in store for any business enterprise, Lee papers will be cushioned against by more than normal safeguards. From personnel standpoints, too, they enjoy advantages. The executives of one paper are familiar with the methods of the others because of the similarity of operational procedures. In a crisis they can be exchanged without loss or even a temporary halt in progress. So standardized are some of the methods that A. W. Lee, if he returned, could look at the little black book kept by every Lee publisher, as practiced by Lee himself and required by him of his early associates, and know just what each property did the month before. Some account names might puzzle him, but most of them still bear the nomenclature he gave them.

When Adler and Powell took over the operation of the papers, both were seasoned printers and both still carried cards in the typographical union. Both approached the problem of labor from the practical point of view of men who had worked with their hands and who had participated in union affairs. Even back of that was a creed of square dealing. That creed involved dealing honestly with communities, readers, and advertisers. The same philosophy created the relationships between Lee executives and the men and women who got out the newspapers.

Between A. W. Lee's advanced ideas and the natural sympathies of his successors, the foundation for a successful labor relationship was fashioned. Into the midyear of 1947, Lee papers have seen the passage of approximately 300 plant years without an open rift with any of the various crafts or groups of employees which produce these newspapers. This record has been maintained through periods when labor relations were easy, and when they were difficult. If it should ever be broken, it will be because someone, an executive or a labor group or both, strayed from the creed of square dealing and understanding of each other's problems that has motivated these relationships over the years.

Not the least of the contributions made to the future by the founder and his successor was the selection of the towns in which the papers are published. All are located in or near the center of the world's richest agricul-

tural area. So long as men must eat, the rich acres of Iowa, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, and Eastern Nebraska are assured of a basic prosperity. Two state capitals are among the cities these papers serve. Two great state universities grace these same cities. Five of the papers are published along the banks of the Mississippi which bulked so large in A. W. Lee's plans and strategy. Today, in spite of rail, truck, and air competition, the old river carries a tonnage far in excess of that born in the heyday of the river packets.

An industrial empire greater than that possessed by many sovereign states of the world centers in the 10 areas these papers serve. Three hundred thousand loyal readers subscribe for the various papers. A million and a half people reside in the areas served, and are influenced in some degree by the editorial and news policies of these publications. In 1946 the 10 papers carried 65,000,000 lines of advertising. Had paper been available they would have far surpassed this mark.

This is the story as it appears through the year of 1947. It marks an anniversary year; the 75th birthday of the leader, E. P. Adler; the 40th anniversary of his taking over from the founder the burden of making a great dream come true; the 100th anniversary of the remote beginning of what is today the Lee Newspapers. Those who have told it are reporters who have recorded as faithfully as possible the various steps by which the dreams of Lee and Adler took form and substance. Reporters are not prophets, nor are they gifted with second sight. They cannot clearly see all that will happen tomorrow. Those who have written this book have found, however, many reasons for confidence that the future will be worthy of the past.

# Acknowledgments

IT IS CUSTOM TO BOW TO THOSE WHO, BY GIVING IDEAS, SOURCE MATERIAL, OR CRITICISM, HAVE helped a book reach the press. For this volume, a bow seems inadequate. The book was written, edited, and published as a surprise for E. P. Adler on his 75th birthday. For nearly two years his associates conspired to place in book form, for the first time, the history of the Lee papers.

Many have helped in small ways. Those whose contributions have been most important are:

E. P. Adler, who unwittingly supplied many of the anecdotes and much of the historical material. His friends and colleagues would badger him into telling them bits of his life story. Then they would hurry away to get it on paper. He must have wondered why so often he was so suddenly abandoned. Now he knows.

Miss Laura Lee, daughter of the late A. W. Lee, read most of the book in manuscript and proof. She supplied much of the material on the life of her father. Her suggestions and criticisms were constructive and helpful, and her lively interest in the venture gave its authors encouragement.

Carroll Coleman, distinguished book designer of the University of Iowa, helped plan typography, layout, and design. It was comforting to amateur book publishers to lean on the broad shoulders of a man of good taste and expert knowledge. Dr. Frank Thayer, of the University of Wisconsin, and his wife Virginia read copy, a difficult task because it involved putting the journalese of a dozen working newspaper men and women into a somewhat harmonious style. Robert Hodgell, protege of the late John Steuart Curry, did all of the art work. John Newhouse, Madison, did much of the necessary re-writing.

The book was set and printed in The Star-Courier plant at Kewanee, Illinois, under the watchful eye of Philip D. Adler. If it has quality in type and print, it is because of the efforts of E. P. Fuller, a skilled craftsman. Both Coleman and Fuller received their early training on The Muscatine Journal. Eldred Olson, of the Brock Engraving Company, was helpful and patient. Mrs. Harold L. Nelson did the proofreading. A. F. Williams of Brock and Rankin, bookbinders, contributed from his experience to the cover design and book organization. Paging and imposing were under direction of Paul J. Martin; presswork had the constant attention of Leslie E. Brandt.

Lee P. Loomis and Phil Adler wrote the general history of the papers and their men. Don Anderson served as editor, supervised the art work and illustrations, and wrote the captions.

Background for the life of E. P. Adler came from M. C. Blade, Milwaukee; C. K. Adler, Mrs. James F. Powell, John Huston, and John Wagner, all of Ottumwa; R. J. Leysen, Davenport; Kent Cooper, general manager, and Marion Sheen, Chicago news editor, of The Associated Press.

Clarence Johnston did the major work on the Ottumwa chapter, assisted by W. C. Powell, reporter and son of the former publisher; Al Efner, city editor; Bernard Huston, reporter and photographer. Others who helped were Miss Jennie Marrinan, Mrs. Anna Murphy, Mrs. Phil Waterman, Mrs. W. F. McCarroll, and Clarence Boltz, all of whom attended the old Adams school with E. P. Adler.

John Bailey, director of the Davenport Public Museum, made available pictorial and biographical material. The research of Dr. Charles E. Snyder, pastor of the Davenport Unitarian Church, into early history, was of value. Mervin A. Fulton, news editor of The Times, reviewed editorials and news in the early files of the paper. Phillip Hutchison and Joseph Weber were in charge of the pictures.

Ralph Cram, retired editor and publisher, wrote most of The Democrat chapter. Other staff members who assisted were Hugh Harrison, William A. Ceperley, Harry Boll, Mary Neils, Dick Stolze, and Mabel Wickham.

Many members of The Muscatine Journal staff, past and present, particularly Managing Editor Walter Russell, and Lee Loomis, a former editor and publisher, helped furnish the material and write the story of that city. The P. M. Musser Public Library staff helped. Vincent Carey, of the Mississippi Valley Grain Company, and The Journal's own photographic department supplied the pictures.

Aerial photographs of Hannibal are by Gerald R. Massie, of the Missouri Department of Research and Development, who made a special flight to take them. The Clemens portrait is from an oil owned by Norman D. Bassett, a Mark Twain scholar of Madison, Wisconsin. Information covering Hannibal history and Courier-Post material were gathered by E. L. Sparks, publisher, and William A. Cable, managing editor, and later compiled by John Newhouse of Madison.

The La Crosse chapter was written by Vera Macdonald. J. E. Lienlokken, Tribune news and photo editor, selected the pictures, which were taken by Frances Burgess and Harry Larsson.

The Wisconsin Historical Society furnished material for the Madison chapter, as did Louis W. Bridgman and J. Winter Everett. Emerson Ela, attorney who represented three ownerships of The Wisconsin State Journal, explained the details of the sale to the Lee interests.

Background for The Kewanee Star-Courier story came from Leo H. Lowe, C. R. Ketridge, and Frank P. Johnson of Kewanee. Pictures were furnished by R. T. Neville.

The Mason City chapter was largely the work of City Editor Norem, with the help of several staff members. Remley J. Glass, Iowa historian, provided much source material and friendly criticism.

The story of The Lincoln Star was written by its editor, J. E. Lawrence, drawn from personal recollections of an association dating to within four years of the paper's first issue. Publisher Walter W. White helped in an examination of the files. The Nebraska State Historical Society assisted. Pictures are through the courtesy of the University of Nebraska, the Lincoln Chamber of Commerce, and Staff Photographer John DePutron.

Miss Irene Doyle, assistant librarian of the University of Wisconsin, prepared the index. Ludlow Typograph and Mergenthaler Linotype Company technicians materially assisted in matters of type and design.

In fact, the entire preparation of this volume has been symbolical of the Lee group, its policies, and its philosophies. A chain or a group of newspapers with a centralized command probably would have employed a noted author or an accomplished hack to write the story. This would have insured a unified style and coherence. But the story of the Lee papers is of, by, and for the group members, themselves. From 20 to 30 individuals—executives, staff members, and several in retirement—have contributed to the sum total here presented. That is the Lee way of getting things done. The other way might have produced a better story. It would not have been as realistic, as sincere, or as "from the heart" as is the saga here unfolded in our own characteristic style.

# Index


Adler, Bertha Blade: 84, 96
Adler, Betty: *see* Waterman, Betty Adler
Adler, Betty II: 114
Adler, Clint: 96
Adler, Elias: 82
Adler, Emanuel Philip: 14-16, 26, 55, 80-132, 151, 153, 171, 177-178, 224, 237, 240, 279, 389; activities 124-125, 127-128, 175; and Associated Press 106-107; and *Davenport Times*: 51, 97-132; and Inland Daily Press Assn.: 107; and *La Crosse Tribune:* 244; and *Mason City Globe-Gazette*: 314-315; and *Ottumwa Courier*: 51; at 75: 26, 128; civic interests: 104-105, 108-110, 113-115; early life: 83-88; European tour: 111; first automobile: 103; in the depression: 117-123; kidnap plot: 125-127; marriage: 101; philanthropies: 104-105, 113-114; politics: 21-22, 106; president of Star Publishing Co.: 374; printer: 88-92; quoted, 51, 116, 131, 154, 245; relation to Lee: 25-26; relation to Powell 97; religious interests: 108-110; reorganizes bank: 118-123; reporter: 50, 92-97; succeeds Lee: 24
Adler, Mrs. Emanuel Philip: *see* Adler, Lena Rothschild
Adler, Henrietta Bondi: 114
Adler, Jack: *see* Adler, Emanuel Philip
Adler, Lena Rothschild: 101, 113
Adler, Mannie: *see* Adler, Emanuel Philip
Adler, Philip David: 335-339; early life: 101-103, 110-111; editor of Iowan: 111; marriage: 114; war service: 347; with *Star-Courier*: 113, 335-339
Adler, Mrs. Philip David: *see* Adler, Henrietta Bondi
Adler, Philip Emanuel: 82-87, 96
Adler, Mrs. Philip Emanuel: *see* Adler, Bertha Blade
Alford, Florence Mahin: 35, 37; quoted: 22, 47-48
Alford, Mrs. J. Warren: *see* Alford, Florence Mahin
Allen, Robert S.: 282
Ament, Joseph P.: 216
American Newspaper Publishers Assn.: 124, 128
Anderson, Don: 285-287
Angevine, Jonathan: 214
Anson, Emil F.: 344, 351
Archibald, Fred L.: 382
Arnold, George, Jr.: 398, 401, 404
Associated Press: 106-107, 128
Atwood, David: 272-275

Baker, Norman: 190-193
Ballou, George H.: 301
Bangsberg, Roy L.: 252, 254-255
Barton, Albert O.: quoted 274
Bassett, Chauncey: 348
*Beatrice Express*: 366
Beck, Jesse: 55
The *Bee*, Davenport: 169
The *Bee*, Omaha: *see Omaha Bee*
*Beobachter*: 169
"Betsy Bolivar": *see* Waterman, Betty Adler
Bickel, Karl: 179
Bixby, Dr. A. L.: 363, 378
Bixby, Roy: 363
Black, Ruby: 282
The *Blackhawk*: 111
Blade, Bertha: *see* Adler, Bertha Blade
Blade, Flora: 96
Blade, Max: 84, 91, 96
Bleyer, Willard G.: 279
Bloomington (Iowa): *see* Muscatine (Iowa)
*Bloomington Herald:* 16, 17, 30; facsim. 19; *see also Muscatine Journal*
*Blue Ribbon News*: 170 *see also Northwestern News*
"Bolivar, Betsy" *see* Waterman, Betty Adler
Bondi, Henrietta: *see* Adler, Henrietta Bondi
Born, Leo: 404
*Boston Transcript:* 274
Boyle, Hal: 131
Brady, E. W.: 170
Brahany, Tom: 270
Braley, Berton: 270
Brandenburg, F. S.: 281
Brandenburg, O. D.: 281

Brannan, Tom: 196-198
Brayton, Aaron M.: 62, 64, 279, 288; friendship with Burgess: 241; quoted: 21, 66, 246; retired: 285; with *La Crosse Tribune*: 237-248; with *Wisconsin State Journal*: 248, 280-285
Bridgman, Louis: 271
Buchanan, J. S.: 214
Buck, Royal: 272
Bunker, C. Lloyd: 187, 203
Burdette, Bob: 301
Burgess, Frank H.: 64, 66, 179, 224, 237, 238, 279; civic activities: 250-252; death: 124, 252; eulogy: 252; friendship with Brayton: 241; with *La Crosse Tribune*: 241-243, 248.
Burgess, William T.: 124, 238, 243, 252-254
Burghart, William T.: 404
*Burlington Hawkeye*: 301
Byers, Mark R.: 248-249

Cable, Will: 228, 229
Calderwood, George W.: 170
Calkins, J. E.: 301-302
*Capital Times*, Madison: 25, 123, 279, 281-282
Carmichael, Joe: 111, 178
Cary, Lucian: 270
Cass, Betty: 289
Cather, Willa: 379
Caverno, Xenophon: 337, 349
*Centerville Iowegian*: 55
*Cerro Gordo Press*: 315
Chandler, L. W.: 348
Chesley, Albert: 348
Chesley, T. H.: 348-349
*Chicago Daily News*: 179, 351
*Chicago Herald-Examiner*: 241
*Chicago Inter-Ocean*: 89, 179
*Chicago Record Herald*: 89
*Chicago Tribune*: 179
Childs, Marquis: 282
The *Chip Basket*: 169
*Christian Science Monitor*: 279
Clemens, Mark: 224
Clemens, Orion: 32, 34, 217
Clemens, Samuel: 32, 211-219
*Clinton Republican*: 135
Columbia Broadcasting System 394-396
*Commercial Advertiser*, Hannibal: 214
Conroy, David M.: 55, 96, 154, 313, 316
Cook, S. D.: 170
Coon, Datus: 315
Cooper, Frederick L.: 196
Cooper, Kent: 105-106, 129
Corscot, John: 275
Coughlin, Roundy: 289
The *Courier*, Davenport: 169
The *Courier*, Kewanee: 348-349
Courier-Post Publishing Corporation: 224
Courier Printing Co.: 49
Cowles, Gardner: 68
Cram, Ralph: 297-298, 302, 304
Cribb, Wayne W.: 229
Curtis, Will: 348-349
Cuscaden, Alex: 363
Cutright, John W.: 365, 374

*Daily Democrat & Times*, Ottumwa: 45
*Daily Evening Courier*, Ottumwa: facsim. 136
*Daily Globe*, Mason City: 313, 316
*Daily Times*, Davenport: 169; *see also Davenport Times*
*Daily Times*, Mason City: 313, 318
*Danneborg*: 169
Darling, Cyrus T.: 301
Davenport (Iowa): 161-169, 181-184; newspapers: 169
*Davenport and Rock Island News*: 161
Davenport Bank and Trust Co.: 122
*Davenport Courier*: *see* The *Courier*, Davenport.
*Davenport Daily Times*: *see Davenport Times*
*Davenport Democrat*: 15, 24, 97, 124, 173, 196, 293-309; joins Lee Syndicate: 304; political influence: 306-307; special edition: 302; special features: 307, 309
*Davenport Gazette*: 169, 294; facsim. 168
*Davenport Leader*: 97, 170, 173
*Davenport Morning Gazette*: 302
*Davenport Republican*: 97, 170, 173
*Davenport Times*: 24, 97-99, 124, 161-184, 241; acquired by Lee: 23, 51; facsim.: 172, 178; growth: 171-177; name changed to Daily Times: 99; policies: 171.
*Davenport Weekly Gazette*: 163, 169
Davis, Levi: 169, 294
Delano, Rev. J. H.: 348
The *Democrat*, Davenport: *see Davenport Democrat*
The *Democrat*, Madison: 281
The *Democrat*, Ottumwa: 144
*Democrat Banner*, Davenport: 293-294
Democrat Publishing Co., Davenport: 302
Der *Demokrat*, Davenport: 97, 169
*Des Moines Courier*, Ottumwa: 135-139; *see also Ottumwa Courier*
*Des Moines Register*: 68
Deutsch, Ida: 129-130
Deutsch, Joe: 129-130
Devin, Harry: 96
Devine, H. M. 226, 229
Devine, Ross: 229
Dobbins, Harry: 379

Dodge, Arthur J.: 276
Dougherty, Emmett: 55
Dougherty, Kane: 55
Downer, Harry: 302
Dreier, Edward: 65
Dreier, Thomas: 270

Early, D. S.: 34
Ecles, Damon: 398
*Eddyville Press*: 139
Edgar, Charles B.: 362-363
Eighmey, Francis C.: 392, 402; tribute 403-404
Ela, Emerson: 276, 280
Emerson, B. E.: 229
*Emporia, Kan., Gazette:* 20
The *Evangelist*, Davenport: 169
Evans, Sam: 144
*Evening Leader, Davenport*: 302
*Evening State Journal*, Lincoln: 377
Evjue, William T.: 123, 270, 279, 281

FM stations: 401-402
*Familien Journal*: 169
Faust, Paul: quoted 55
Ferber, Edna: 86; quoted: 87
Field, W. G.: 96
Foreman, F. A. C.: 30
Frazee, Ebert and Co.: 221
The *Free Press*, Davenport: 169
Friendly House (Davenport): 104-105

Gale, A. L.: 363
Gale, Zona: 267, 270
*Galesburg Mail*: 89
Geissler, Henry: 53
Gelatt, Philo M.: 237
Gere, Charles H.: 362, 377-378
Glaspell, Susan: 170
*Globe-Gazette*, Mason City: *see Mason City Globe-Gazette*
Globe-Gazette Publishing Co.: 394
Gooch, H. E.: 115, 365, 374
Gude, "Jap": 395-396
Guelich, Theodore: 169
Gunn, Sgt. William: 228

Hall, W. Earl: 322-326, 390; tribute to Eighmey: 403
Halligans, of Davenport: 170
Hamilton, Maj. Augustus H.: 141-142, 144, 150
Hannibal (Mo.): 211-214, 219-221, 224, 231-233.
*Hannibal Courier-Post*: 211-233; acquired by Lee: 24, 62
*Hannibal Evening News*: 221
*Hannibal Evening Post:* 221
*Hannibal Journal*: 62, 214
*Hannibal Journal and Native American*: 214
*Hannibal Morning Journal*: 223, 226
Hansen, Harry: 170, 179
Hardman, Colonel: 29
Hardman, James: 111, 178, 181
Harlan, Edgar R. 153
Harper, W. H.: 342-343
Harrison, Hugh: 302, 304-305
Hedrick, Gen. John M.: 141, 150
Henderson, Charles T.: 348
*Henry County Dial:* 348
Hill, W. J.: 62, 64, 224
Holmes, Fred: 271
Hook, Henry B.: 398, 404
Howe, J. H.: 348
Huebsch, Mrs. Eva 229
Hughes, Thomas: 17
Huse, N. A.: 366
Huston, John: 55-56, 96, 154
*Hutchinson, Kan., News:* 44
Hyatt, Hiram: 348

The *Independent*, Ottumwa: 144
Ingersoll, L. D.: 34
Inland Daily Press Assn.: 107, 125
*Iowa Reform*: 169
*Iowa State Democrat*: 170, 293
*Iowa Sun*: 161; facsim.: 168
The *Iowa Workman*: 169
Irwin, James W.: 282
Isreal, William: 13, 30

Jeffries, J. B.: 62, 226, 228
Jeffries, John: 228-229
Johnson, Enoch: 96
Johnson, Frank Preston: 351
Johnston, Clarence: 154-155
Jones, Dick: *see* Jones, Richard Lloyd
Jones, Jenkin Lloyd: 276
Jones, Richard Lloyd: 272, 276-280.
Jones, Will Owen: 378
Jordan, Ned: 270
The *Journal*, Davenport: 169
Journal Printing Co., Muscatine: 16, 34

KFAB: 25, 377
KGLO: 25, 389, 392-404
KHMO: 228-229
Kelley, "Pat": 130
Kelley, Tom: 110, 179
Ketridge, C. R. 340, 349
Kewanee (Illinois): 335-353
*Kewanee Star-Courier*: 24, 113, 335-353; acquired by Lee Syndicate: 337; facsim.: 339; features: 349; printing activities: 342-344; staff in World War II: 347.
Knott, John A.: 223, 226-227
Kough, Mrs. Charlotte Warden: 151

*La Crosse Leader Press*: 237, 248
*La Crosse Morning Chronicle*: 239
*La Crosse Sunday Chronicle*: 248
*La Crosse Tribune*: 21, 24, 124, 179, 237-256, 279; acquired by Lee: 24, 64, 241; buys *Leader Press*: 237; founding 239-240; special editions: 246-248, 250-251, 254
*La Crosse Tribune and Leader Press*: 224
*Lafayette, Ind., Journal*: 299
Landhauser, William 130
Lane, W. L.: 34, 55, 58, 64, 94, 187, 194
Lathrop, Stanley E.: 275
Lawrence, James E.: 116, 123, 365-367, 371, 374, 382
Lawson, Victor: 107
*The Leader*, Davenport: *see Davenport Leader*
League, William: 219
Lee, Alfred William: 45
Lee, Alfred Wilson: 14-16, 22, 47-48, 129, 131-132, 150, 153, 171, 224, 302, 313; acquires *Davenport Times:* 51; *Hannibal Courier-Post:* 62; *La Crosse Tribune:* 64; *Muscatine Journal:* 58; *Ottumwa Courier:* 44, 151; autograph: 14; becomes publisher: 21; buys Journal Printing Co.: 34; character: 52-58, 72-77; conceives idea for syndicate: 23; death: 24, 66-68, 244; early life: 44; early training: 23; favorite quotations: 73-76; fundamental principles: 248; in England: 66; marriage: 45; note to Adler, facsim.: 59; personal qualities: 52-58, 72-77; policies (financial): 18; politics: 53; relation to Adler: 25-26, 96; relations with associates: 55-57; writer of notes, 57
Lee, Mrs. Alfred Wilson: *see* Lee, Mary Walker
Lee, Bob: 179
Lee, Mrs. Elvira Branson: 41-44
Lee, John B.: 16, 18, 41-44
Lee, Laura Anna: 45, 49
Lee, Mary Walker: 15, 45, 47-48, 69, 70
Lee, William Walker: 45
Lee Newspapers, Lee Syndicate: ix-x, 34, 69, 98, 103, 111-112, 171, 407-410; acquires *Davenport Democrat*: 304; *Kewanee Star-Courier*: 337; *La Crosse Leader Press:* 237; *Lincoln Star*: 115, 374; Mahin interest in papers: 69, 71; *Mason City Globe-Gazette*: 314-315; *Wisconsin State Journal*: 280; affected by Lee's death: 69-71; idea conceived: 23; leased wire service first initiated: 105-106; member papers listed: 24-25; name first used: 58; not a syndicate: 49-50; policies: 18,21; summary 407-410
Lee Radio, Inc.: 394, 400
Lee Stations: 389-404
Lee Syndicate: *see* Lee Newspapers
Lesan, Harry: 51, 55
Leysen, Ralph J.: 179-181
Lincoln (Nebraska): 363, 383-386; newspapers: 377
*Lincoln Star*: 15, 24, 187, 304, 357-386; acquired by Lee Syndicate: 115, 374; first broadcasting station in state: 377; founded: 360; consolidation: 123; in community development: 368-376, 380-382; statement of purpose: 362.
*Lincoln State Journal*: *see Nebraska State Journal*
Lingle, W. S.: 299
Locke, Walter: 378
Logan, Andrew: 161
Logan, James W.: 34
Loomis, Lee P.: 55, 181, 187, 197, 318-320; friendship with Throop: 65; quoted: 199; Radio Stations: 389-401; vice president of Lee newspapers: 124; of Star Publishing Co.: 374; with *Mason City Globe-Gazette*: 200-201, 314, 318-320; with *Muscatine Journal*: 64, 199
Loomis, Lewis J.: 199
Lowe, Leo H.: 50, 337, 349
Lyman, Carson F.: 282

MacCanon, C. E.: 348
McConnell, Ray: 379
McCormick, Noah H.: 30
McGill, F. B.: 34
McVicker, Hugh: 379
Madison (Wisconsin): 259-269
*Madison Express*: 263, 272; *see also Wisconsin State Journal*
Mahin, Anna Lee: 37, 44
Mahin, Florence: *see* Alford, Florence Mahin
Mahin, Frank W.: 66
Mahin, Harold: 34-35, 37, 58
Mahin, Harold J.: 53; quoted: 22
Mahin, Jacob: 13, 29
Mahin, James: 34
Mahin, John: 15-16, 29-38, 194; apprenticed: 13-14, 30; death: 37; early life: 29; eulogy: 38; house wrecked by explosion: 35-37; marriage: 18, 37; opposes liquor traffic: 34; postmaster: 21, 34; postoffice inspector: 58
Mahin, Mrs. John: *see* Mahin, Anna Lee
Mahin, John Lee: 34, 37, 58, 70-71
Mahin, Mabel: 35
Mahin Advertising Agency: 37
Mahin and Clemens, firm: 32
Mahin, Bros., firm: 34
*Manitowoc Herald*: 249
March, "Buddy": 179
Marine, Capt. S. A.: 313, 316
Mark Twain: *see* Clemens, Samuel

Martin, Victor: 306
Mason, Walt: 366, 378-379
Mason City (Iowa): 326-331
*Mason City Daily Globe: see Daily Globe*
*Mason City Daily Times: see Daily Times*
*Mason City Globe-Gazette*: 24, 55, 199, 313-326; early history: 315-316; in Lee Syndicate: 314-316; Muse-Conroy management: 316-318; radio: 320
Mason City Globe-Gazette Co.: 394
Matson, Roy L.: 285, 287-288
The *Mercury*, Ottumwa: 144
The *Messenger:* 219
Mich, Daniel D.: 193, 282, 288
Miller, J. E.: 372
Milligan, Merritt: 401
*Milwaukee Journal:* 324
*Milwaukee Republican:* 274
*Milwaukee Sentinel:* 274
*Missouri Courier:* 214, 216, 219, 221
Mitchell, Henry F.: 293
*Moberly Monitor-Index:* 228
*Moline Dispatch:* 299
Morgen, J. B.: 170
*Morning Gazette*, Davenport: *see Davenport Morning Gazette*
*Morning Republican*, Davenport: *see Davenport Morning Republican*
Morris, T. B.: 221
Morrison, Frank: 270
Mosshart, George: 363
Mullen, C. D.: 362
Munson, Charles R.: 229
Muscatine (Iowa): 60-61, 188, 194-195, 204-207; "cancer cure war": 190-194; early history: 17; name changed: 31; pearl button strike: 188-190
*Muscatine Journal:* 13, 15-16, 24, 53, 187-207, 302; becomes a Lee newspaper: 24, 34, 58; "cancer cure war": 190-194; early history: 31-32; facsim.: 33; ownership changes: 32,34: pearl button strike 180-190; policies 31-32; scoop on Harry Jones case: 196-198; services to community: 20; slogan: 61
*Muscatine News-Tribune*: 199
Muse, William Foster: 50, 55, 313-318, 322-323

*Nebraska State Journal:* 25, 123, 362, 377-379
*New York World-Telegram*: 179
Newbranch, Harvey: 371
Newman, Oliver: 363
Newspapers: consolidation: 123-124; 282-284; in 1880's: 18, 20; in Davenport: 169; in Ottumwa: 45; independence: 18, 20
Noll, Henry: 289
Noonan, Josiah: 272
*Norfolk News:* 366
Norris, Elizabeth Muse: 315
Norris, J. W.: 139
Norris, Ralph H.: 50
*North Missouri Courier: see Hannibal Courier*
*Northwestern News*: 170; *see also Davenport Times*
Noyes, Frank: 129

Ochs, Adolph S.: 129
O'Donnell, John: 307
O'Hern, Al F.: 106, 178
Ohrt, Herbert: 404
Oklahoma City: 65
"Old Poke": *see* O'Hern, Al F.
The *Omaha Bee:* 90, 359, 371
*Omaha World-Herald*: 179, 371
*Oskaloosa Herald*: 89
Ottumwa (Iowa): history: 135-149; newspapers: 45
*Ottumwa Courier:* 22, 24, 50, 55, 135-157, 194; early history: 149-151; facsim.: 67, 140; in politics: 149; purchased by Lee: 23, 44, 151
*Ottumwa Daily Press:* 45
*Ottumwa Democrat: see* The *Democrat*, Ottumwa
*Ottumwa Journal:* 45, 88
*Ottumwa Saturday Press:* 45, 89
*Ottumwa Sun:* 45, 144

*Pacific Monitor:* 214
Page, E. C.: 390
Parsons, Violet J.: 344
Patrick, William M.: 348
Payne & Young: 64
Peck, George W.: 270
Peedan, W. H.: 313, 316
*Peoria Morning News:* 293
Peterson, Adolph: 169
Pinkerton, Robert: 270
Powell, Alberta: 152
Powell, Dr. C. C.: 152
Powell, James F.: 15, 24, 50, 55, 89, 96, 151-154, 237, 279; death: 114; eulogy: 154; relation to Adler: 91, 97
Powell, W. Hall: 55, 62, 152, 216, 224, 226; death: 154
Purcell Printing Co.: 306
Pyre, Russell: 289

Quirk, Leslie: 270

Rabedeaux, Clyde: 187, 193, 201-203
Rachman, "Jake": 179
Radio stations: 389-404; *see also* names of stations

Reed, Harrison: 270
Reimers, Charles D.: 51, 96-98, 171
The *Republican*, Davenport: *see Davenport Republican*
Rhino, D. W.: 226, 229
Rice, Rev. S. D.: 214
Richardson, David Nelson: 293, 296-300
Richardson, J. B.: 301
Richardson, Jenness J.: 297-301
Richardson family: 50, 97
Riley & Jones, publishers: 89
Roden, August: 272, 276
Rosewater, Edward: 90, 359, 362
Rothschild, Lena: *see* Adler, Lena Rothschild
Rothschild, Walter: 404
Rothschild family: 101-102, 130
Rowell, George P: quoted 297-298, 300
Rublee, Horace: 272-274
Rudge, Charles H.: 372
Russell, Edward: 169, 294
Russell, John B.: 17
Russell, Walter: 203, 204

*St. Petersburg, Fla., Times:* 285
Sanders, Alfred: 169, 294
*Saturday Press*, Ottumwa: *see Ottumwa Saturday Press*
Schlaver, C. O.: 351
Seacrest, Fred: 123, 377, 379
Seacrest, J. C.: 123, 377-379
Seacrest, J. W.: *see* Seacrest, Joe
Seacrest, Joe: 123, 377, 379
Sears, I. U.: 179, 280, 285
Sheasby, Fred: 271
Sheppard, H. M.: 34, 58-59
Sherman, C. S.: 367
Sherwin, Douglas: 398
Smith, Lt. Robert: 288
*South Ottumwa Saturday News*: 45
Sparks, E. L.: 226, 228
Sparks, E. L., Jr.: 229
Sparks, Ensign Harry A.: 228
*Stamford, Conn., Telegram:* 276
The *Star*, Kewanee: 348-349
The *Star*, Lincoln: *see Lincoln Star*
The *Star of Woodlawn:* 169
Star Publishing Co.: 362
*Sternen-Banner*: 169
Stilwell, F. W.: 348
Stone, Melville E.: 107
Stout, N. P.: 13, 30

The *Sunday Morning Star*, Davenport: 169
The *Sunday Morning Times*, Davenport: 169
Taylor, Horace: 270, 275
*Temperance Organ*, Davenport: 169
Thompson, Albert: 96
Thompson, D. E.: 360-365
Throop, Frank D.: 15, 123, 181, 187-188, 194-199; community activities: 379-380; death: 124, 382; friendship with Loomis: 65; politics: 304; publisher, *Davenport Democrat*: 302; publisher, The *Star*: 116, 374; vice president, Lee Newspapers: 115; with *Muscatine Journal*: 59, 64, 199
Throop, Mrs. Frank: 382
Thwaites, Reuben Gold: 270
Tillinghast, B. F.: 299-300
The *Times*, Mason City: 316
*Times-Herald*, Mason City: 313
Tobin, L. B.: 115, 374
*Tri-City Evening Star*: 170
*Tri-Weekly Messenger*: 217
Troutman, B. A.: 229
Turnbull, Leland M.: 306
Twain, Mark: *see* Clemens, Samuel
*Two Rivers, Wis., Reporter*: 249

*United States News*: 282
University of Wisconsin: *see* Wisconsin. University

Vark, Delorise: 229-230
Vennick, Anna: 35
Vilas, William F.: 270

WIBA: 25, 390
WISJ: 390
WTAD: 25, 389, 400
Wagner, John: 15, 88-89
Walker, Mary Ingalls: *see* Lee, Mary Walker
Walker, W. W.: 45
Warden, Dr. C. C.: 135
Warden, Richard H.: 44, 135, 151
*Washington Times:* 276
Waterman, Betty Adler: 52, 84, 96, 179; death: 112-113; joins *Daily Times*: 106; marriage: 112.
Waterman, Henry: 112
Waterman, Mrs. Henry: *see* Waterman, Betty Adler
*Wausau Daily Record Herald*: 249
*Weekly Gazette*, Mason City: 313
The *Weekly Telegraph*, Davenport: 169
The *Western Union*: 217
White, Oliver: 348
White, Walter W.: 123-124, 382-383
White, William Allen: 22; quoted: 20
Whitman, Urlin: 401
Whitney, Dr. C. N.: 348
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler: 270
Wilder, Amos P.: 270, 276
Wilder, Thornton: 270-272
Wiley, Louis: 129
Williams, Frank L.: 379

Willoughby, Alfred: 282
Wilson, Charles H.: 32, 34
Wnnslow, Horatio: 270
*Wisconsin Enquirer:* 272
Wisconsin State Historical Society: 281
*Wisconsin State Journal*: 24, 179, 269-289; and *Capital Times*: 282-284; centennial edition: 274; during Civil War: 274; early history: 269-274; facsim.: 272; purchased by Lee associates: 272, 280; radio: 389-390; 1920-1947: 281-289; *see also Madison Express*
Wisconsin. University: 266-267
Wisconsin. University. School of Journalism: 285
Wolfe, E. E.: 367
Wolfe, Royal D.: 226, 229
Woods, Jim: 398, 401
Wright, Frank Lloyd: 276
Wright, Glen: 398
Wright, Mary: 302
Wyman, A. U.: 270
Wyman, William W.: 269-270, 272

Yewdall, Clifford: 401